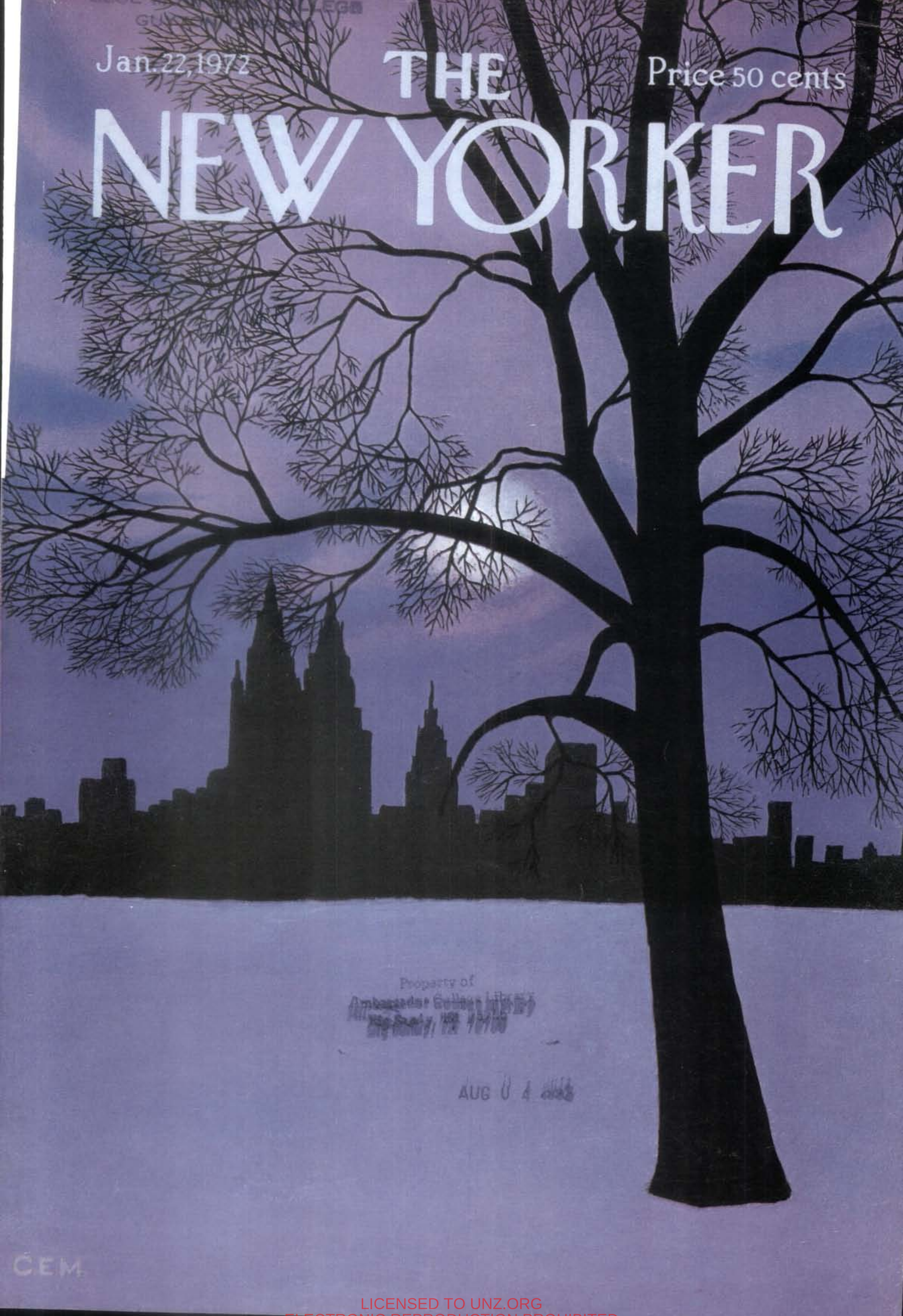

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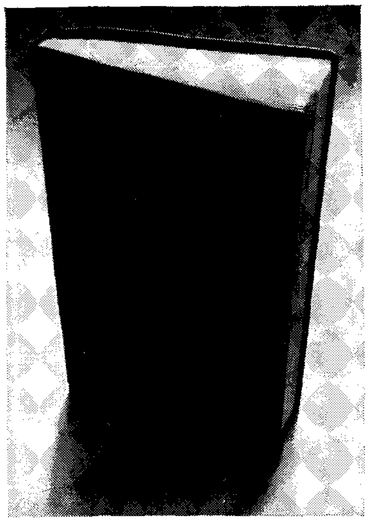

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

Aint Supposed To Die a Natural Death—A bitter, funny, and affecting musical by Melvin Van Peebles. The cast is all black and superb. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—This play by David Rabe, about the progress of a young soldier through training camp to combat (and death) in Vietnam, is a remarkable achievement indeed, and it is matched by Jeff Bleckner's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Black Terror—The hero of this very interesting play by Richard Wesley about a group of black revolutionaries is their chosen assassin, who argues in favor of strategy over zeal, and of life over death and martyrdom. A wonderful young actor named Kain makes his début in the role. Nathan George directed the lively production. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—Selected material from three revues—"One for the Money," "Two for the Show," and "Three to Make Ready"—by Nancy Hamilton and Morgan Lewis. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

ETC Company/La Mama New York—CARMILLA, a play adapted by Wilford Leach from a novel by J. V. LeFanu: Thursday and Friday, Jan. 20-21, and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 28-29, at 7:30. . . . THE ONLY JEALOUSY OF EMER and RENARD, adapted by Mr. Leach and John Braswell, the first from a William Butler Yeats dancer-play, the latter from a "grotesque" by Igor Stravinsky: Saturday, Jan. 22, and Thursday, Jan. 27, at 7:30. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710.)

Godspell—A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. The troupe is young, refreshing, and versatile. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Inner City—A musical that sputters and screams but rarely sings. Directed by Tom O'Horgan, with a wonderful set by Robin Wagner. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Jesus Christ Superstar—The New Testament taking its now usual drubbing at the hands of the young, who plainly believe they are making it "relevant." The music is pleasing, and so are the performers. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

James Joyce Memorial Liquid Theatre—This import from Los Angeles is more calisthenic than dramatic, and considerable participation of one kind or another is expected from the audience. The show has nothing whatever to do with James Joyce. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. 348-9254. Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 11.)

Lenny—A brilliant production of a play about the late standup comic Lenny Bruce. The author is Julian Barry, the director Tom O'Horgan, the scenery designer Robin Wagner, and the designer of costumes Randy Barcelo; they are all nearly equal partners in the success of the play. Cliff Gorman gives a sensationally good performance as Lenny. Jane House and Joe Silver are also admirable. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Love Me, Love My Children—This musical from Canada has a lively and stylish score by Robert Swerdlow, and it is performed with snap and sparkle by an especially engaging young company. The words, also by Mr. Swerdlow, are unobtrusive. (The theme is tribal youth again.) Setting by Jo Mielziner. (Mercer Street Theatre, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Nightride—A trashy melodrama about a homosexual middle-aged playwright. (Vandam, 15 Vandam St. 243-8900. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Old Times—An early critic of Ibsen complained of one of his plays that it was a series of *conversations terminated by an accident.* "Old Times," by Harold Pinter, is a single conversation terminated by the lights going up and then out—no accident—and it is fascinating. With Robert Shaw, Mary Ure, and Rosemary Harris. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Only Fools Are Sad—An English-language version of an Israeli musical by Dan Almagor. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue—Neil Simon writes the funniest lines in the world, and Lee Grant and Peter Falk deliver them superbly. Directed by Mike Nichols. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Psychic Pretenders—An allegorical work, much of it mysterious and remote but with moments of humor and fun. The dancing of the all-black company is fascinating, as is the soft, compelling jazz that accompanies it. (New Lafayette, Seventh Ave. at 137th St. 862-2460. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—An extremely capable production of Edward Bond's NARROW ROAD TO THE DEEP NORTH, a thin little

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DRAWINGS: *Whitney Darrow, Jr., Alan Dunn, Lee Lorenz, Charles Saxon, Edward Frascino, Dana Fradon, George Booth, William O'Brian, Warren Miller, Donald Reilly, Mischa Richter, Robert Weber, William Hamilton, Charles Barsotti, William Steig*

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'Ultima' II — Charles Revson

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

parable about good and evil. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 12.)...¶ At the Forum, in the same building: **THE RIDE ACROSS LAKE CONSTANCE,** a far-out, generally entertaining spoof of theatrical conventions in a series of what amount to nonsensical charades. The play was written by Peter Handke and translated from the German by Michael Roloff. It is well performed under Carl Weber's competent direction. (Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, Jan. 29.)

ROSEBLOOM—A tedious, symbol-laden play about a family of Jewish stereotypes. It is occasionally enlivened by a sprinkling of funny lines, and by the performance of Regina Baff. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

STICKS AND BONES—David Rabe, author of "Pavlo Hummel," has pulled off the impressive feat of writing a highly stylized comedy about the suffering of a young veteran of Vietnam and his family. The acting, under Jeff Bleckner's direction, is all that any playwright could wish for. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

TO LIVE ANOTHER SUMMER—An Israeli musical. Bouncy and aggressive and ho-hum. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

TWIGS—A play about four women (all of them played by the incomparable Sada Thompson) and the men who live with her/them, not always equably. The author is George Furth and the director Michael Bennett. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA—Joe Papp's delightful musical version of a silly Shakespeare play. Book by Mel Shapiro and John Guare, who also wrote the lyrics that accompany Galt MacDermot's attractive music. The cast includes Raul Julia, Clifton Davis, Jonelle Allen, and Diana Davila. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

VIVAT! VIVAT REGINA!—Claire Bloom and Eileen Atkins in Robert Bolt's play, imported from London. The director is Peter Dews. Previews Wednesday, Jan. 19. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 20. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

WANTED—A musical with a book by David Epstein and music and lyrics by Al Carmines. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 19. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE WEDDING OF IPHIGENIA PLUS IPHIGENIA IN CONCERT—This musical adaptation doesn't do much for the Euripides originals ("Iph. in Aulis" and "Iph. in Tauris"), but there is charm here as well as foolishness, and Peter Link's rock score is a pleasure. The performances are fine, too. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

WISE CHILD—A London import by Simon Gray, starring Donald Pleasence, George Rose, and Bud Cort. Directed by James Hammerstein. Previews through Wednesday, Jan. 26. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 27. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

LONG RUNS—APPLAUSE: A musical descendant of the old movie "All About Eve." With Anne Baxter, Janice Lynde, and Brandon Maggart. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** Gloria Swanson, David Huffman, and Pamella Bellwood are now in this machine-made comedy that guarantees a laugh a minute, or maybe two minutes. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) ... **THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **FOLLIES:** Stephen Sondheim's songs and Harold Prince's exuberant production make up for a dreary book about dreary people. Alexis Smith is triumphant as an old Follies girl who has come up in the world. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** 1,661 performances so far. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays, except Jan. 25, through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. The performance on Tuesday, Jan. 25, at 8, will be given at Carnegie Hall and will be graced by the presence of *lui-même*, over here from Paris for the evening, but still alive and well.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 4,879 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** 3,057 performances so far. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** 1,565 performances so far. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **NO, NO, NANETTE:** A revival of that immortal work of the twenties. With Ruby Keeler, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Street Theatre, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but Jane Curtin, Judy Kahan, and Paul Kreppel provide a few bright spots of mimicry, and Danny Troob provides an enchanting musical accompaniment at the piano. (Mercer Street Theatre, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **1776:** A musical misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring John Cunningham and Jay Garner as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 13.)... **SLEUTH:** Paul Rogers and Keith Baxter in a mystery by Anthony Shaffer. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 23.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 8: "Raymonda Variations," "Dim Lustre," "In the Night," and "PAMTGG."...¶ Thursday, Jan. 20, at 8: "Momentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Chopiniana" (première), and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 21, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Dim Lustre," "In the Night," and "Raymonda Variations."...¶ Saturday, Jan. 22, at 2: "Raymonda Variations," "The Cage," "Allegro Brilliante," and "PAMTGG."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8: "Raymonda Variations," "Printemps," "Tarantella," and "La Valse."...¶ Sunday, Jan. 23, at 1: "Printemps" and "The Goldberg Variations."... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 23, at 7: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2," "Chopiniana," "Irish Fantasy," and "PAMTGG."...¶ Tuesday, Jan. 25, at 8: "Harlequinade" and "Western Symphony." ...¶ Wednesday, Jan. 26, at 8: "Irish Fantasy" and "Harlequinade."...¶ Thursday, Jan. 27, at 8: "Firebird" and "Dances at a Gathering."...¶ Friday, Jan. 28, at 8: "Scotch Symphony," "Dim Lustre," "Octandre," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 29, at 2: "Harlequinade" and "The Concert."...¶ Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8: "Irish Fantasy," "Illuminations," and "Who Cares?" (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 20.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Wednesday evening, Jan. 19: "Coppélia."...¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 20: "Eccentrique," "At Midnight," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Rodeo."...¶ Friday evening, Jan. 21: "Pulcinella Variations," "Jardin aux Lilas," "Dark Elegies," and "Les Patineurs."...¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 22: "Pulcinella Variations" and "La Fille Mal Gardée."...¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 22: "Paquita," "At Midnight," "Le Corsair Pas de Deux," and "The River."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Jan. 23: "Les Sylphides," "Rodeo," and "The River."...¶ Sunday evening, Jan. 23: "Eccentrique," "The Eternal Idol," "Dark Elegies," and "Gaieté Parisienne."...¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 25: "Theatre" and "La Fille Mal Gardée."... ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 26: "Eccentrique," "The Eternal Idol," "Dark Elegies," and "Fancy Free."...¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 27: "Coppélia."...¶ Friday evening, Jan. 28: "Eccentrique," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Fancy Free."...¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 29: "Paquita," "Rodeo," and "Les Patineurs."...¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 29: "Eccentrique," "Jardin aux Lilas," "Dark Elegies," and "Theatre." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, Jan. 30.)

MURRAY LOUIS DANCE COMPANY AND ALWIN NIKOLAIS DANCE THEATRE—A joint two-week engagement—Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 8: "Calligraph for Martyrs," "Noumenon from Masks, Props & Mobiles," "Personnae," and "Tent."...¶ Thursday, Jan. 20, at 8: "Personnae," "Continuum," and "Calligraph for Martyrs."...¶ Friday, Jan. 21, at 8: "Chimera," "Tent," and "Proximities."...¶ Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8: An excerpt from "Sanctum," "Personnae," "Interims," and "Foreplay" (première)....¶ Sunday, Jan. 23, at 2: "Proximities," "Scenario," and "Junk Dances."...¶ Sunday, Jan. 23, at 7:30: "Go 6," "Noumenon from Masks, Props & Mobiles," "Tent," and "Junk Dances."... ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 26, at 8: "Somniloquy," "Hoopla" (première), and "Scenario."... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 27, at 8: "Facets," "Boulevard from Imago," trio from "Vaudeville of the Elements," "Continuum," and "Sanctum."...¶ Friday, Jan. 28, at 8: "Somniloquy," trio from "Vaudeville of the Elements," "Noumenon from Masks, Props & Mobiles," solo from "Imago," "Boulevard from Imago," and "Foreplay."...¶ Saturday, Jan. 29, at 2: "Go 6," "Hoopla," and another ballet to be announced....¶ Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8: "Noumenon from Masks, Props & Mobiles," "Facets," "Boulevard from Imago," "Proximities," and "Sanctum." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Through Sunday, Jan. 30.)

BENEFIT DANCE PROGRAM—Lucia Chase, Merce Cunningham, Agnes de Mille, Margot Fonteyn, Carla Fracci, Melissa Hayden, John Kriza, Hugh Laing, Natalia Makarova, Patricia McBride, Violette Verdy, Edward Villella, and others in a program designed to rescue the Dance Collection of the New York Public Library. (City Center, 131 W. 55th

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St. Monday, Jan. 24, at 8:30. For tickets, call 757-4133, Ext. 9.)

Bhaskar and Shala—In dances of India, with a contemporary quartet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Tim Wood, Linda Carbonetto, Tommy Litz, and Anna Galmarini. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 20-21, at 7:30; Saturday, Jan. 22, at 11, 3, and 8:30; and final performances Sunday, Jan. 23, at 1:30 and 5:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—The benches haven't got any softer. Genya Ravan, a vital young singer who recently left Ten Wheel Drive, is here with her new group. Coffee, tea, and water are the drinks. On Tuesdays, ringers fill the regulars' seats. Closed Wednesday, Jan. 19.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Everybody looks comfortable enough, whether partaking of soul food or just listening. The Major Holley duo plays Wednesday, Jan. 19, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 25-26. Cedar Walton's trio performs Thursdays through Sundays, Jan. 20-23 and 27-30. Mondays, there are jam sessions from eight until twelve. Music nightly from nine-thirty to three.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Equal parts of dining, talking, and relaxing, along with a certain amount of looking at paintings. Composer-pianist Bobby Timmons teams with a bassist through Saturday, Jan. 22. Guitarist Charlie Brown will come in with a trio on Tuesday, Jan. 25. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and a bass player sub for the regulars. Music from nine-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Cellar, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—A new restaurant with an inviting air and a warm ambience. But acoustics play tricks: The jazz area is aurally distinct from the dining area, so for listening it is advisable to sit at the bar. Tuesdays through Saturdays, bassist Earl May leads a quartet that builds long disquisitions on standard tunes. Sundays, guitarist Gene Bertoncini plays with a bassist, and Mondays, pianist Harold Marbarne leads a duo.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Through Wednesday, Jan. 26, from eight until one, Marian McPartland will be displaying her version of pianistic impeccability in company with bassist Rick Petrone. Then on Thursday, Jan. 27, another pianist in the classic mold, Teddy Wilson, will arrive with bassist Al Bruno. Sundays, from seven to midnight, Cyril Haynes takes to the piano. Dining.

Gaslight, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—Coffeehouses have their ups and downs, but so far this one has had more of the former. Al Kooper expends a lot of energy as he sings at the keyboard, and whether the effort is worth it is a matter of opinion. He and singer Michael Gately will remain through Monday, Jan. 24. Tuesdays are given over to visiting entertainers.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—No city of eight million should be without at least one place dedicated to the six-stringed instrument. Through Sunday, Jan. 23, the Carl Thompson duo will be on the stand. Wayne Wright's twosome starts Wednesday, Jan. 26. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty until two-thirty. A Deep South kitchen.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Competence abounds here, and sometimes there is brilliance, too. As he so often does, Zoot Sims is leading a quartet, this time with Roy Haynes as his sure-handed drummer. Fridays and Saturdays, blues singer Jimmy Rushing joins in. Light Italian dishes are available. Mondays, Clark Terry's seventeen-man band takes over.

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Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Spunky and smooth—sometimes simultaneously—jazz pianist Eddie Thompson plays solo on Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays and with the assistance of bassist Lyn Christie Fridays and Saturdays. Fresh-popped popcorn is sold. On Mondays, another skilled pianist, Lance Hayward, fills in.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Yes, it's true what they say about Dixie. The bandsmen: Roy Eldridge, Eddie Locke, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, and Chuck Folds. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Peewee's, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—A plus for the community, despite its dreary location and its bare-bones interior. Cool cats fill the house, and small wonder, when some of the sounds are considered. Friday through Sunday, Jan. 21-23, guitarist Eddie Jordan will lead a quartet. Friday through Sunday, Jan. 28-30, electric-violinist John Blair will be here with a trio. Thursdays, from eight to two-thirty, Nina Sheldon sits at the piano and sings. Sunday afternoons, from four to eight, the scene switches to folk. Soul-food dinners.

Rafiki, 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (674-9522)—Jazz and soul food, together, are thought to generate a whole greater than the sum of its parts. Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 27-30, Betty Carter will sing with the Danny Mixon trio. Music from nine-thirty until two.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Where "now" people can play at being "then" people, with a vengeance. There is a fire engine, and some stuffed polar bears, and some old movies, and beer, and peanuts, and banjos, the last of which are skillfully plunked. Closed Mondays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—A populous gathering place in a lonesome part of town. Through Sunday, Jan. 23, saxophonist Gato Barbieri, who has a Third World outlook, will be in charge of a fivesome. Gil Evans, who believes in the lush and the complex, arrives with an eleven-piece outfit on Tuesday, Jan. 25. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Pianist Ahmad Jamal heads a threesome. On Tuesdays, a trio led by Daphne Hellman, whose harp has charms, alternates with the regulars. Mondays, all these people are absent, and new talent is auditioned. Limited dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Without this little cellar, the history of jazz would have to be rewritten. Pianist McCoy Tyner leads his rapid-fire quartet through Sunday, Jan. 23. On Tuesday, Jan. 25, Elvin Jones, the wizard of drums, will bring in a sextet. Mondays are reserved for the powerful seventeen-piece Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. The entertainment begins at nine-thirty, supposedly.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The location—somewhere over the rainspout—shouldn't deter you if walking through dark streets is not a problem. Stained glass, Southern cooking, and amiable waitresses. Satisfying jazz on piano and bass by Nat Jones and Herbie Lewis Monday through Wednesday, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursday through Sunday. Eight until two.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Each Sunday from six-thirty to eleven, Balaban & Cats play Dixieland with catlike skill. On Sunday, Jan. 23, Herb Hall will sit in on clarinet. Other nights, other music: the plinking of a happy-time banjo band. The atmosphere: mugs of beer, days of auld lang syne.

Judith Shahn

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—An informal room with a lot of arches, underneath which people shake or glide while others sit at tiny tables and watch. Activity until three-thirty every night.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—Some glitter, some glow, and dancing to discs, but only on Saturdays, from nine-thirty to one. Dinner and supper are aimed at epicures.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—Animal heads on the walls, and Anglo-Indian mementos all over the place. The *real* mood is oh-how-chic, and since chic is a social variable, the point remains moot. Dancing to 45s from nine-thirty until four. An ample menu except on Sundays, when only couscous is served. Reservations are needed for dining.

Nico's, in the Hotel Delmonico, Park Ave. at 59th St. (355-2500)—A little of this, a little of that. The live music, through Saturday, Jan. 22, appears to be a kind of petrified rock. The George Benson quartet, with singer Randy Crawford, arrives on Monday, Jan. 24, and things may improve. Five-thirty to eight-thirty, and nine to two, every night but Sunday.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Long ago (during the making of that cinematic pound cake "Cleopatra," for example), some pharaoh's palace might have borne a resemblance to this ornate restaurant. Three times nightly, some people known as The Gentlemen and Their Lady play and sing. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A well-patronized house of pleasure whose two restaurant floors offer soft carpets, a gleaming brass bar, a more subdued bar, and a dance deck that appears to float between Floors I and II. Dancing to tapes. A fairly complete menu. On Fridays and Saturdays, the doors stay open twenty-four hours a day.

Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Dancing to recorded music downstairs (upstairs is for elaborate hamburgers and other funny dishes) from eight until three. The interior design is of the hokey-but-harmless school, Tiffany-lamp division.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dinner, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Rodney Dangerfield's home base. His non-pattern (and sometimes nonpareil) patter is rough and ready, and it happens to be really funny. Nourishment at all hours. Closed Sundays.

DMZ, at the Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. (673-3937)—Sociopolitical cabaret runs the risk of either slipping into banality or bulldozing into stridency, and this one is no exception. But its five male and three female members do come up with a few effective numbers. War, crime, sex, Fun City—all are dealt with, more or less. Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Sundays at five.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Singer Joanne Beretta retires on Saturday, Jan. 22. On Monday, Jan. 24, Joan Rivers will resume her very special pleading on behalf of women's rights to practically everything. Closed Sundays.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—Tryouts for new wits and singers in an establishment that is nothing if not informal. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

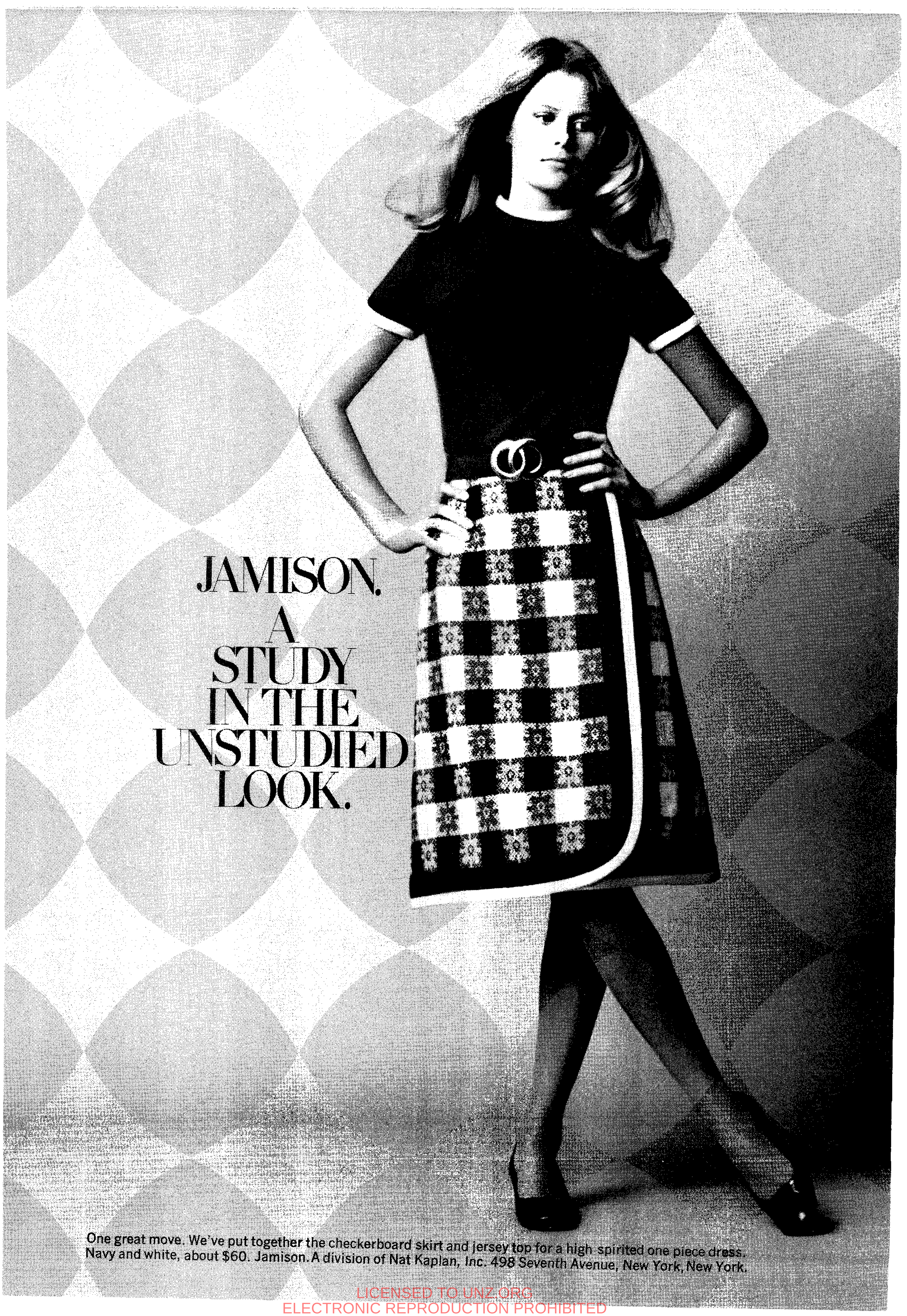
Plaza 9, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3933)—A revue christened "Look Me Up" (because it is built around songs of another era) is in service at eight and eleven every night but Monday.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Saturday, Jan. 22, is departure day for satirist Mort Sahl and singer Kelly Garrett. Al Carmines will come in on Wednesday, Jan. 26, to sing his own show tunes as well as some blues numbers.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—So Ottilie and Hans are plighting their troth, and all the merry villagers (singing, dancing, oompahing) are getting their big feet into the troth,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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

too. Incomprehensible and cluttery, but fun. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The small yet furioso Spaniard named Marcelo and his troupe of flamencans are taking turns with a Cuban soprano named Louisa Maria Guel. The performers take the floor at dinner and supper through the week; the customers can dance, too. Sundays begin with tea dancing from four to eight and end with a show at nine-thirty. . . . ¶ In the adjoining **FLAMENCO ROOM,** a minute theatre-in-the-round, there occur (well along in the evening) other outbursts of Andalusian foot-and-mouth exercises by a fivesome operating barely inches from one's face. No Sundays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Rhythm-and-blues singer Phil Flowers and comedian Lee Allen will call it a day on Wednesday, Jan. 19. The following evening, a show centered on singer Dick Jensen will arrive. No silent night, under any circumstances. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which is as close to Nevada as most of us ever get, there is music appropriate to the occasion, night after night.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—The enchanted woodland known as **LA FORÊT** is in season again, to the tunes of the Peter Duchin orchestra (the young maestro himself is at the moment an absentee landlord). Merely Tuesdays through Saturdays, however, for this enterprise. But the **CAFÉ,** equally de rigueur, has a seven-day week, with Herb Winner's crew calling the tunes Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Phil Wayne's threesome on Sundays and Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **PERSIAN ROOM,** Régine will sing her swan song on Saturday, Jan. 22. On Monday, Jan. 24, Della Reese takes over the premises. At ten Mondays through Thursdays, at nine and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Burt Farber's euphoric orchestra and Mark Monte's band fill in all the coffee breaks. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **GREEN TULIP,** which old-timers who date back to 1970 will think of as the Edwardian Room, two musicians, cryptically entitled Sig and Gary, tiptoe through the tulips from dinner through supper, but only for dinner on Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** it's tea for two to the violin of Sandu Marcu, four-thirty to seven-thirty, and cakes and ale to Ernest Schoen's violin and Jules Kuti's piano, eight to one. No Sunday evenings.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—João Gilberto and Stan Getz's fivesome finish their words-and-music display on Saturday, Jan. 22. On Monday, Jan. 24, Oscar Peterson will bring his jazz trio aboard. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—To celebrate Italian Fortnight, singer Robertino, the Al Caiola Guitars, a folklore trio, and chefs from the Italian Line and several hotels throughout Italy will simultaneously go into action here on Thursday, Jan. 20. Five to eleven every night, for the ensuing two weeks; black tie opening night, when the entertainment starts at seven-thirty.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—If there were not a **MAISONETTE,** someone would have to invent it. The band run by George Cort provides the dance music, and Count Basie's orchestra does sets during dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Tranquillity and rectitude are the two graces of **LA BOITE,** across the way from the Maisonette. Gunnar Hansen, whose violin is part of the history of New York supper-club life, shows up for dinner and supper every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ Many hands make light the work load and the sound—a fact demonstrated by the four-handed guitar (George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli) that spruces up the already spruce **ST. REGIS ROOM** from nine-thirty on. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Los Valldemosa is the name of the just-arrived quintet of Spanish singers and instrumentalists. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god, and a great place to watch the sun come up behind Mount Olympus. The long watch is eased by Athenian cuisine, Athenian song, Athenian dance music, Athenian glee, and a dollop of American rock. Closed Sundays. . . . **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): A terraced villa up in the hills around Athens (in Kifisia, say), the climate cool but sunny—just right for dancing in the streets. This is carried on by the villagers themselves (visitors may, and do, join in), to music that pops like champagne corks. The music, sometimes larded with song, goes from eight-thirty until four. No Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A nineteenth hole—not in the pavement, though, but under it. Piano is the accompaniment, from cocktail time on, and the best of this sound comes from Bubber Johnson, who is in action from nine-thirty until three, Tuesday through Saturday each week. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The tune is carried by the perpetual fiddlers three who constitute the local standing army, as well as by the foursome of choristers (Leyna Gabriele, prop., included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like a good old one. From dinner until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **AL MOUNIA,** in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave. at 38th St. (683-5860): Undoubtedly for their own amazement, two entrepreneurs, Hassan Berrada (Marrakesh) and Arthur Kettler (Manhattan), have made the old Whaler Bar over into a restaurant and bar-lounge that would look great in absolutely any medina. Couscous, yes, and such, and music in the bar after six. (After nine-thirty, the pianist is Jacques Kayal, who sings French, the second language of Casablanca.) Closed Sundays. . . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): The celebrated Aegean island, kept vibrant during the evening by a threesome that cannot be long out of Athens. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who lives in, perches herself on top of a baby grand in the middle of dinner and supper to chirrup the Bal Tabarin songs she's so fond of. Mild dance music starts rustling at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): One must balance one's diet between the caloric values of *fettuccine* and the impassioned Italianate arias of every waiter, busboy, and barkeep. Closed Mondays.

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SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the handiwork of Armando Mei, a restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song that is nothing if not Roman, for Dino Palermo, the genuine article, is the responsible party. On a lower deck, and one that is distinctly not steerage, a dance triad inhabits a pleasurable Roman grotto from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Signor Palermo has been known to visit this, too, on his rounds. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): *Concours d'élégance.* George Feyer's Viennese piano and occasional murmured lyrics (they run from eight-thirty to one Tuesdays through Saturdays) are in precisely the right place. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A playhouse big enough for life-size knights in armor (a few are on duty every evening) and their ladies, not to mention a life-size kitchen and bar. The principal knight-errant is George Cardini, who plies a violin. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday, and the fine-arts piano of Herman Arminski follows him wherever he goes. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive,* but the restaurant is always *piano.* . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old reliable. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Amour-propre* is the mood of this well-appointed realm. On piano, and decorously, is Tony Gorody, whose course runs from six until one, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . **THE GRIFFIN,** 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): A most mannerly household, whose evening hours are assigned to a devout contemplation of (1) what's good to eat (French, often) and (2) what's good to listen to (the intricately architectural piano of Ray Onley, from seven-thirty to eleven). Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, who has so many well-remembered tunes at his fingertips, keeps those fingertips on the piano in the bar of this two-level royal nonesuch from six until one every evening but Monday. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A hospice at the top of the stairs that lead from far-below First Avenue, and therefore a scenic delight. Tables, a bar, a casual way of life, and (on piano) Norman Rollings, a casual librarian. A lot more fun than F. B. I. in the Library. Eight to one during the week, nine to two on Fridays and Saturdays, and not at all on Sundays. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE VERTE,** 308 E. 59th St. (832-3814): The second edition of the foregoing, bound in a summer-gardeny green and white, with voice and piano, done troubadour fashion, by Jerry Scott, from nine until two through the week, ten to three Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Appian Way of life, garnished, from seven until a late bedtime, by a group of ambulatory musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **JOHNNY ANGEL'S,** 232 E. 58th St. (758-5665): Goldie's New York and its Southern comfort are gone, but Wayne Sanders, part of the sound in that now-lost colony, is again at the piano, nine until two, in an abode not altogether unlike it. Closed Sundays. . . . **JACK DELANEY,** 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Those-were-the-days and all that, relived (and not vicariously, either) by a brace of the pianists (Charles De Forest, Mondays and Tuesdays; Murray Grand all the rest of the time) who were on hand when night life ended with the dawn patrol. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL,** 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): On the Barclay Terrace when it's time for cocktails, in the King's Inn when it's time for dinner, and in the Gold Room when it's time to be post-prandial, a couple of Lester Lanin outriders make music that cheers. Mondays through Fridays is the scheme.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Vito Acconci—An artist who does things with his body; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Lennart Anderson—Drawings, some related to this artist's realistic paintings of street scenes and interiors; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Milton Avery (1893-1965)—Oils on paper, watercolors, and monotypes by this influential painter of nature; through Thursday, Jan. 27. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Saul Baizerman (1889-1957)—Twelve hammered-copper sculptures by this leading American figurative artist; through Feb. 5. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Waldo Balart—Brightly colored modular sculptures in fired enamel on steel; through Feb.

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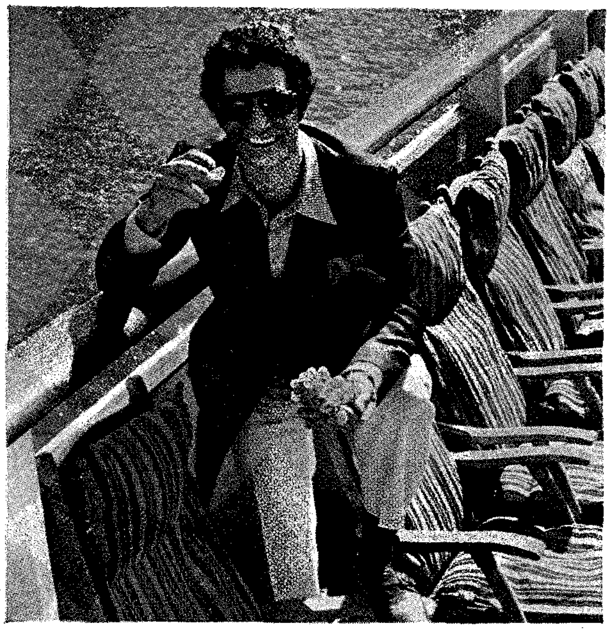
Perhaps this is the year to drive the one luxury car that demonstrates its luxury in quite an uncommon way: Toronado. There's nothing common about it.

OLDSMOBILE
ALWAYS A STEP AHEAD

EVERYBODY SHOULD BE ITALIAN AT LEAST ONCE A YEAR.



Ken Adams, Italian for a week.

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Like an Italian.

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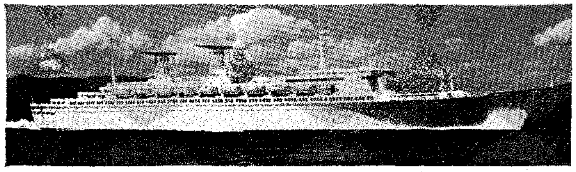
(Point of interest: we Italians started crossing the Atlantic and sailing the Caribbean back in 1492. So by now, we're pretty good at it. And we'll get better as we go on.)



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

12. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jennifer Bartlett and Terry Fox—Dots on enamelled-steel plates, singly or in groups, by the former, and photos and drawings dealing with hospitals and operations by the latter; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Palley, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Beauchamp—Freely handled paintings of fantasy, incorporating nudes, horses, monkeys, and fruits; starting Saturday, Jan. 22. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Ronald Bladen—One large work by a well-known Minimalist; through Thursday, Jan. 27. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stanley Boxer—Abstract sculptures by an artist who has been exhibiting paintings in this gallery; starting Saturday, Jan. 22. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Colleen Browning—Paintings of nature with overtones of fantasy; through Saturday, Jan. 22. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

Paul Camacho—Painted variations on circles and rectangles; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edith Carlson—Paintings in a rectangular format that gain their effects through relations of color; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Rex Clawson—Paintings and drawings with a leaning toward social comment; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Pierre Daquin—Expressive abstractions in tapestry; through Friday, Jan. 21. (Arras, 979 Third Ave., at 59th St.)

Larry Day—Paintings of architectural settings; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Brata, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St.)

Roy De Forest—Fanciful paintings with a recurrent image of a workhorse; through Feb. 3. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

John Ferren (1906-70)—Paintings from 1937 to 1969, covering several styles of this abstract colorist; through Feb. 10. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Nobu Fukui—Emblematic paintings consisting of semi-geometric forms; through Feb. 2. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

Sam Gelber—Realistic paintings of Maine orchards; through Jan. 30. (Green Mountain, 17 Perry St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Herbert George—Sculptures of polished, machined metal and sections of shaped soft leather, enclosed in six-foot Plexiglas tubes; through Feb. 12. (Danenberg Contemporaries, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Christos Gianakos—Cast sculptures in colored polyester; first one-man show in New York. Through Feb. 5. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Cleve Gray—Abstract paintings with Hawaiian themes, plus cast-bronze sculptures; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Maurice Grosser—Landscapes of Tangiers, Morocco, and Crete; through Saturday, Jan. 22. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

John Gundelfinger—Misty landscapes; through Thursday, Jan. 27. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Martin Johnson Heade (1819-1904)—Luminist landscapes and flowers by a nineteenth-century itinerant American; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Peridot-Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hans Hofmann (1880-1966)—Eight or ten oil paintings of the late period; through Wednesday, Jan. 26. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jules Kirschenbaum—Abstract paintings based on children's toys; through Feb. 4. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Karl Knaths (1891-1971)—Fifty years of painting by this veteran American abstractionist; through Feb. 19. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Nicholas Krushenick and Larry Bell—New paintings and collages by the former and Plexiglas boxes by the latter; through Feb. 2. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

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Joseph Kurhajec—Sculptures of scaly or hair-covered birdlike creatures, also collages, drawings, and prints; through Feb. 5. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.)

Roy Lichtenstein—Drawings of architectural motifs; starting Saturday, Jan. 22. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rodger Mack—Abstract bronze and nickel-bronze sculptures; through Saturday, Jan. 22. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Paul Manship (1885-1966)—Works in marble, bronze, and plaster from all periods in the career of this academic realist; through Thursday, Jan. 27. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Matta—Paintings by the Chilean Surrealist who works in Paris; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Iolas, 15 E 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Harry Nadler—Cutouts of colored papers on white backgrounds; through Thursday, Jan. 27. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Ray Parker—A selection covering three years of painting by this abstract colorist; through Monday, Jan 24. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

Earl Reiback—Projections of moving light in intense colors; through Feb. 12. (Waddell, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Reinhoud—Metal sculptures of gnomelike figures; through Feb. 5. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Roth—Arrangements of painted strings according to a mathematical scheme; first one-man show in New York. Through Feb. 4. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ludwig Sander—Recent compositions by this meticulous hard-edge painter; through Feb. 2. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ed Schlinski—Papier-mâché sculptures with a social message; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Lerner-Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jo Anne Schneider—Paintings of paper bags and cardboard boxes; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Jason Schoener—Semi-abstract landscapes of Latin America; through Feb. 12. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kenneth Snelson—New structures of wood, bamboo, metal, and rope by an artist known for his steel-tension sculptures; through Feb. 2. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Solman—Figurative monotypes and drawings, also landscapes and still-lifes; through Feb. 5. (Feist, 1125 Madison Ave., at 84th St.)

Michael Steiner—A joint exhibition of abstract metal sculptures: large works at the Marlborough (41 E. 57th St.) and small pieces at the Goldowsky (1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.); both through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Both galleries are closed Mondays.)

Cy Twombly—Linear activities on gray, white, or black backgrounds; through Feb. 5. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Victor Vasarely—Flat geometrical wall pieces in colored plastic; through Feb. 12. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Raymond A. Whyte—Exactingly painted figures and still-lifes; starting Tuesday, Jan. 25. (Kuhlik, 23 E. 67th St.)

Group Shows—At the **BERRY-HILL**, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Nineteenth-century American oils by Cole, Whittredge, Moran, and others, and American Impressionists, including Lawson, Inness, and Twachtman; through Saturday, Jan. 29. . . . **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Sculptures and paintings of mythological and fabulous creatures, from sixth-century Etruscan to the present; through Feb. 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **DANENBERG**, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: American artists, among them Benton, Archipenko, Marsh, Max Weber, and Zorach; through Feb. 5. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HUTTON**, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: More than a hundred Russian avant-garde paintings, sculptures, and constructions from 1908 to 1922 by Goncharova, Larionov, Lissitzky, Malevich, Popova, Rodchenko, Jawlensky, Kandinsky, and the like; through Feb. 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: Paintings by the late Bob Thompson, objects and assemblages by Antoni Tàpies, and lithographs and plexigrams by the composer John Cage; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **JANIS**, 6 W. 57th St.: Recent developments in realistic painting and sculpture by Richard Estes, Ralph Goings, Robert Graham, and Duane Hanson, to name several; through Feb. 5. . . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: American naïve and folk art consisting of paintings, watercolors, chalkware, pen-and-ink drawings, and needlework, from the eighteenth and early nineteenth century to half a dozen works from this one; through Feb. 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **KNOEDLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: Old Masters—Carpaccio, Guardi, Hals, del Piombo, Velázquez, and Veronese, for example—and Impressionists, such as Cassatt, Cézanne, Degas, Manet, Monet, and Renoir; through Feb. 5. . . . **KORNBLEE**, 58 E. 79th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century Indian and Tibetan miniatures; through Thursday, Jan. 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **O.K. HARRIS**, 465 West Broadway: Realistic sculptures by Duane Hanson, small abstract welded-metal pieces by Marilynn Gelfman-Pereira, and paintings of knives, scissors, and hammers by Nakagawa; through Feb. 5. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PALEY & LOWE**, 59 Wooster St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Mike Bakaty, Michael Goldberg, and Jim Starrett; through Wednesday, Jan. 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PHOENIX**, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: Paintings and constructions by two women, Fritzie Abadi and Jo Warner, and one man, Kazimiras Zoromskis; through Saturday, Jan. 22. . . . **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Sixty-five paintings, sculptures, watercolors, and drawings executed abroad by American artists of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and early twentieth centuries; starting Tuesday, Jan. 25. . . . **STAEMPFLI**, 47 E. 77th St.: Ritual art from Melanesia and the New Hebrides; through Feb. 5. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WESTBETH**, 155 Bank St.: Nine one-man shows; through Jan. 30. (Fridays through Sundays, 2 to 8.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—About thirty portraits and self-portraits of artists, in paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints, along with photos of artists in their studios by Arnold Newman; through March 7. . . . ¶ Eighty paintings, sculptures, and pieces of jewelry from Tibet, Nepal, and Kashmir, done between the seventh century and the nineteenth; through Jan. 30. (Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—New acquisitions, consisting of a construction and a painting from the early twentieth century by two Russians, Vladimir Baranoff-Rossine and Ivan Puni, and paintings by Lichtenstein, Christensen, Ryman, and others; through March 5. . . . ¶ Naïve art from the Museum's collection; through April 10. . . . ¶ An extended structure of four-foot tetrahedral modules by Tony Smith, whose Minimal constructions carry overtones of reference; through Jan. 31. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—About eighty sculptures and ten paintings by John Chamberlain, best known for constructions made of crushed

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automobile parts; through Feb. 27. . . . ¶ Examples of their own works selected by ten American artists—Bearden, Beauchamp, Frank, Grooms, Johnson, Kriesberg, Kurhajec, Maryan, Westermann, and Schumann; through Feb. 27. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The nationwide biennial survey of current painting by Americans; starting Tuesday, Jan. 25. . . . ¶ Paintings, sketches, and tiles by Jay Van Everen (1875-1947), identified with the Synchromist movement during the twenties; through Feb. 13. . . . ¶ Figurative paintings of fantasy by Susan Hall; through Feb. 6. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Forty-three paintings, most of them religious in theme, done in colonial Peru by unknown Indians in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; through Sunday, Jan. 23. . . . ¶ A new addition to the Museum's American period rooms, the Worgelt Study, embodies the Art Deco style in every detail, from furniture to bar decanters. . . . ¶ The newly installed Schenck House Gallery focusses on the Jan Martuse Schenck House, a Brooklyn miller's dwelling and one of the most important surviving examples of seventeenth-century architecture. . . . ¶ The recently opened Nineteenth- and Twentieth-Century Galleries contain furniture and decorations of the principal artists, designers, and craftsmen of the period. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, 15 W. 77th St.—Approximately a hundred costumes collected from areas extending from the Balkans to Siberia and from Vietnam to Lapland, representing both regal and peasant dress worn by men and women. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Thirty-five Japanese "Nanga" paintings on paper and silk of the early eighteenth century to the mid-nineteenth; through Feb. 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—More than a hundred Chinese objects in gold and silver that go back as far as 1500 B.C.; through Jan. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Suites of prints on Old Testament themes by Chagall, Kokoschka, Picasso, Dali, Dine, and Ben Zion; through Feb. 13. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibition of William Blake's art and writings, centering on five books done in illuminated text; through Saturday, Jan. 22. . . . ¶ Six drawings by Albrecht Dürer, saluting the five hundredth anniversary of his birth and accompanied by a small group of sixteenth-century drawings; through Saturday, Jan. 22. . . . ¶ A dozen watercolor illustrations by Blake for Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso;" through Saturday, Jan. 22. . . . ¶ Medieval jewelled bindings and illuminated manuscripts; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred and fifty paintings, drawings, graphics, and sculptures constituting a retrospective of the visionary works of de Chirico from 1911 to 1971; through April 2. Wednesdays through Sundays, at 4 and 6, the exhibition is supplemented by the showing of films related to the artist. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 8: A new production of Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Judith Blegen, Lili Chookasian, Barry McDaniel, Thomas Stewart, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 20, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Anna Moffo, Joann Grillo, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Robert Merrill, Justino Díaz, and James Morris. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 21, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Leontyne Price, Judith Forst, Franco Corelli, Mario Sereni, Ezio Flagello, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 22, at 2: "Così Fan Tutte," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Rosalind Elias, Colette Boky, Pietro Bottazzo, Theodor Uppman, and Walter Berry. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 22, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Lucine Amara, Mildred Miller, James King, Giorgio Tozzi, John Macurdy, Rudolf Knoll, Loren Driscoll, and Donald Gramm. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 24, at 8: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Judith Blegen, Lili Chookasian, Barry McDaniel, Thomas Stewart, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 25, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Lucine Amara, Mildred Miller, James King, Theo Adam, Ezio Flagello, Benno Kusche, Loren Driscoll, and William Walker. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 26, at 8: "Così Fan Tutte," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Rosalind Elias, Colette Boky, Pietro Bottazzo, Theodor Uppman, and Walter Berry. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 27, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Pilar Lorengar, Jeannette Pilou, Evelyn Lear, Cesare Siepi, Hermann Prey, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 28, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Anna Moffo, Joann Grillo, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, Justino Díaz, and James Morris. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 29, at 2: "Pelléas et Melisande," with Judith Blegen, Lili Chookasian, Barry McDaniel, Thomas Stewart, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Leontyne Price, Judith Forst, Carlo Bergonzi, Mario Sereni, Ezio Flagello, and Fernando Corena.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Bruno Maderna conducting on Thursday, Jan. 20, and Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8:30, and Monday, Jan. 24, at 7:30 (all with Paul Zukofsky, violin, and Leonid Bolotine and Raymond Sabinsky, mandolin). . . . ¶ Jacques Delacote conducting on Thursday, Jan. 27, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 28, at 2; and Monday, Jan. 31, at 7:30 (all with Misha Dichter, piano). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8:30 (with Pilar Lorengar, soprano).

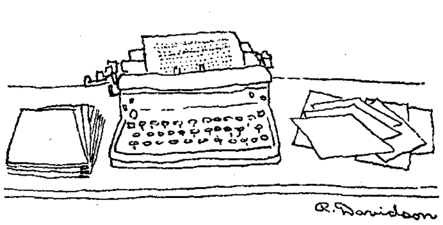
Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra—William Steinberg conducting, with Marilyn Horne, soprano; William Cochran, tenor; and Ara Berberian, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

Osipov Balalaika Orchestra—Vladimir Fedoseyev conducting, with stars of the Bolshoi Ballet and the Bolshoi and Kiev Operas. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 21, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 22, at 2:30 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 23, at 2:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8, with Grant Johannesen, piano; and Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 30, at 7:30, both with the Beaux Arts Trio. All seats have been sold for the first concert, and only standing room is left.)

New and Newer Music—Dennis Russell Davies conducting the Ensemble of New York, with Paul Jacobs, harpsichord, and Charles Rosen, piano. The second in a series of four concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 23, at 3.)

Handel Society Orchestra and Chorus—Stephen Simon directing Handel's oratorio "Athalia," with Elinor Ross, Patricia Wise, and Nancy Stokes, sopranos; Maureen Forrester, contralto; John Stewart, tenor; Ara Berberian, bass; Harry Wimmer, cello; Julius Levine, contrabass; and Martin Isepp, harpsichord. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Jan. 24, at 8.)



Bach Concert—Henry Schuman conducting an orchestra and playing the oboe, with Judith Raskin, soprano; Thomas Nyfenger, flute; and the Fuguing Brasses. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Jan. 29, at midnight.)

Bach Aria Group—Gustav Meier directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

Camerata Singers and Symphony Orchestra—Abraham Kaplan directing. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

RECITALS

George Neikrug—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—With Beveridge Webster, piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Jan. 21, at 8.)

Jacob Lateiner—Piano, in the last in a series of recitals. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Jan. 23, at 2:15.)

Gala Concert—Martina Arroyo and Evelyn Lear, sopranos; Agustin Anievas, Abbey Simon, and Alan Marks, piano; and James Kreger, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

Fred Sherry—Cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Monday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

Benefit Chamber-Music Concert—Marilyn Dubow, violin; Richard Goode and Henry Shapiro, piano; John Graham, viola; Marsha Heller, oboe; and Marian Holbrook, soprano. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Tuesday, Jan. 25, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Abbey Simon—Piano, in a benefit recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 26, at 8:30.)

Rafael Orozco—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Piano trios. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 28, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Carlos Montoya—Flamenco guitarist. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8.)

Note—The Duo Rampal-Veyron-Lacroix will give a flute-and-harpsichord recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 6, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Jan. 24, in the order that written applications are received on that day or thereafter (not before). More than one request may be sent in a single envelope.

MISCELLANY

Scots Guards—The regimental band, pipes, drums, and dancers of the British regiment. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 23, at 1:30 and 5:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interlude Concerts—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—**JAZZMOBILE ALL-STARS:** Jimmy Heath, Lee Morgan, Roland Hanna, and Kuumba Heath. (Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 5:45.). . . **PAUL TAYLOR DANCE COMPANY:** A program of excerpts from "Churchyard," "Public Domain," "Aureole," "Junction," "Post Meridian," and "Book of Beasts." (Wednesday, Jan. 26, at 5:45.)

Glenn Miller Orchestra—Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 21, at 8.

Max Roach and the J.C. White Singers—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Sunday, Jan. 23, at 3.

Barry Sisters—Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Jan. 23, at 8.

GORDON LIGHTFOOT—Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Jan. 28, at 8.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden—Knicks vs. Boston, Tuesday, Jan. 25, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Seattle, Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8.

HOCKEY—Rangers vs. Buffalo. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Jan. 26, at 7:35.)

RACING—At **LIBERTY BELL**, Philadelphia: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Feb. 5. . . . **BOWIE**, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 11.

TRACK—Millrose Athletic Association. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Jan. 28, at 7.)

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, Feb. 29.

FOR CHILDREN

OPERETTAS—By the Light Opera of Manhattan—"The Mikado," Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 22-23, at 4. . . . ¶ "H.M.S. Pinafore," Saturday, Jan. 29, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES**: "Peter and the Wolf." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **SALVATORE GUIDA**: "Bravo, the Clown," Saturday, Jan. 22, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Magical Red Fan," Sunday, Jan. 23, and Saturday, Jan. 29, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS**: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . **MERI MINI PLAYERS**: "The Princess and the Pea." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 260-4863. Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **LEA WALLACE PUPPETS**: "Puss in Boots." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Jan. 22, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **YOUNG WORLD FOUNDATION**: "Who Am I?" (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2993. Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 22-23, at 1 and 3:30.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM STUDIO, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Children's Paintings from Five Continents," a show of forty paintings from such diverse areas as American Indian reservations, Tanzania, Austria, Honduras, and South Vietnam. Through Feb. 20. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays and Fridays, 10 to 2; Thursdays, 10 to 5; and Sundays, 11 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show in the Sky Theatre is called "By the Stars of Gitche Gumee." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.) . . . ¶ An hour before the shows, the new Guggenheim Space Theatre presents a projection of the story of astronomy—from man's earliest concepts of the universe to the achievements of the Space Age.

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday from 3 to 5:30.

ET ALIA

(The number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.)

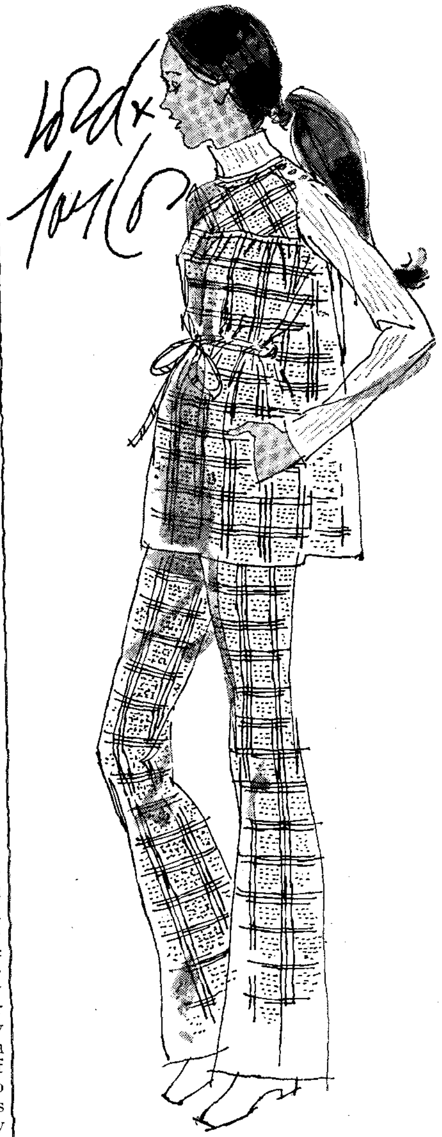
POETRY READINGS—James Wright reading from his own works. (Donnell Library Center, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, Jan. 25, at 7:30. Admission is free.) . . . ¶ Yevgeny Yevtushenko, James Dickey, Stanley Kunitz, Eugene McCarthy, and Richard Wilbur reading from their own works. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Jan. 28, at 7 and 10.)

NATIONAL BOAT SHOW—More than five hundred pleasure boats, including inboards, outboards, sailboats, and cruisers. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturdays, Jan. 22 and 29, from 10 to 9; Sundays, Jan. 23 and 30, from 1 to 7; Monday, Jan. 24, from 5 to 9; and Tuesday through Friday, Jan. 25-28, from noon to 9.)

WINTER ANTIQUES SHOW—The eighteenth annual benefit show will feature a selection from the decorative arts collection of the Cooper-Hewitt Museum. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Friday, Jan. 21, through Sunday, Jan. 30. Weekdays, 1 to 10; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 2: Continental pottery and porcelain, from many sources. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 21, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese works of art, belonging to Ralph B. Baldwin and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 22, at 2: Postwar and contemporary paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from various owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 25, at 2: Art Nouveau, including two dragonfly Tiffany lamps and Lalique glass; from several collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 26, at 2: American paintings by such artists as Joseph Heard, Frederick Waugh, and Thomas Sully; from many owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, Jan. 20. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 27, at 2: Chinese Export and English porcelain, from a number of sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 22.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Jan. 19 at 2: "Song of the Sea" (1954), in Portuguese, directed by Alberto Cavalcanti; no English titles. . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 5:30: "The Foreman Went to France" (1941), directed by Charles Frend, with Tommy Trinder and Constance Cummings. . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 2: "Film and Reality" (1939-42), a compilation film by Alberto Cavalcanti and Ernest Lindgren. . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 5:30: "They Made Me a Fugitive" (1947), directed by Alberto Cavalcanti, with Trevor Howard and Sally Gray. . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 8 and Jan. 21 at 2: "En Rade" (1927), directed by Alberto Cavalcanti, with Catherine Hessling. . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 5:30: "Champagne Charlie" (1944), directed by Alberto Cavalcanti, with Tommy Trinder and Stanley Holloway. . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at noon: "Le Jour Se Lève" (1939), in French, directed by Marcel Carné, with Jean Gabin; no English titles. . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 3: "The Monster of Highgate Ponds" (1960), directed by Alberto Cavalcanti. . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 5:30: "Thus Spake Theodore Herzl" (1967), directed by Alberto Cavalcanti; and "Night Mail" (1936), directed by Harry Watt and Basil Wright. . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 2: "The Monster of Highgate Ponds" (1960). . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 5:30: "The Foreman Went to France" (1941). . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 1: "They Made Me a Fugitive" (1947). . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 6 and Jan. 25 at 2: "Through a Glass Darkly" (1961), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson and Gunnar Björnstrand. . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 5:30: "Vampyr" (1971), a Spanish film, directed by Pedro Portabella. . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at 2: "Petit à Petit" (1970), in French, directed by Jean Rouch. . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at 5:30: "Ça Va, Ça Vient" (1971), in French, directed by Pierre Barouh. . . . ¶ Jan. 27 at noon: "L'Amour Fou" (1968), in French, directed by Jacques Rivette; no English titles. . . . ¶ Jan. 27 at 5:30: "Valparaiso, Valparaiso" (1971), in French, directed by Pascal Aubier, with Alain Cluny and Bernadette Lafont. . . . ¶ Jan. 27 at 8: "Solo" (1970), in French, directed by, and with, Jean-Pierre Mocky. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showings or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3107)—Films by Snow, Vigo, Warhol, Brakhage, Belson, Anger, Baillie, Bresson, Broughton, and others. Showings Jan. 19 at 6 and 10; Jan. 20 at 8; Jan. 21-23 and Jan. 25 at 6, 8, and 10; Jan. 26 at 6; and Jan. 27 at 6, 8, and 10. . . . **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100)—A series called "The New American Filmmakers" is being screened at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Go-Between" and "Bed and Board."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Jan. 22: "Love Me or Leave Me."
Jan. 23-25: "Rosalie" and "The Cat and the Fiddle."
From Jan. 26: "That Night in Rio" and "Down Argentine Way."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Jan. 19: "The Birds" and "Psycho."
Jan. 20-23: "North by Northwest" and "Suspicion."
Jan. 24-27: "Stage Fright" and "The Wrong Man."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 25: "Long Ago, Tomorrow."
From Jan. 26: "Desperate Characters" and "A New Leaf."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Jan. 25: "A Day at the Races" and "A Night at the Opera."
From Jan. 26: To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The French Connection."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Together."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Hospital."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Jan. 25: "Sunday Bloody Sunday."
From Jan. 26: "The Hot Rock."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through Jan. 23: "Eagle in a Cage."
From Jan. 24: "A Man for All Seasons."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Garden of the Finzi-Continis."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Such Good Friends."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"El Topo."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin I, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Boy Friend."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"A Clockwork Orange."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Minnie and Moskowitz."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Last Picture Show."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Jan. 19: "Happy Birthday, Wanda June."
From Jan. 20: "To Find a Man."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Made for Each Other."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Le Boucher."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Straw Dogs."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Jan. 25: "Bonnie and Clyde" and "Bullitt."
From Jan. 26: To be announced.

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Jan. 20: "Cisco Pike" and "Machine Gun McCain."
From Jan. 21: "Happy Birthday, Wanda June" and "Husbands."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The French Connection."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Jan. 25 (tentative): "Long Ago, Tomorrow."
From Jan. 26: "The Hot Rock."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Jan. 25 (tentative): "The Go-Between" and "Claire's Knee."
From Jan. 26 (tentative): "Klute" and "Wait Until Dark."

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Jan. 25: "Dirty Harry."
From Jan. 26: "X Y & Zee."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"$."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Diamonds Are Forever."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (688-1717)
"The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (688-1717)
"Together."

WEST SIDE

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (533-8270)
Through Jan. 22: "Night of the Living Dead" and "Invasion of the Body Snatchers."
Jan. 23-25: "Tales of Hoffmann" and "The Lovers of Teruel."
From Jan. 26: "Marat/Sade" and "The Killing."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Diamonds Are Forever."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Jan. 25: "Rider on the Rain" and "Borsalino."
From Jan. 26: "Carnal Knowledge."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"WR—Mysteries of the Organism."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Jan. 23: "Monterey Pop," "Don't Look Back," and "Gimme Shelter."
Jan. 24-25: "Sombra, the Spider Woman" and "Zorro's Black Whip."
From Jan. 26: "The Wild Bunch," "The Ballad of Cable Hogue," and "The Good, the Bad and the Ugly."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"Together."

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Nicholas and Alexandra."

Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6792)
Through Jan. 22: "Vampire Doll" and "The Tattooed Swordswoman."
Jan. 23: A program of Greek films.
From Jan. 24: "Tenchu."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Jan. 20: "Doctor Zhivago."
From Jan. 21: "The Go-Between" and "Claire's Knee."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Cowboys." (No evening performances on Tuesday, Jan. 25.)

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Star Spangled Girl."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Jan. 19: "The Decameron."
From Jan. 20: "Smic, Smac, Smoc."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Macbeth."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Sunday Bloody Sunday."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Modern Times."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"King Lear."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Made for Each Other."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Diamonds Are Forever."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Jan. 20: "Ginger" and "The Games Men Play."
From Jan. 21: "Something Big."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"The Go-Between" and "Claire's Knee."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Jan. 19: "Utamaro and His Five Women" and "Teorema."
Jan. 20-26: "Angela Davis: A Portrait of a Revolutionary" and "Ganga Zumba."
Jan. 27: "The Idiot" and "A Day in the Country."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"Together."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Jan. 20: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" and "Last Year at Marienbad."
Jan. 21-23: "Woman in the Dunes" and "Nazarin."
Jan. 24-25: "Le Million" and "Under the Roofs of Paris."
Jan. 26-27: "La Strada" and "Open City."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Jan. 21: "Gimme Shelter" and "Soul to Soul."
Jan. 22-24: "The Wild Bunch" and "The Ballad of Cable Hogue."
Jan. 25-27: "Bullitt" and "Bonnie and Clyde."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

The Ballad of Cable Hogue (1970)—Sam Peckinpah is in a relaxed and playful mood in this rambling comedy Western with Jason Robards (in fine form) as a desert rat who discovers a mudhole and turns water merchant, Stella Stevens as an ambitious whore, and David Warner as a lecherous self-ordained preacher. (Olympia; Jan. 22-24. . . . ¶ Elgin; starting Jan. 26.)

Bed and Board—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Antoine's bride, Claude Jade, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "beguiling." In French. (Art.)

The Birds (1963)—Some of the special effects are amusing, and a few are perverse and frightening, but the effects took over in this Hitchcock scare-picture, and he failed to make the plot situations convincing. The script (by Evan Hunter) is weak, and the acting is so awkward that often one doesn't know how to take the characters. With Rod Taylor, Tippi Hedren, Suzanne Pleshette, and Jessica Tandy. (St. Marks Cinema; Jan. 19.)

Bonnie and Clyde (1967)—Violent, funny, and one of the best American movies of the sixties. Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty as the Depression outlaws who show off their big guns and their defiance of the law. The Arthur Penn movie plays upon our attitudes toward the American past by making the holdups look as dated as two-reel comedy. (72nd St. Playhouse; through Jan. 25. . . . ¶ Olympia; Jan. 25-27.)

Borsalino (1970)—Alain Delon (who looks great in evening clothes) and Jean-Paul Belmondo as hoods in the Marseille of the thirties. A handsome production, but the spoof falters. Jacques Deray directed. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; through Jan. 25.)

Le Boucher—With Stéphane Audran and Jean Yanne, directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Boy Friend—Ken Russell has turned the Sandy Wilson show into an anti-musical and destroyed most of the pleasure the audience might have had. The glittering, joyless numbers keep coming at you; you never get any relief from Russell's supposed virtuosity. Twiggy sings adequately (though not well enough for the load of singing she's asked to carry), and she dances rather better, but Russell doesn't develop her possibilities, and she remains an appealing blank. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2.)

Bullitt (1968)—A competent director (Peter Yates), working with competent technicians, gives a fairly dense texture to a hackneyed script about cops and gangsters and politicians. The stars are Steve McQueen (as the low-keyed police-officer hero) and the witty, steep streets of San Francisco. (72nd St. Playhouse; through Jan. 25. . . . ¶ Olympia; Jan. 25-27.)

Carnal Knowledge—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects, and, in Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Jan. 26.)

The Cat and the Fiddle (1934)—A mismatch (Ramon Novarro and Jeanette MacDonald) in an easy-to-forget M-G-M musical, based on a Broadway show. With Charles Butterworth doing one of his classic befuddled roles, Vivienne Segal, Frank Morgan, and Jean Hersholt. The songs, by Jerome Kern

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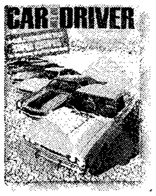

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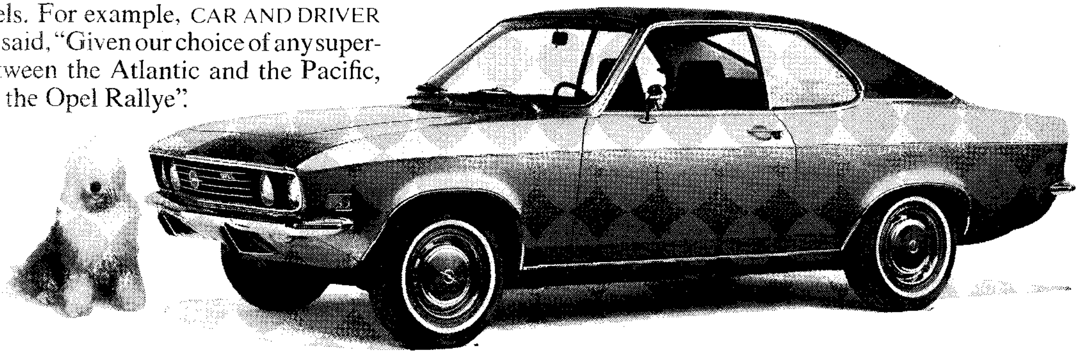

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BONWIT TELLER

and Otto Harbach, include "The Night Was Made for Love" and "Poor Pierrot." William K. Howard directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 23-25.)

Cisco Pike—With Gene Hackman, Karen Black, and Kris Kristofferson, directed by Bill L. Norton. (Juliet 1; through Jan. 20.)

Claire's Knee—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and an exquisitely gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (Embassy 72nd St.... ¶ U. A. East; through Jan. 25, tentative.... ¶ Guild; starting Jan. 21.)

A Clockwork Orange—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's new film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Cinema I.)

The Cowboys—With John Wayne, directed by Mark Rydell. (Music Hall. No evening performances on Tuesday, Jan. 25.)

Angela Davis: A Portrait of a Revolutionary—Directed by Yolande du Luart. (New Yorker; Jan. 20-26.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers in a sort of morning after to "A Night at the Opera." It has something to do with a sanatorium, a group of bankers, a blond siren, and a steeplechase. Groucho is Hugo Z. Hackenbush, a horse doctor posing as a fashionable neurologist. ("Either this man is dead or my watch has stopped.") He shuffles off with the picture. The cast includes Margaret Dumont, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Allan Jones; the teen-age Dorothy Dandridge may be glimpsed among the kids in the "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm" number. Sam Wood directed. (Kips Bay; through Jan. 25.)

A Day in the Country (1937)—Jean Renoir's short (thirty-seven-minute) film from a de Maupassant story is one of the two or three greatest short-story films ever made—a lyric tragedy that ranks with his finest work. Jeanne Marken and Sylvia Bataille are the mother and daughter who are seduced on a family outing on the banks of the Marne; Renoir himself plays the role of an innkeeper. Music by Kosma. In French. (New Yorker; Jan. 27.)

The Decameron—Based on Boccaccio's tales, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini. In Italian. (Festival; Jan. 19.)

Desperate Characters—One of the best American films for months, gifted with insight and speed. The story is bang-on about a certain kind of New York middle-class self-hatred and wit. Its core is a hungry, sophisticated married dialogue between Shirley MacLaine and Kenneth Mars. Adapted and directed by Frank D. Gilroy. (Gramercy; starting Jan. 26.)

Diamonds Are Forever—Tired Bond picture that is often noisy when it means to be exciting. It lacks elegance and visual opulence, but it's got Sean Connery. His Bond is less lecherous now and less foppish—and he's better this way: Bond the mock hero has become the one stable, unalienated fantasy hero of modern movies. (86th St. East, Waverly, and Cinema Studio.)

Dirty Harry—Clint Eastwood is the saintly cop who demonstrates the necessity for para-legal police power; Don Siegel directed this skillful, brutal, Fascist thriller. (Orpheum; through Jan. 25.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—The poet-doctor (Omar Sharif) isn't a strong enough protagonist to bind together the events of the Russian Revolution, and so one seems to be on the sidelines watching an enormous, romantic, historical pageant. David Lean put it all together (or tried to) from Robert Bolt's adaptation of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Alec Guinness, Tom Courtenay, and Rod Steiger milling about. (Guild; through Jan. 20.)

$—Bank heist in Hamburg, masterminded by Warren Beatty, assisted by Goldie Hawn as a kook hooker. For the first twenty minutes, it's impossible to know what's going on; after that, there are so many camera setups and such noisy, overextended chases that the whole thing becomes hectic and exhausting. Brutality and tension are a poor substitute for pleasurable suspense. Overwritten and overdirected by Richard Brooks. (Loew's Ciné.)

Don't Look Back (1967)—Bob Dylan in the affected *cinéma-vérité* film by Donn Pennebaker that features songs and put-downs. With Donovan and Joan Baez. (Elgin; through Jan. 23.)

Down Argentine Way (1940)—Twentieth Century-Fox forties-musical camp, so outrageous that it's hard to believe it isn't at least partly intentional—but why would anybody make this picture on purpose? The queen of these excruciating extravaganzas was Alice Faye, but she had become ill, and Betty Grable, a featured player for a decade, got her big chance. Unbelievably, this picture made her a star. With stolid Don Ameche, smiling his pained, hard-working smile, just as he always had for Alice; Charlotte Greenwood, the high-kicker who had seen better days before she started playing chaperones; and Carmen Miranda, the "Brazilian Bombshell" in her manic début. When she stands on her nine-inch heels and sings "South American Way," she is so frenetically irresistible that there's no use trying to fight it, though some people have been hiding under seats for more than thirty years. Irving Cummings directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Jan. 26.)

Eagle in a Cage—With John Gielgud and Ralph Richardson, directed by Fielder Cook. (Fine Arts; through Jan. 23.)

Fiddler on the Roof—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Rivoli. Mondays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays through Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Thursdays at 1:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

The French Connection—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slam-bang thriller that zaps the audience by noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the lowlifer police detective who cracks the case as a mixture of Joe and Archie; William Friedkin directed. (Murray Hill and Juliet 2.)

The Games Men Play (1968)—Directed by Daniel Tinayre. (Regency; through Jan. 20.)

Ganga Zumba—Directed by Carlos Diegues. In Portuguese. (New Yorker; Jan. 20-26.)

The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight—When farce isn't expertly played and directed, it becomes just stupid, and that's what happens to this Mafia farce, from the Jimmy Breslin book. Lionel Stander, Jo Van Fleet, and Jerry Orbach are among the clownish crooks; molestable Leigh Taylor-Young and the talented young Robert De Niro are the romantic leads. Directed by James Goldstone. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis—Vittorio De Sica's finest film in many years—a lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Plaza.)

Gimme Shelter (1970)—The Rolling Stones in their American tour, and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (Olympia; through Jan. 21.... ¶ Elgin; through Jan. 23.)

Ginger—With Cheri Caffaro, directed by Don Schain. (Regency; through Jan. 20.)

The Go-Between—Harold Pinter wrote the stinging screenplay of this 1900 period piece from an L. P. Hartley novel about a twelve-year-old schoolboy at a posh Norfolk house-party who is press-ganged into being the postman between Julie Christie, the heiress of the hall, and Alan Bates, a mere tenant farmer. Accurate about the English class system, pretty to look at, rather cold-hearted.

Perfidious Albion basks in the sun and courteously destroys lives; the film partakes in the prevailing, pretty cruelty. With Margaret Leighton. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Art and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ U. A. East; through Jan. 25, tentative. . . . ¶ Guild; starting Jan. 21.)

THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY (1968)—With Clint Eastwood, directed by Sergio Leone. The last of Eastwood's spaghetti Westerns. (Elgin; starting Jan. 26.)

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, WANDA JUNE—Rod Steiger as the sexist big-game hunter, in Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s, attempt at a Shavian play of ideas about the end of the bullish dominating male. Steiger's disastrously familiar paranoid rhythms push Vonnegut's florid lines over a cliff, and they splash when they land. Badly misdirected by Mark Robson, who tried for a stylized tone that doesn't work, though the miscast Susannah York comes through as an able farceur and Pamelyn Ferdin has a few funny moments as Wanda June. Most of the time, it's like seeing a bad production of a synthetic, trying-to-be-clever Broadway play. (Columbia II; Jan. 19. . . . ¶ Juliet 1; starting Jan. 21.)

HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR (1959)—A tortured love affair between a French actress and a Japanese architect in the city that was devastated by the first atomic bomb. Alain Resnais's controversial début as a feature-film director; there is no controversy, however, about Emmanuèle Riva's splendid performance. In French. (Thalia; through Jan. 20.)

THE HOSPITAL—George C. Scott is at his most hammily brilliant in Paddy Chayevsky's farce about the killing incompetence in a modern big-city hospital. The picture strains for seriousness now and then, but even when it makes a fool of itself, it's still funny. Arthur Hiller directed. (Sutton.)

THE HOT ROCK—With Robert Redford, George Segal, and Zero Mostel, directed by Peter Yates. (Trans-Lux East and Trans-Lux 85th St.; starting Jan. 26.)

HUSBANDS (1970)—Three actors (John Cassavetes, Peter Falk, and Ben Gazzara) playing three suburban husbands in a semi-improvised movie directed by Cassavetes. The actors have occasional intense and affecting moments, going through emotions that they set off in each other, but Cassavetes is the sort of man who is dedicated to stripping people of their pretenses and laying bare their souls. Inevitably, the results are agonizingly banal. (Juliet 1; starting Jan. 21.)

THE IDIOT (1951)—Kurosawa made this version of the Dostoevski novel right after "Rashomon," using the same two men—Masayuki Mori (the husband in "Rashomon") as Prince Myshkin, and Toshiro Mifune (the bandit in "Rashomon") as Rogozhin. It's a long, uneven, fascinating film, with such curiosities as a Nastasya Filipovna (Setsuko Hara) modelled on Maria Casarès in Cocteau's "Orpheus." In Japanese. (New Yorker; Jan. 27.)

INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS (1956)—A B-picture classic. This plain and inexpensive piece of science fiction employs few of the resources of the cinema (to put it mildly), but it has an idea that confirms everyone's suspicions. People are being turned into vegetables—and who can tell the difference? Kevin McCarthy and Dana Wynter, who try to cling to their animality and individuality, seem inexplicably backward to the rest of the townspeople. With Carolyn Jones, and Sam Peckinpah (who worked on the script) in a few bits. Directed by Don Siegel. (Garrick; through Jan. 22.)

THE KILLING (1956)—Stanley Kubrick made this film when he was twenty-seven. (His early career was with *Look* as a photographer.) He used Lucien Ballard to photograph the story, which includes Sterling Hayden. A very skillful suspense film, full of nervy style and the sidelong wit about character that expanded in Kubrick's later work. Fine to see, and fun. (Garrick; starting Jan. 26.)

KING LEAR—Blindness and nothingness are the controlling metaphors in this gray, cold Peter Brook production. Paul Scofield gives a frigid performance, and the cast, including the Cordelia, have dead eyes. You may feel dead while you watch. (Paris.)

KLUTE—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance yet, as an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties, though the suspense devices are not as entertaining as they used to be. With Donald Sutherland. (U. A. East; starting Jan. 26, tentative.)

THE LAST PICTURE SHOW—Peter Bogdanovich's fine, straightforward, involving narrative picture about boys trying to reach manhood, without much in the way of models. The setting is small-town Texas in the early fifties. From Larry McMurtry's novel. With Timothy Bottoms and Jeff Bridges. (Columbia I.)

LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD (1961)—Alain Resnais directed and Alain Robbe-Grillet provided the script for this very pretty puzzle picture. Delphine Seyrig is the high-fashion sleeping beauty. In French. (Thalia; through Jan. 20.)

LONG AGO, TOMORROW—Doomed love between paraplegics, who must go through considerable wheelchair wiggling even to kiss. For people who want to be turned on by the sadness of it. With Malcolm McDowell and Nanette Newman, directed by Bryan Forbes. (Gramercy; through Jan. 25. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Jan. 25, tentative.)

LOVE ME OR LEAVE ME (1955)—Doris Day as Ruth Etting. A lot of people were deeply impressed with this melodramatic bio, which tries for an authentic show-business tawdriness; it's certainly better than most movie bios of popular entertainers, but that's not saying all that much, though the script by Daniel Fuchs and Isobel Lennart is several notches above the usual, and James Cagney brings frightening strength to his role as the singer's vicious lover. Charles Vidor directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Jan. 22.)

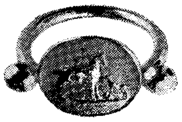
THE LOVERS OF TERUEL (1962)—An elaborate ballet-drama of romantic tragedy. Ludmilla Tcherina dances the role of a doomed, demented girl, and then finds that life has cast her in the same role. More than a bit much, with dialogue such as "What good is my body if you cannot have my soul?" (Especially silly, because Miss Tcherina isn't much of a dancer but has a sensational body.) The director, Raymond Rouleau, is in love with colored lights. In French. (Garrick; Jan. 23-25.)

MACBETH—The latest version, directed by Roman Polanski. (Playboy.)

MACHINE GUN MCCAIN (1970)—An Italian-made film, with John Cassavetes and Britt Ekland, directed by Giuliano Montaldo. (Juliet 1; through Jan. 20.)

MADE FOR EACH OTHER—Renée Taylor and her husband, Joseph Bologna, wrote and star in this original, romantic comedy about a knocked-out bleached-blond failed actress and a grubby misfit who meet in an encounter group. The movie believes that there is a Kingdom of Heaven that you can get to if you help each other be vulnerable and open. It's Frank Capracorn updated by ethnic humor and simplified Freudianism, but it's so skillfully worked out that it's emotionally pleasing, and Renée Taylor's performance gives the film a depth and conviction that make it the most satisfying comedy of 1971. Robert B. Bean directed. (Beekman and Paramount.)

A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS (1966)—The moral tug-of-war between Henry VIII and Sir Thomas More, eloquently set forth by Robert Bolt and enacted by a superb cast, including Paul



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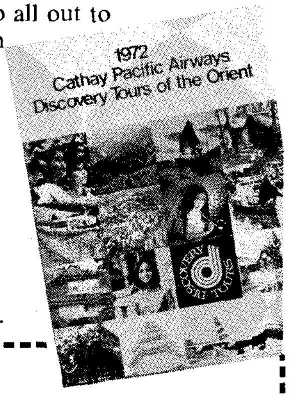

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Scofield as More, Robert Shaw as Henry, and Leo McKern as the wily Cromwell. Directed by Fred Zinnemann. (Fine Arts; starting Jan. 24.)

Marat/Sade (1967)—A movie of a play inside a play. Directed by Peter Brook, with the original stage cast. (Garrick; starting Jan. 26.)

Le Million (1931)—René Clair at his exquisite best; no one else has ever been able to make a comedy move with such delicate inevitability. With Annabella. In French. (Thalia; Jan. 24-25.)

Minnie and Moskowitz—John Cassavetes built this movie on a small conceit—a love affair between two people who are wildly unsuited to each other—and it doesn't take root. The picture drivels on about the joys of spontaneity, while Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel remain embarrassingly wrong for each other. (Cinema II.)

Modern Times (1936)—Chaplin, in beautiful form. (Lincoln Art.)

Monterey Pop (1969)—Donn Pennebaker's infectious record of the Monterey music festival, with fifty thousand teen-agers and musicians. (Elgin; through Jan. 23.)

Nazarin (1958)—The hero is a gentle Mexican priest—a Candide who is robbed and cheated—in this simple, masterly, ambiguous film by Luis Buñuel which is (perhaps in spite of his intention) his most tender. With Francisco Rabal. In Spanish. (Thalia; Jan. 21-23.)

A New Leaf—Elaine May adapted and directed this harmlessly doddering comedy about an aristocratic American playboy (Walter *Matthau*?) who must marry a fortune in six weeks and finds a rich botanist (Miss May). It's an unusually ugly-looking movie, and one can't be sure that much of anything in it was intended, but there is a sweetness about its absence of style and about its shapeless, limp comic scenes. William Redfield and George Rose help. (Gramercy; starting Jan. 26.)

Nicholas and Alexandra—As obsequiously respectful as if it had been made about living monarchs who might reward the producer with a command performance. Viewers are put in the position of celebrity-lovers eager to partake of the home life of the dullest of the Czars. Nicholas and Alexandra were two dunces sitting on a volcano, and the solemnly square movie is more interested in the dunces than in the volcano. Directed by Franklin J. Schaffner, but without the sweeping command of large-scale visual imagery he has had in the past. (Criterion. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers, doing to "Il Trovatore" what should be done to "Il Trovatore." Wonderful. (Kips Bay; through Jan. 25.)

Night of the Living Dead (1968)—It would be fun to be able to dismiss this as undoubtedly the best movie ever made in Pittsburgh, but it also happens to be one of the most gruesomely terrifying movies ever made—and when you leave the theatre you may wish you could forget the whole horrible experience. It's about a night when the dead rise and eat the living. Duane Jones is the lead; George A. Romero photographed and directed. There's no point pretending that he doesn't have talent. (Garrick; through Jan. 22.)

North by Northwest (1959)—Hitchcock's amusing, improbable thriller, with confused identities, mad geography, and a classic sequence—the crop-dusting airplane trying to dust Cary Grant. With Eva Marie Saint and James Mason. (St. Marks Cinema; Jan. 20-23.)

Open City (1944)—A brutal melodrama about the Roman underground resistance to the German Occupation, famed for the extraordinary immediacy and the almost documentary look of Roberto Rossellini's direction, and for Anna Magnani's magnificent performance. In Italian. (Thalia; Jan. 26-27.)

Psycho (1960)—The Hitchcock thriller with Janet Leigh getting stabbed in the shower and Anthony Perkins with a fly on his nose. (St. Marks Cinema; Jan. 19.)

Rider on the Rain (1970)—René Clément's thriller has a beautiful heroine called Mélancolie. The picture is as much about that state of mind as about the plot, in which she murders a rapist and dares not tell her husband. Some of the details are gentle and ironic, but there are too many mechanical thriller ploys. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; through Jan. 25.)

Rosalie (1938)—Eleanor Powell, in her big smiles and big puffed sleeves, and Ray Bolger dance together—sort of. She also has a sort of romance with Nelson Eddy, who looks even more uncomfortable about the whole thing than she does—and romance was never her forte. W. S. Van Dyke directed this berserk M-G-M musical, which is redeemed occasionally by Bolger and the Cole Porter songs—a prize group including "In the Still of the Night," "I Know It's Not Meant for Me," and "It's All Over But the Shouting"—which are, however, staged execrably. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 23-25.)

Smic, Smac, Smoc—With Catherine Allegret and Amidou, directed by Claude Lelouch. In French. (Festival; starting Jan. 20.)

Sombra, the Spider Woman (1944)—All twelve chapters (somewhat edited) of this serial shown at one sitting. (Elgin; Jan. 24-25.)

Something Big—With Dean Martin, Brian Keith, and Honor Blackman, directed by Andrew V. McLaglen. (Regency; starting Jan. 21.)

Soul to Soul—Filmed in Ghana last March during the fourteenth anniversary of the country's independence, with Wilson Pickett, Ike and Tina Turner, and other American and African performers. (Olympia; through Jan. 21.)

Stage Fright (1950)—A Hitchcock backstage thriller without much thrill. The story, with its opening flashback that turns out to be a cheat, doesn't hold together, and Jane Wyman is pallid and seems fatally miscast. But there is some diversion to be had from a movie with Marlene Dietrich, Alastair Sim, Sybil Thorndike, Joyce Grenfell, Kay Walsh, Miles Malleson, Richard Todd, and Michael Wilding. (St. Marks Cinema; Jan. 24-27.)

Star Spangled Girl—Sandy Duncan's comic talent shines through—she has a troll-like spark of genius in her timing—and Tony Roberts' and Todd Susman's talents almost shine through, too, but the material is atrocious Neil Simon. The situations are so contrived that the wisecracks aren't funny even when they're funny. But when they're sour they're certainly sour. Directed at breakneck speed by Jerry Paris, but the picture can't go by fast enough. (Ziegfeld.)

La Strada (1956)—Federico Fellini's spiritual fable sets a mood, and it remains in one's memory—even if one rejects the meaning of the fable. Giulietta Masina is the innocent waif, Anthony Quinn the brutal strong man, Richard Basehart the artist-clown. (It is unusual to remember the names of characters in movies, but Quinn's Zampano is hard to forget.) In Italian. (Thalia; Jan. 26-27.)

Straw Dogs—With Dustin Hoffman and Susan George, directed by Sam Peckinpah. (Tower East.)

Such Good Friends—Otto Preminger is not a director who bothers much with interior emotional states, and without that, this movie is not about anything. One detects that it is meant to deal with the self-abasement of the mistreated heroine (Dyan Cannon), but Preminger plays for cheap laughs—and fails to get most of them, at that. It's a tasteless, crude movie, with another atrocious performance by James Coco (he's like an untalented Allen Garfield). (Baronet.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Little Carnegie....¶ Trans-Lux East; through Jan. 25.)

Suspicion (1941)—Hitchcock cast Cary Grant as a wife-killer; the studio insisted that the ending be changed. The result is a very unsatisfactory movie about a wife (Joan Fontaine) who is preposterously suspicious of her innocent husband. And since the movie is told from her point of view, it seems rather a cheat that we're being alerted to false clues. Not top-grade Hitchcock. (St. Marks Cinema; Jan. 20-23.)

Tales of Hoffmann (1951)—This choreographic spectacle, based on the Jacques Offenbach light opera, stars Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine, Robert Helpmann, and Ludmilla Tcherina in the dancing roles, with singers Robert Rounseville and Ann Ayars, and with Pamela Brown contributing her silent, disconcerting presence. Sir Thomas Beecham conducts (rather phlegmatically). Following upon the success of "The Red Shoes," the producers, Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, found themselves in a position to fulfill their most lavish appetites, and they laid on this infamous spread. Moira Shearer is lovely, but the whole thing seems to be the product of an aberrant, second-rate imagination that confuses décor with art. (Garrick; Jan. 23-25.)

The Tattooed Swordswoman—A Japanese film. (Bijou Cinema; through Jan. 22.)

Tenchu—A Japanese film. (Bijou Cinema; starting Jan. 24.)

Teorema (1969)—Some people break up on lines like "You came to destroy me" and "I was living in a void," and they find Pasolini's platitudes and riddles and the Is-this-man-Christ-or-a-devil game ludicrously pretentious. Others profess to find spiritual sustenance in this movie. With Terence Stamp and Silvana Mangano. In Italian. (New Yorker; Jan. 19.)

That Night in Rio (1941)—Alice Faye could dance and she had a lush contralto voice (no lover of movie musicals will forget her "This Year's Kisses" in "On the Avenue"), but this low-camp musical is one of her co-starring jobs with Don Ameche, the zero that sings, in a double role. That's twice nothing. Carmen Miranda—it would be a euphemism to describe her as volatile—sings "I Yi Yi Yi Yi Like You Very Much." Irving Cummings directed. The movie was remade ten years later as the Danny Kaye vehicle "On the Riviera;" those with really long memories may recall that it was done for the first time back in 1935 as a Maurice Chevalier-Merle Oberon musical called "Folies-Bergère." Of the three versions, "That Night in Rio" takes the booby prize. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Jan. 26.)

To Find a Man—With Pamela Sue Martin and Darren O'Connor, directed by Buzz Kulik. (Columbia II; starting Jan. 20.)

Together—With Marilyn Briggs and Maureen Cousins, directed by Sean Cunningham. (34th St. East, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, and Symphony.)

El Topo—A spaghetti Western in the style of Luis Buñuel, and tinsel all the way. The writer-director-star, Alexandro Jodorowsky, plays with symbols and ideas and enigmas so promiscuously that the confusion may be mistaken for depth. He has some feeling for pace and for sadistic comedy, but the principal appeal of the movie is as a violent fantasy—as head comics. (Coronet.)

Under the Roofs of Paris (1930)—René Clair's lovely early musical. In French. (Thalia; Jan. 24-25.)

Utamaro and His Five Women (1946)—A Japanese film, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi. (New Yorker; Jan. 19.)

Vampire Doll—A Japanese film. (Bijou Cinema; through Jan. 22.)

Wait Until Dark (1967)—A thriller about a blind girl who gets involved with a gang of crooks. Audrey Hepburn is the heroine and makes the picture worth seeing. Directed by Terence Young. (U. A. East; starting Jan. 26, tentative.)

The Wild Bunch (1969)—A brilliant, explosive, ultimately incoherent Western by Sam Peckinpah, set in the Texas and Mexico of 1913. The cast includes William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan. (Olympia; Jan. 22-24. . . . ¶ Elgin; starting Jan. 26.)

Woman in the Dunes (1964)—A very fine Japanese film by Hiroshi Teshigahara, as long as your sympathies hold firm enough not to be shaken by a taxing concentration on sand, sand, sand, sand-covered bodies, and an alien cast of mind about erotic parables. In Japanese. (Thalia; Jan. 21-23.)

WR—Mysteries of the Organism—A Yugoslavian film, directed by Dusan Makavejev. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

The Wrong Man (1956)—An unusually serious Hitchcock film, based on a true story about an innocent man (Henry Fonda) sent to prison. The picture has an almost Kafka-esque nightmare realism to it, but the story line wanders diffusely instead of tightening, and the developments become tedious (though the final discovery of the right man is chillingly well done). With Vera Miles and Anthony Quayle. (St. Marks Cinema; Jan. 24-27.)

X Y & Zee—With Elizabeth Taylor, Michael Caine, and Susannah York; directed by Brian Hutton. (Orpheum; starting Jan. 26.)

Zorro's Black Whip (1944)—All twelve chapters of this serial shown at one four-(no kidding)-hour sitting. With George L. Lewis as Zorro. (Elgin; Jan. 24-25.)

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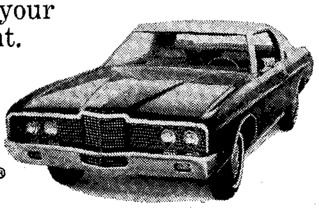

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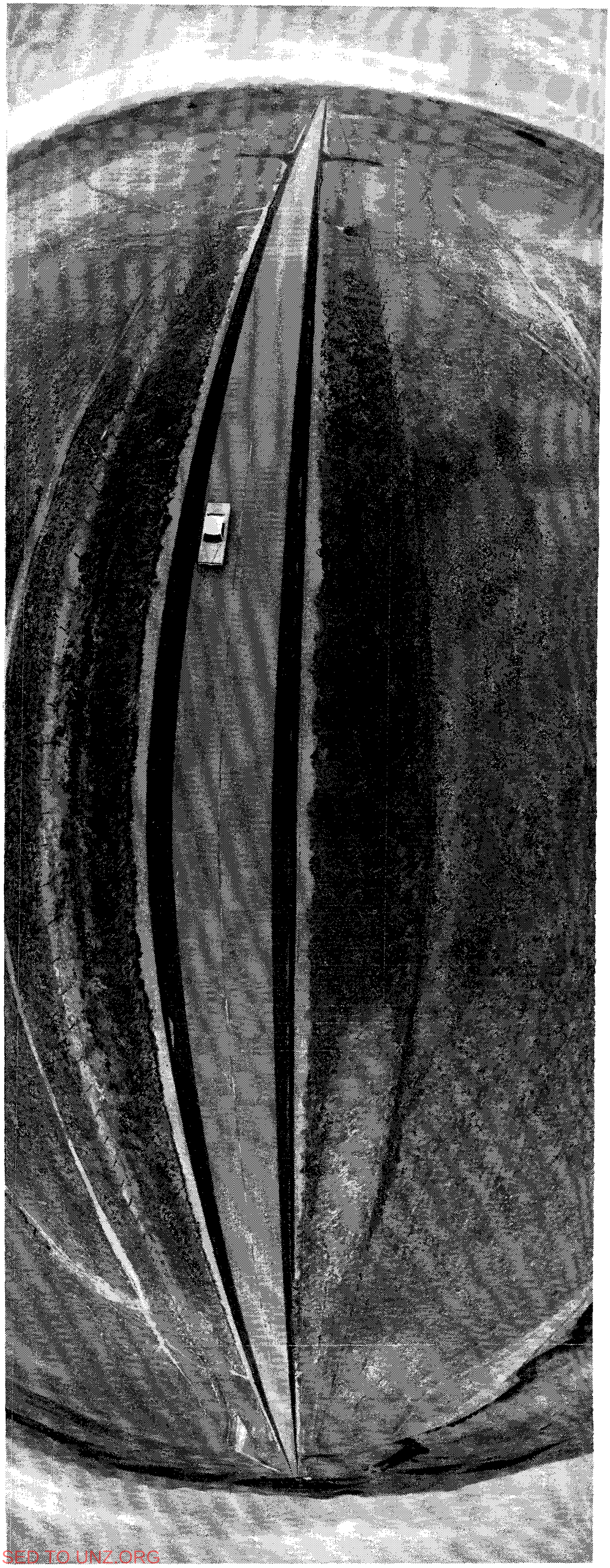

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

POLITICAL eras—at least, the labels of political eras—seem to be rushing upon us faster and faster these days. In the last ten years, we've already had a New Frontier, a Great Society, a New Society, and a New American Revolution, the last of which we were summoned to less than a year ago in Mr. Nixon's State of the Union Message, and which we are presumably still in. Now, what with Mr. Nixon's China trip, and then the great Azores devaluation caper, we have reason to believe that we are moving into yet another wonderful era—the Era of the New Flexibility. At least, there is a powerful lot of talk on the subject of "flexibility" in the press these days, and if television could talk it would probably be saying the same thing. "The Emperor Napoleon, addressing his troops from beneath twelve feet of snow, announced today that, in response to new meteorological information, he would in fact agree to a minor and gradual *withdrawal* of the French Army from Moscow." Well, terrific. Three cheers for the Retreat from Moscow.

The whole idea of President Nixon's presiding over a new Era of Flexibility strikes us as a wondrous spectacle. Clearly, the China trip is a fine idea. Clearly, a small devaluation of the dollar is useful and realistic. But if it is such a smart thing to do today, why wasn't it possible to do it yesterday? After all, the people who are now bringing us such marvels as the Nixon-to-Peking Co-Prosperity Tour and the Revalued Dollar are the same people, for the most part, who have been yammering away at us all these years with their punitive moral strictures about the true essence of America, their punitive defense measures, and their generally punitive (at least, to the poor) concepts of economics and taxing. Perhaps at this very moment the President is reading Bernard Fall on Vietnam, turning the last page, sighing, putting the book down, picking up the phone. "The Attorney General, please. . . . John? . . . John, I've been reading a most interesting book. . . . Quite a different point of view from Melvin's. . . . Some of it may be a little hard to accept, but he clearly has an intriguing case. . . . John, I was just wondering. Do you think we could be a bit flexible on this one?" It is only a poor matchgirl's dream, we grant you, but we'll be waiting here for the answer.

Getting the Goods

JACK ANDERSON, whom we visited one day last week when we were in Washington, used to be known in some quarters as the fellow who took over Drew Pearson's column. Now, like the Pentagon, he has earned the distinction of having a sheaf of secret papers named after him, and he is unquestionably an institution in his own right. His revelations about the Nixon Administration's private attitudes toward the India-Pakistan War constitute his biggest scoop but by no means his first. He has been getting the goods, as his assistants like to put it, on people in high places since 1947, when he joined the staff of "The Washington Merry-Go-Round" at the age of twenty-four. Since Mr. Pearson's death, in 1969, Mr. Anderson has added a hundred new papers to the column's client list, bringing the total up to around seven hundred and making him the most widely read newspaperman in the country. He has also improved the column's reputation for accuracy.

Mr. Anderson's offices are modest, tidy, and bland rooms on the ninth floor of one of those squat modern office buildings that make Washington look as if it had been emptied out of an ice-cube tray. A cheerful secretary in a blue pants suit presented us to Mr. Anderson. He is a big, broad, healthy-looking man with a squarish, full-featured face. His hair is sandy and lies flat across his head, and his sideburns are going white. He is as well barbered and clean-shaven as a senator. He reminded us of a bed—not an unmade one but a fresh, crisp, no-nonsense hotel bed.

We started by asking him about his favorite authors. "Much as I'd like to project to you the image of an egghead, I don't take much time for the reading of books," he said. "My reading usually consists of going through the index and picking out the things that strike my interest or fancy. I get most of the books on the best-seller list and keep them for reference."

We asked Mr. Anderson if Washington's fondness for secrecy had grown in recent years, and he said, "Yes. The personality of the President influences this, and we've had two of the most secretive Presidents in a row. Lyndon Johnson was almost neurotic on the subject. He would actually change policies in midstream if they were discovered before he was ready to announce them. Nixon tends to hole up in his turtle shell and commune with Kissinger and God. In that order, too. I found Jack Kennedy to be quite a candid and open guy. He tended to be abrupt. He wouldn't go into a lot of detail, but he'd give you a yes or a no and it would be an honest yes or an honest no. But Nixon, like Johnson, tends to be devious."

We asked Mr. Anderson what he thought of the possibility that his release of the secret papers would strengthen the Administration's paranoia about the press. "I don't see how their paranoia could get much worse," he said. "In private conversation, their reaction to the press is paranoiac in what I would consider the medical definition of the term. If there's something in the newspapers they don't like, it's never because the President has done something wrong. It's always because the press hates him. This is the philosophy voiced by grown, mature men in the White House. It simply has not sunk in that we might not like his policies or that he might be wrong."

A telephone call interrupted the conversation, and we took the opportunity to glance around Mr. Anderson's office. Some shelves contained comic statuettes of political figures, and two books—"The Case Against Congress," by Drew Pearson and Jack Anderson, and "Washington Exposé," by Jack Anderson. The décor was impersonally modern, but Mr. Anderson had evidently picked the colors—various shades of mustard and light brown—himself, since he was dressed in those same colors, from a tan-on-white shirt to mustard-yellow socks and two-tone shoes.

Mr. Anderson hung up the phone, and we asked him if he had any insight into why the President had chosen to pursue a militantly pro-Pakistan policy in spite of the lack of enthusiasm among his advisers. "Nobody liked it—not the State Department, not the Defense Department, not Ambassador Keating, not our allies," Mr. Anderson said. "I have documents expressing British bafflement at the whole thing, for example. Nothing is spelled out in the secret papers, but by reading between the lines and talking to my sources, who hear more than they read, I've formed the impression that the President was guided by personal pique as much as by any other factor. And, of course, Yahya Khan and our Ambassador to Pakistan, Joe Farland, were drinking buddies." We realized, perhaps with not much surprise, that the language Mr. Anderson writes is the language he speaks. "I don't want to give the impression that Farland's dispatches were unprofessional—he had experienced people under him at the Embassy—but they reflected the kind of affection that only one drinking pal can have for another." Mr. Anderson is a Mormon, and eschews spirits.

"Have you heard what sort of pressures your sources are coming under as a result of the leaks?" we asked.

"I have, but I'd rather not go into it, on the possibility that only my sources are receiving this treatment. But in past cases the Administration has sent F.B.I. agents and Pentagon gumshoes around pestering people, prowling corridors and flashing identification cards. They take people into rooms and interrogate them, and sometimes give them lie-detector tests on the spot."

"What would you do if the government raided your office right now?" we asked.

Mr. Anderson drew himself up wrathfully. "I would *howl*," he said. "I would howl, and I would hound those responsible until they were out of office, permanently. I don't think it will happen to me, but it could happen to a less— How should I put it? A less visible figure. There are people in the Administration who would resort to things like that, yes. But they know I'm capable of generating a lot of reverse heat. Still, they're constantly investigating me. They must have a regular F.B.I. task force that does nothing else."

"Do you have any ideas on how secrecy could be regulated institutionally, so that these leaks wouldn't be necessary?"

"I do. I would recommend—and the fact that I recommend it precludes its ever being adopted—the creation of a national-security-review commission, independent of the government but with access to all government documents and with the power to declassify them. It ought to have a couple of hardheaded newsmen on it. I would be happy to serve on such a commission."

"But you'd have to give up your column."

"It would be worth it. And, besides, I don't see any prospect of its happening."

Mr. Anderson's deadline for the day was approaching, so we went across the hall to look in on one of his associates, a reporter named Brit Hume. Mr. Anderson has a staff of seven, including four reporters—the other reporters are Les Whitten, Joe Spear, and Ray Cole—and, with eight columns, a radio show, and five television commentaries to produce each week, there is plenty of work for all hands. We asked Mr. Hume, who is twenty-eight and looks like a youthful Billy Graham, how Mr. Anderson treats his copy.

"Well, he'll either massively rewrite it or send it back for more work or just edit it," he said. "And he puts in Anderson words—words like 'bigwig,' 'brass hat,' 'majordomo,' 'gumshoe.' The verb 'to grump' is his. He's forced it into the language. It's a breezy, slangy column, which means that a lot of people read it. But it also means that a lot of other people take a condescending view of it. The worst thing about it, in their eyes, is that it's undignified."

"Why do you prefer this to a regular newspaper job?" we asked.

"On newspapers, what I always detested was the artificial insertion into copy of balancing material that is in no way valid," he said. "Here, if we have something to say, we can say it in a blunt, straightforward manner. I used to think that the best reporters were all those objective guys, but now I think the best reporters are the guys who work with some reforming zeal. Most of the journalism in this town is handout journalism. People are used to going to press conferences and writing up what is said as if it were news. That's not reporting, that's repeating. We do investigative reporting. Now, what most of those other guys think is investigative reporting is just doing a bunch of long stories. Every paper goes through that stage—'investigative teams,' 'depth coverage.' There's no voodoo about what we do. One of the things it requires is a good working knowledge of what is available on the public record. We're not interested in press conferences, and we're not interested in the kind of journalism that involves a lot of commentary and thumbsucking, either."

"Do you prefer to work on the telephone?"

"I do, because I sound more fearsome on the phone. The other end can't tell that I look like a kid, and, for all they know, I may be surrounded by Xerox copies of their entire files. And if I see the guy, I may get to like him. Now, Jack prefers to work in person, but he's good on the telephone, too."

"For instance?"

"Well, you know we broke the story that Senator Murphy, of California—now former Senator Murphy—was on Patrick Frawley's Technicolor payroll. We got the tip around noon, and Jack put in a call to Murphy. I happened to be looking in the door when Murphy called back. Jack was snoozing, but he was up in a flash and talking. 'I get around on the Hill,' he said. 'My sources . . . the Senate Ethics Committee . . .' I might say here that the Senate Ethics Committee, which has never discovered a single ethic in all its existence, is the most tight-lipped outfit in Washington. Anyway, I could tell that Murphy was saying no to everything. Jack said, 'Now, George, I've always liked you, and we've always been friends, so I'm going to give you another chance.' Then Jack started taking notes like hell. He has a funny kind of shorthand—half shorthand and half scrawl—and he never has a notebook handy, so he was using the back of an envelope. He got Murphy to admit everything. You know, the column has a reputation for recklessness. We're not reckless—very far from it—but it helps at times for people to think we are. You call up some guy, and he thinks, It's that crazy Jack Anderson, he'll print anything, so I better explain. The guy thinks he's explaining, but as far as we're concerned he's confessing. And this Pakistan thing will help us immensely. People will think that if we can get that we can get *anything*."

Mr. Hume pushed his chair back from his desk and stretched his legs. "People say things to me like 'Aren't you concerned about the long-term effects of having these scandals and these outrages and these uproars? Why, the public will get the impression from reading this that Washington is full of underhanded, double-dealing men operating offices for the benefit of narrow interests.' " He smiled. "Well, they're absolutely right," he said.

Golfers

Thomas Stewart and Evelyn Lear, two of the Metropolitan Opera's brightest stars, have managed the difficult feat of combining separate and successful singing careers with an unmistakably happy seventeen-year marriage. Mr. Stewart, a burly Texan who has penetrating blue eyes, bushy eyebrows, and a neatly trimmed brown beard, commands top fees as the outstanding Wagnerian baritone of his generation. Miss Lear, a lithe, red-haired soprano from Brooklyn, is a noted interpreter of modern music and, in opera, a specialist in what the Germans call *interessantes Fach*—roles that require a combination of good looks, vocal expertise, and acting ability. (Curiously, both Stewarts are currently engaged in operas that are somewhat outside their chosen repertoires. He is singing the murderous husband, Golaud, in the Met's new production of Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande;" she is rehearsing the page, Cherubino, in a revival of Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro.")

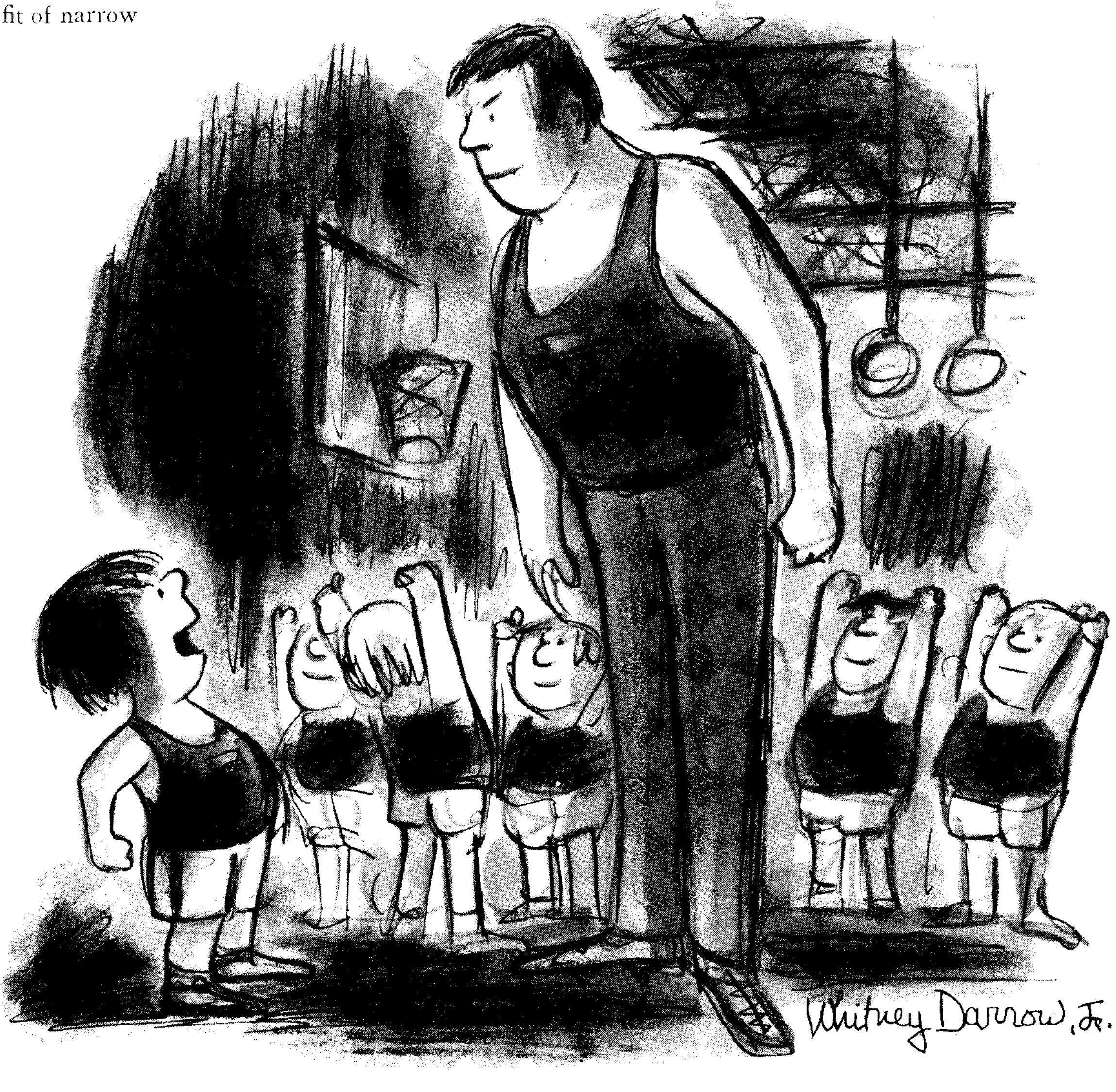
We dined with the Stewarts one evening last week in their apartment, a Danish-modern one on the West Side, and found them suntanned and relaxed after a two-week vacation in Florida. "It was our first real rest in years," said Miss Lear, who was wearing sleek black slacks and a beige sweater. "This fall, the San Francisco Opera mounted a production of 'Eugen Onegin' for us. Then Tom came back to the Met for 'Tristan,' and I sang with the Philharmonic. After that, we did four joint concerts. We love to sing together, and we try to do it as often as possible, but what *really* keeps this marriage intact is golf."

"Several years ago, we swore that we were going to arrange our schedule so that we could have three days of golf after every concert," said Mr. Stewart, appearing in the kitchen doorway with a large spoon in his right hand. "But this is hard to do in the winter."

"I took up the game out of sheer desperation," said Miss Lear, handing us a Scotch. "Whenever we had a day off, Tom disappeared to the nearest golf course. Finally, I took lessons with a pro, and within a year I was obsessed. Now I drag him out to play at seven-thirty in the morning."

"When I give Evy a stroke a hole, she pushes me," Mr. Stewart said.

"We sit down and decide where we want to be together, and I work around his schedule," Miss Lear said. "I'm at a disadvantage at the moment, because I've changed my image. After achieving a certain degree of fame with modern roles—in Berg's 'Wozzeck' and 'Lulu,' and Schoenberg's 'Erwartung'—I've decided to concentrate on roles that are more comfortable for the voice, such as Tosca,


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"I happen not to be shouting. I happen to be talking from my diaphragm."

Mimi, Manon Lescaut, Desdemona."

"Evy can take this modern stuff and make it sound almost pleasant, because she's so bloody musical," Mr. Stewart said. "But she nearly sacrificed her voice in the process."

"Three years ago, I went through a vocal crisis," Miss Lear said. "I couldn't spin pianissimi, I couldn't float high notes, I couldn't support, and I was always hoarse. Finally, our manager—a twenty-four-year-old genius named Matthew Epstein—persuaded me to drop most of my modern repertoire and sent me to Daniel Ferro, a teacher at the Manhattan School of Music. In six weeks, Ferro relaxed my throat and my jaw so that I could sing naturally again. Practically every soprano gets into vocal trouble at some point in her career. If she comes out of it before she's forty, she can sing for another twenty years. But if the crisis comes after forty, or if she gets bad advice, that's it."

"I had a vocal crisis when we were starting out in Berlin," Mr. Stewart said. "As I remember, I worked my way out of it by singing nothing but basic exercises for several months."

"How did the two of you get to Berlin?" we asked.

"We met when we were Juilliard students," Miss Lear said. "And we got married before we had time to consider the danger of having two vocal careers in one family. Then we spent years trying to get started in New York. We auditioned for the Met, the City Opera, and innumerable Broadway shows. We toured with a condensed version of 'Kiss Me, Kate.' We survived for months on the money Tom made from a radio talent-competition show called 'Chance of a Lifetime.' He sang things like 'Ol' Man River,' and was eventually beaten by a man who played Swiss bells."

"It was a nightmare," Mr. Stewart said. "I had a family to support—Evy has two children by a previous marriage—and we were literally living from hand to mouth. Then somebody persuaded me to become a singing cowboy. I took guitar lessons and auditioned for Arthur Godfrey, but he turned me down, on the ground that I was too professional."

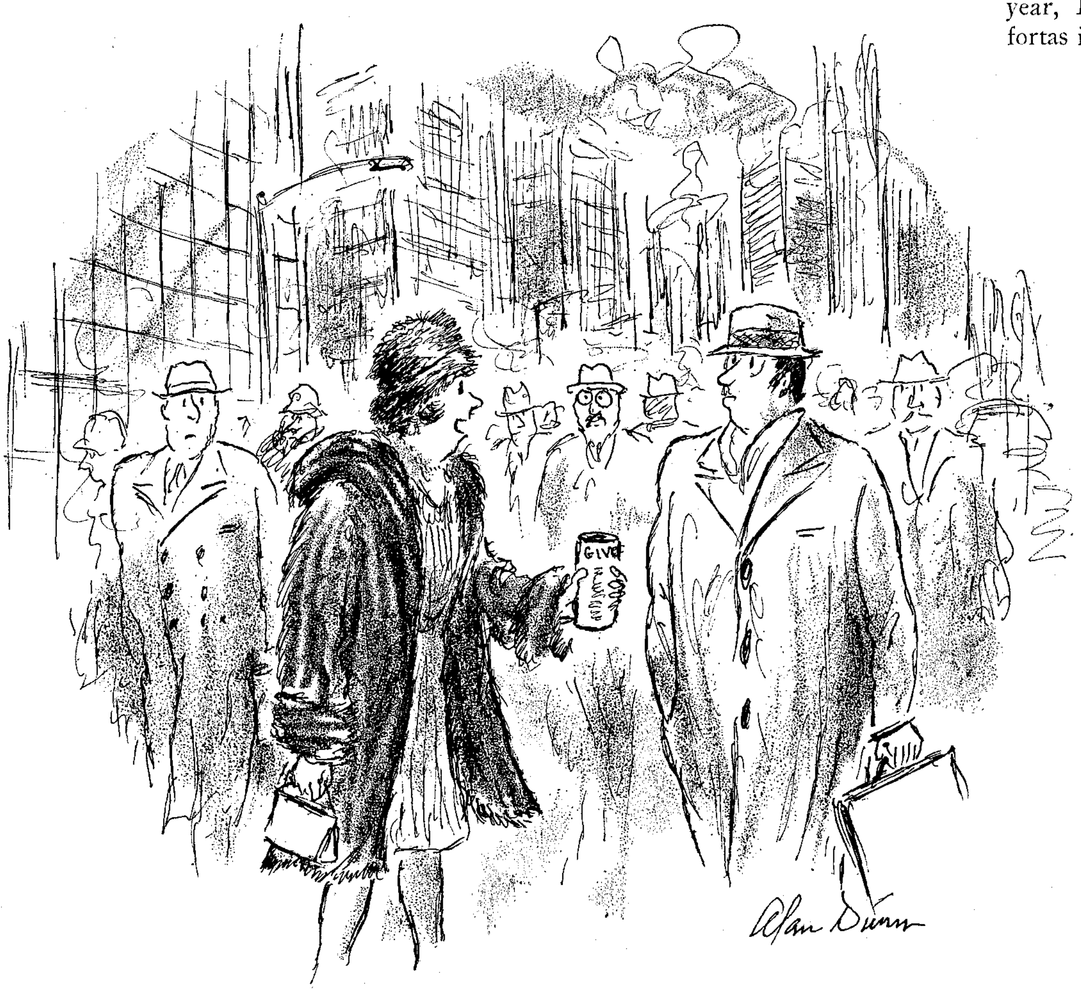
"That was rock bottom," said Miss Lear. "So in 1957 we applied for—and got—Fulbrights to study at the Hochschule für Musik in Berlin. We figured that with a year of European study behind us we could teach in a university. But six weeks after we arrived, Tom auditioned for Carl Ebert, who was then the head of the Berlin Opera, and was offered a three-year contract."

"I was a bass, but they needed a bass-baritone, so that's what they got," Mr. Stewart said. "Now I'm described as a *Heldenbariton.*"

Miss Lear joined the Berlin Opera a year later, and, with the security of long-term contracts, both Stewarts settled down to learn their craft. "It's easy to get lost in a big house when you're a beginner," Mr. Stewart said. "What we did was fight our way out of this box. We learned roles we weren't scheduled to sing, and we badgered people into letting us do them without orchestra rehearsals. We were always available."

"And we never said no," Miss Lear added. "I agreed to sing Lulu in 1960, not realizing it was one of the most difficult vocal scores in opera. When I did look at the music, I nearly fainted. But Lulu was my break. That same year, Tom took over the part of Amfortas in 'Parsifal' on three weeks' notice when the man who was scheduled to sing it got sick. Tom hadn't seen or heard 'Parsifal.' "

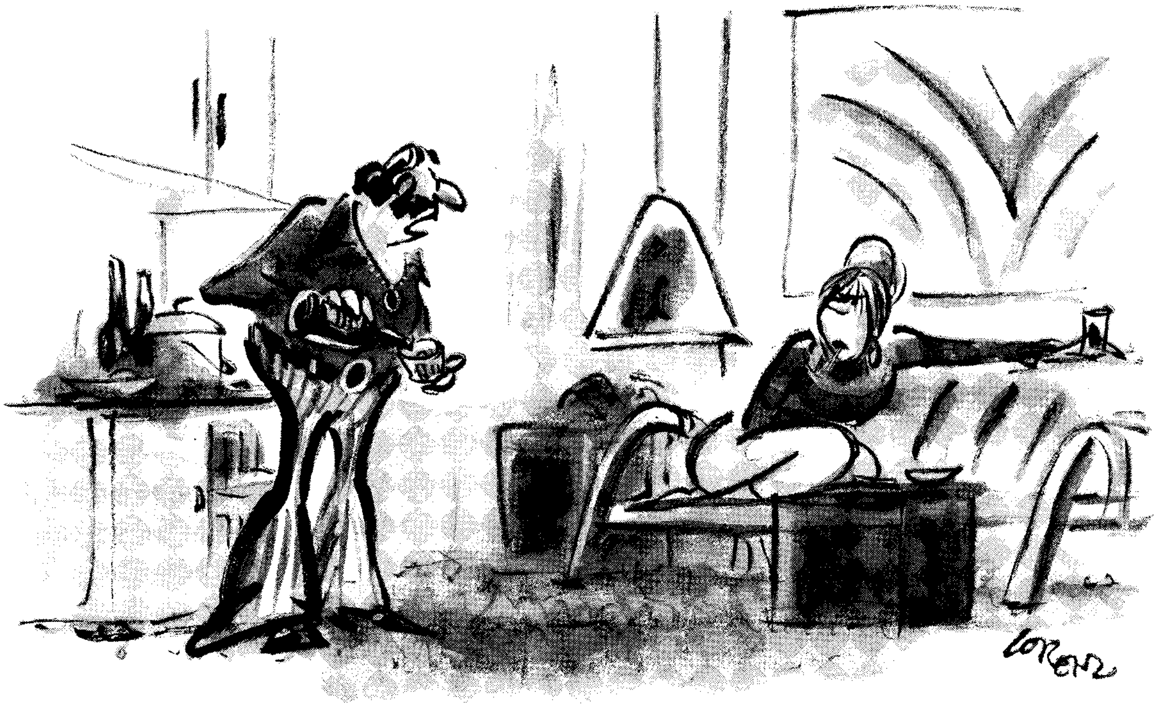
"Now we plan at least a year ahead," Mr. Stewart said. "We're singing 'Tosca' together for the first time next winter, and we've already started working out the stage business. There's a tricky moment when Evy stabs me in the chest at the end of the second act. I'm trying to impress her with the idea that if she draws real blood she's going to lose that extra golf stroke."



"It's an Amalgamated Fund Appeal for the United Nations, the Democratic Party, Penn Central, Columbia University, the Catholic Church, Governor Rockefeller, and City Hall—to name a few."

Embarkation

WE were aboard the S.S. France, the world's longest liner, last week, on the afternoon of a massive embarkation. The France was about to begin a ninety-one-day tour of the world, and there was considerable activity on each of her eleven decks. On the Veranda Deck (*Pont Véranda*), a hip young public-relations man was telling members of the press how expensive the tour would be for some of the



“What's so big about Harold Pinter? Our life was full of pregnant pauses long before he came along.”

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people taking it. Some people, he said, were paying nearly a hundred thousand dollars for their accommodation. The hundred-thousand-dollar figure was compelling—“100G CRUISE IS LAUNCHED ON OCEANS OF CHAMPAGNE,” the *News* reported the next day—and we noticed that everyone around seemed somehow the better for being in the proximity of such a magnificent outlay of cash. On a cruise, the 100G spender, if he did not exist, would have to be invented for the sake of everyone's good time. “I could not possibly tell you their names,” the young public-relations man said, “but, of course, I know their cabin numbers.” Then he talked briefly about the France's least expensive accommodations—an inside cabin on Deck D (*Pont Deauville*). For the cruise, he said, this cabin cost five thousand dollars per person. “You would use a D Deck cabin only for sleeping and shaving,” he added.

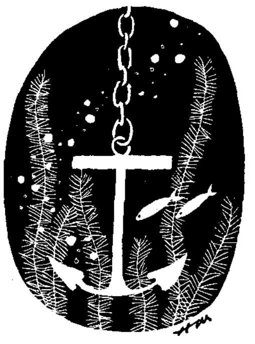
The area on the Veranda Deck where the young public-relations man met with members of the press had been appropriated from the Club des Jeunes, normally the rendezvous of the younger set aboard the France. The Club des Jeunes was decorated with autographed pictures of French entertainment personalities and supplied with pinball machines. As the public-relations man talked, one lone Jeune, of about fourteen, wearing a blue double-breasted blazer, ran a game on a sluggish pinball machine and declined to participate in the excitement of embarkation.

We set out to survey the excitement of embarkation, keeping an eye out for big spenders. There were people all over, but big spenders, these days, have camouflaged themselves to look like everybody else, and are hard to spot when they are not actually in their 100G suites. We thought we would at least have a peek at a 100G suite, but first we looked through the ship's public rooms. Everywhere, there was activity, movement, gaiety. But there was a certain unsatisfactory malaise about as well. It was like the Christmas season at a department store in trouble. We saw the Saint-Tropez Lounge, which was decorated with orange vinyl chairs, and the Versailles Dining Room, which featured pea-green vinyl chairs, and the Trianon Dining Room, which had mustard vinyl chairs and illuminated plastic wall panels painted in the manner of children's paintings. We were not alone in exploring the ship. We ran into a woman who wanted to see one of the swimming pools. “Is there a swimming pool on this floor?” she asked a steward. The steward seemed not to understand her, and as we left she was making little swimming gestures. We saw the theatre—a wonderfully extravagant purple-and-gray room—and had a chat with a reticent florist delivering bon-voyage arrangements (“For thirty dollars, the top price, you get mostly orchids”), and then found ourself outside the Île-de-France Suite. Nobody home—or, at least, nobody answered. At the Normandie Suite, on the other side of the ship, we were met by a vivacious lady in a blue dress, who showed us the suite and introduced us to her husband. They were sharing the suite with friends, she said, and she and her husband were sleeping in what was normally the dining room. She introduced us to Marcel, who runs the suite's private kitchen, and told us that she and her husband are aboard the France for six months out of every year. “Wherever the France goes, we go,” she said. We asked her if she was interested in the trip to China that the French Line is arranging for the passengers. “I'm passing up China because of the hardships,” she said.

After leaving the Normandie Suite, we decided to visit the ship's chapel—the one important room we hadn't seen. We searched it out and went in. It was a room of chrome and stained glass. Over the altar was a rendering of Christ in green stained glass, and flanking the altar were electric votive candles. We were noting all this when a group of passengers entered the chapel deep in an undeniably secular conversation. “*Vous êtes dans la maison de Dieu*,” said a voice sharp enough to stiffen our spine. Turning around, we saw a small man standing in a back corner of the room. He was dressed very simply, in a black suit and a white shirt without a collar. In the lapel of his suit jacket there was a pin in the shape of a cross. There was nothing about him to suggest an elaborate cruise for big spenders, and everything to suggest a provincial parish in France. He did not seem completely at home in the chrome chapel, even though he knew that it was the house of God. We asked him a polite question in English. “*Je parle français*,” he said. “*Je parle français seulement*.” We did not feel brave enough to try and translate our question, and left.

SOLITAIRE

THE children were asleep, and his wife had gone out to a meeting; she was like his father in caring about the community. He found the deck of cards in the back of a desk drawer and sat down at the low round table. He had reached a juncture in his life where there was nothing to do but play solitaire. It was the perfect, final retreat—beyond solitaire, he imagined, there was nothing but madness. Only solitaire utterly eased the mind; only solitaire created that blankness into which a saving decision might flow. Conviviality demanded other people, with their fretful emanations of desire; reading imposed the author's company; and one emerged from the anesthetic of drunkenness to find that the operation had not been performed. But in the rise and collapse of the alternately colored ranks of cards, in the grateful transpositions and orderly revelations and unexpected redemptions, the circuits of the mind found an occupation exactly congruent with their own secret structure. The mind was filled without being strained. The week after he graduated from college—already married, his brain worn to the point where a page of newspaper seemed a cruelly ramifying puzzle—he played solitaire night after night by the glow of a kerosene lamp on an old kitchen table in Vermont; and at the end of the week he had seen the way that his life must go in the appallingly wide world that had opened before him. He had drawn a straight line from that night to the night of his death, and began walking on it.



During that week he had remembered how in his childhood his mother would play solitaire by the light of the stained-glass chandelier in the dining room. His father would be out somewhere, doing good for the community, and he and his mother would be alone. He was an only child, and as such obscurely felt himself to be the center of the sadness that oppressed them. Frightened of her silence and of the slithering of the cards, he would beg her to stop. Tell me a story, come into the kitchen and make some toast, go to bed, anything; but stop.

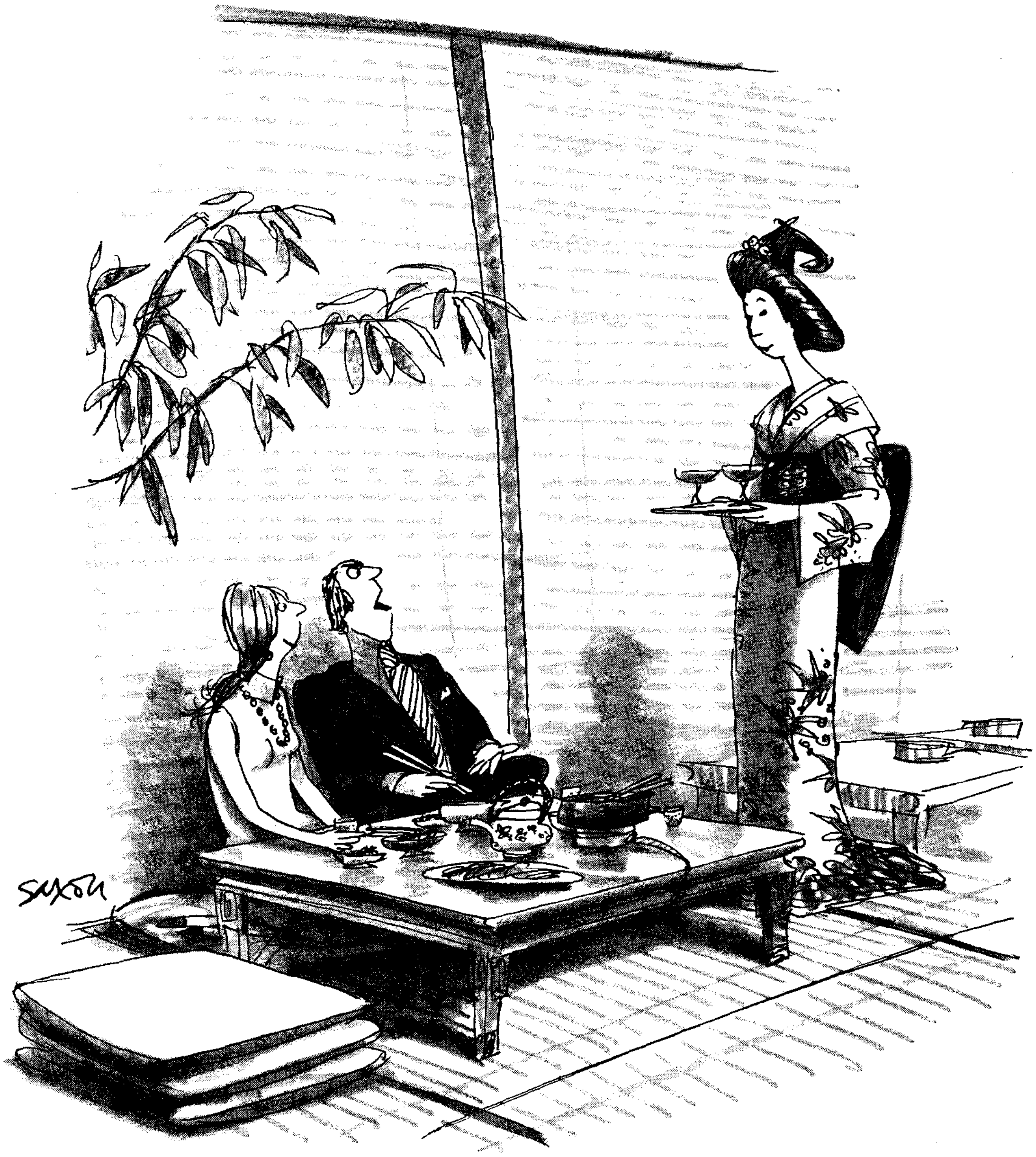
"One more game," his mother said, her face pitted and dragged by the shadows cast by the overhead chandelier. And then she slipped into one of the impersonations whereby she filled their empty house with phantoms, as if to make up to him for the absence of brothers and sisters. "The weary gambler stakes his all," she said in a soft but heavy monotone. "The night is late. The crowds have left the gaming tables. One lonely figure remains, his house, his car, his yacht, his jewels, his very life hinging on the last turn of the cards."

"Don't, Mother; *don't!*" He burst into tears, and she looked up and smiled, as if greeting a fond forgotten sight upon her return from a long journey. He felt her wonder, *Who is this child?* It was as if the roof of the house were torn off, displaying the depth of night sky.

He knew now that her mind had been burdened in that period. Everything was being weighed in it. He remembered very faintly—for he had tried to erase it immediately—her asking him if he would like to go alone with her far away, and live a new life. *No,* must have been his answer, *Mother, don't;* for he had loved his father, loved him out of the silence and blindness that wait at the bottom of our brains as the final possibility, the second baptism. The removal of his father plunged him toward that black pool prematurely. And she, too, must have felt a lack of ripeness, for in the end she merely moved them all a little distance, to a farm where he grew up in solitude and which at the first opportunity he left, a farm where now his father and mother still performed, with an intimate expertness that almost justified them, the half-comic routines of their incompatibility. In the shrill strength of his childish fear he had forced this on them; he was, in this sense, their creator, their father.

And now the father of others. Odd, he thought, setting a black nine below a red ten, how thoroughly our lives are devoted to doing the contrary of what our parents did. He had married early, to escape the farm, and had rapidly given his wife children, to make his escape irrevocable. Also he had wished to spare his children the responsibility and terror of solitariness. He wondered if they loved him as he had loved his father, wondered what depth of night sky would be displayed to them by his removal. To some extent he was already removed. They formed a club from which he was excluded. Their corporate commotion denied him access. The traces of his own face in their faces troubled him with the suspicion that he had squandered his identity. Slowly he had come to see that children are not our creations but our guests, people who enter the world by our invitation but with their smiles and dispositions already prepared in some unimaginable other room. Their predictable woe and fright and the crippled shapes they might take had imperceptibly joined the finances and the legalities as considerations that were finite, manageable. Problems to which there is any solution at all, no matter how difficult and complex, are not really problems. (*Red four on black five.*) Night by night, lying awake, he had digested the embarrassments, the displacements, the disappointments, the reprimands and lectures and appeals that were certain; one by one he had made impossibilities possible. At last he had stripped the problem to its two white poles, the two women.

His wife was fair, with pale eyelashes and hair containing, when freshly shampooed, reddish lights. His mistress was as black-and-white as a drawing in ink: the electric pallor of her brow and breasts always shocked him. In the summer, she tanned; his wife freckled. His wife had the more delicate mind, but his mistress, having suffered more, knew more that he didn't know. Their opposition took unexpected turns. His wife's handwriting was illegible and hurried; the other's secretarially neat, even when phrasing panic. His wife, now that she saw herself on the edge of an abyss, clung to him with an ardor that his mistress would have found immodest. He had come to feel a furtive relief when a day passed without lovemaking being thrust upon him; pinned between whirlpools, he was sated with the sound and sight of women crying. His mistress cried big: with thrilling swiftness her face dissolved and, her mouth smeared out of all shape, she lurched against him with an awkward bump and soaked his throat in abusive sobs. Whereas his wife wept like a miraculous icon, her face immobile while the tears ran, and so silently that as they lay together in bed at night he would have to ask her, "Are you crying?" Back and forth, back and forth like a bloodied fist his heart oscillated between them, and the oscillations grew in intensity as the two poles drew together and demanded that he choose one. He had allowed them to draw together, had allowed his wife to know, and allowed his mistress to know that she knew, in the hope that they would merge—would turn out to be, in fact, one woman, with no choice needed, or the decision settled between them. He had miscalculated. Though he had



"Do you call this Kushi-Katsu?"

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drawn them so close that one settling into his embrace could smell the other's perfume, each woman became more furiously herself.

(*A king uncovered, but nowhere to put him.*) How could he balance their claims and rights? The list was entirely one-sided. Prudence, decency, pity—not light things—all belonged to the guardian of his children and home; and these he would lose. He would lose the half-run-down neighborhood that he loved, the summer evenings spent scratching in his little garden of lettuce, the gritty adhesion of his elder daughter's hand to his as they walked to the popsicle store, the decade of books and prints and records and furniture that had accumulated, the cellar full of carpentry tools, the attic full of old magazines. And he would as well lose his own conception of himself, for to abandon his children and a woman who with scarcely a complaint or a quarrel had given him her youth was simply not what he would do. He was the son of parents who had stayed together for his sake. That straight line, once snapped, could not be set straight again.

While on the other side there was nothing, or next to nothing—merely a cry, a cry for him that he had never heard before. No doubt it was momentary; but so was life. She had nothing to give him but bereavement and a doubtless perishable sense of his existing purely as a man. Her presence made him happy and her near presence made him very happy. Yet even when they were so close together their very skins felt wished away, strange glass obstacles came between them, transparent elbows and icy hard surfaces that constituted, he supposed, the structure of what is called morality.

The weary gambler stakes his all. This game was clearly headed nowhere. An ominous unanimity of red had pretty well blocked the seven ranks. The kings had been buried for lack of space, one of the aces was not yet up, and the cards left in his hand were few. He fanned them and found that in fact there were three. He turned the top one up. The eight of spades. He put it below a red nine, but this unblocked nothing. Two cards left. He decided upon a gamble. A card for his wife, a card for *her*. His heart began to tremble at this boldness. In the months past, he had learned to listen to his heart; he had never noticed before what a positive will this supposedly oblivious organ possessed. On his way to a tryst it would press in his throat like a large bird trying to escape a trap, and at night when he lay down in the hope of sleeping it would churn and rattle on his ribs like the blade of a Waring Blender chopping ice.

He turned the first card and looked down at it from what felt like a great height. The ten of hearts, for his wife. It was a strong card. He felt frightened, and looked down at the spiderweb back of the last card with a sensation of his vision being impaired by the roaring in his chest.

Instead of turning it over, he tore it across; the card was plastic-coated and tough, and crumpled before it tore. From a fragment he saw that it had been the missing ace. No matter. He was a modern man, not superstitious even alone with himself; his life must flow from within. He had made his decision, and sat inert, waiting for grief to be laid upon him.

—JOHN UPDIKE

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STORRS—Dr. Louis L. Gerson, professor and head of the University of Connecticut's Department of Political Science, has been invited to deliver the keyhole address at the Fouth International Conference on Communist China.—*Willimantic (Conn.) Chronicle.*

We'll be listening.

SOMETHING ENTIRELY DIFFERENT

WHEN the baby was lifted from the cradle, he began to whimper. When he felt the rain on his face, he began to bellow. "Nothing wrong with his lungs," said the footman to the nurse. They spread their wings, they rose in the air. They carried the baby over a birchwood, over an oakwood, over a firwood. Beyond the firwood was a heath, on the heath was a grassy green hill. "Elfhame at last," said the nurse. They folded their wings and alighted. A door opened in the hillside and they carried the baby in. It stared at the candles and the silver tapestries, left off bellowing, and sneezed.

"It's not taken a chill, I hope," said the footman.

"No, no," said the nurse. "But Elfhame strikes cold at first." She took off the swaddling clothes, wrapped the baby in gossamer, shook pollen powder over it to abate the human smell, and carried it to Tiphaine, Queen of the Elfins, who sat in her bower. The Queen examined the baby carefully, and said he was just what she wanted: a fine lusty baby with a red face and large ears.

"Such a pity they grow up," she said. For hers was the kingdom of the Ever Young. She was two thousand years old, so naturally she had exhausted a good many human babies.

"And what is he to be called, Madam?" asked the nurse.

Tiphaine considered. "It's quite two hundred years since we had a Tiffany," she said. "Let him be named Tiffany. And see to the seven weasels."

Elfhame is in Heathendom. It has no christenings. But when a human child is brought into it (such children are known as fetchlings) there is a week of ceremonies. Every day a fasting weasel bites the child's neck and drinks its blood for three minutes. The amount of blood drunk by each successive weasel (who is weighed before and after the drinking) is replaced by the same weight of a distillation of dew, soot, and aconite. Though the blood-to-ichor transfer does not bestow immortality (the distillation is only approximate: elfin blood contains several unanalyzable components, one of which is believed to be magnetic air), it gives considerable longevity; up to a hundred and fifty years is the usual span. During the seven days, the child may suffer some sharpish colics, but few die. On the eighth day it is judged sufficiently inhumanized to be given its new name.

"Dear little thing," said Tiphaine. "I hope he won't age prematurely." For when grey hairs appear on the head of a fetchling he is put out of the hill to make the rest of his way through the human world; which is why we see so many grey-haired beggars on the roads.

MRS. TOD, the baker's wife, did not notice the difference between her baby which had been stolen away and the changeling left in its stead. She was busy making sausage meat and pork pies that day; and this was not her first child, to be studied like a nonpareil. Indeed, it was her ninth, though not all of them had lived. It was Ailie, the servant, who noticed that the baby had lost flesh all of a sudden.

"Well, if you won't, you won't," said Mrs. Tod, putting it from her breast. "I can't wait all day for you. There's the paste to raise and the master's supper to get. Here, Ailie! Give it the milk rag."

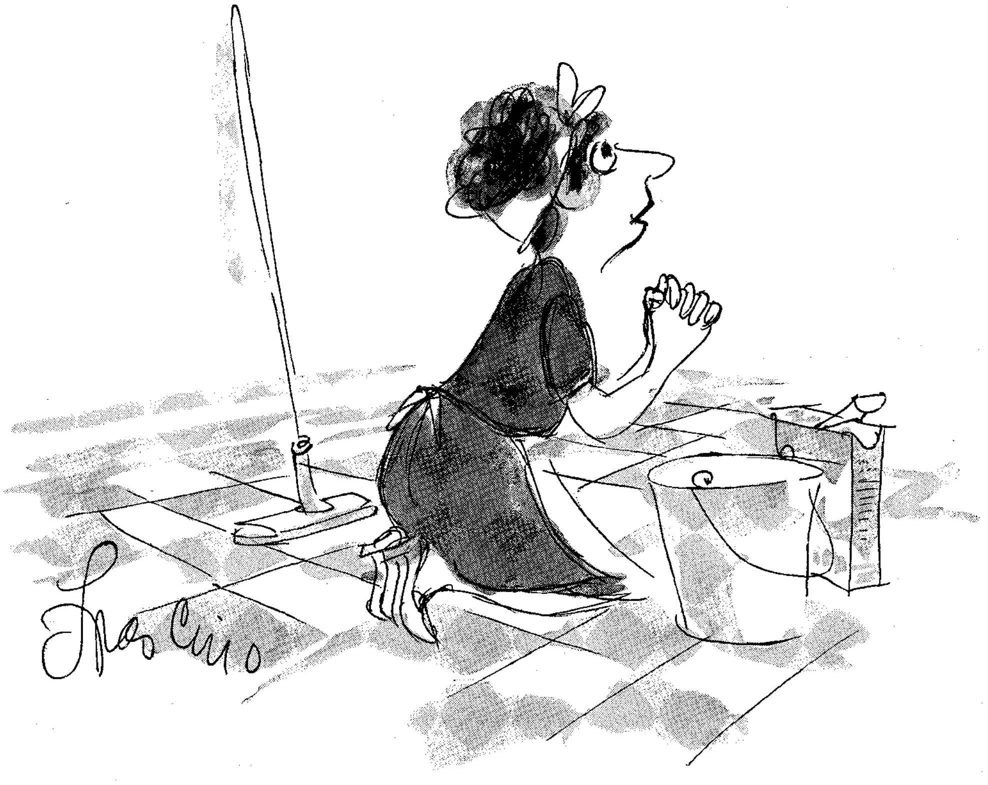
Ailie washed out the rag, dipped it in milk, and offered it to the baby. It would not take it, and looked at her with staring green eyes. These put it into her head to lay it among the cat's kittens. The baby sucked the cat, who purred and laid her paw over it. So it went on for three days, the baby refusing Mrs. Tod's breast and Ailie pretending it took the milk rag—for she did not care to speak of the cat. On the fourth day Mrs. Tod said to her husband, "We'll lose this Adam like we did the other. It must be christened before it slips away."

The minister named the child and poured water on it. It lay in his arms, neither stirring nor uttering. He looked grave, and poured on more water. Still the child neither stirred nor uttered. "God forgive me," said the minister, "but I think I have baptized a changeling!"

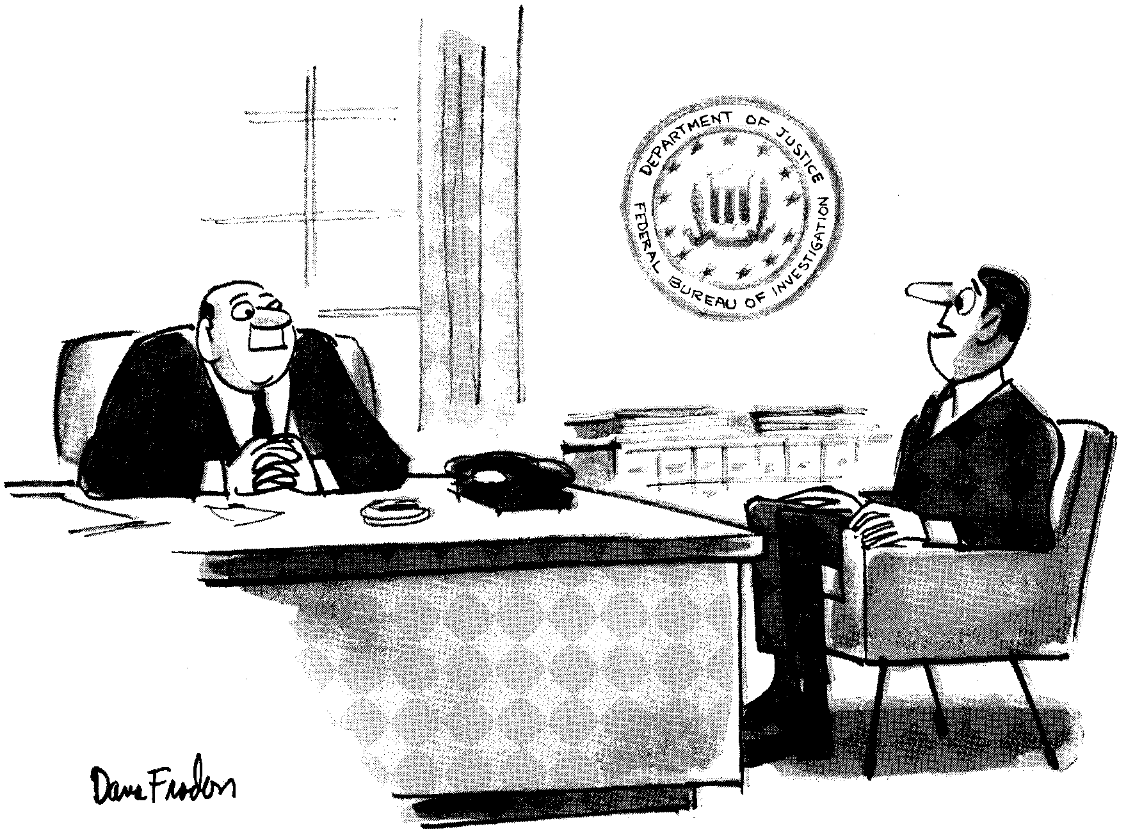
Taking the parents aside, he explained to them that as the child had made no remonstrance at the water, there could have been no sin or devil to be driven out of it; therefore, it must be an elfin, a soulless being between Heaven and Hell and of no interest to either. So the best thing to hope for was that the changeling, already sickly and peevish, should die.

But it did not. Between Ailie and the cat, it strengthened, took broth and spoon meat, cut its teeth, learned to speak plain. It was the minister who died. The thought that he had baptized a changeling so preyed on his mind that he took to walking in his sleep, stumbled into a beehive, and was stung to death. Lacking his sad looks to remind them, the Tods thought less of their misfortune in having a changeling child. Adam was doing well enough. The minister might have been mistaken. No other person knew of it. Within a handful of years they had no doubt but that the boy was their own child and likely to be a credit to them.

IN Elfhame everyone agreed that Tiffany was the prince among all the other stolen children. His cheeks were polished every morning, like prize



"Please, God, let this be the cleanser that gets the dirt all other cleansers leave behind."



"We put a tap on his phone, but so far he hasn't even been able to get a dial tone."

apples. His motions were examined by the court physician. He had a new suit once a month, gold boots, a Shetland pony to ride, and a drum to beat on. He was everybody's pet and pleasure and his every wish was indulged—save one. From the day when he saw the under-nursemaid spread her wings and fly off to fetch a pillowcase, he was wild to be given a pair of wings. His tutor explained to him that wings cannot be fastened to a human back, and told him the story of Icarus. His governess assured him that flying is a horrible sensation and would certainly make him sick. Both these persons had wings but kept them neatly folded away. Servants, grooms, stable lads, people who went on errands flew because it was their lot in life; they were brought up to it and it did not make them sick. But in court circles no one dreamed of using his wings unless in an extreme emergency. In all her two thousand years Tiphaine had never been known to leave the ground.

In spite of these examples and admonishments, Tiffany thought there could be nothing so glorious, so marvellous, as the act of flying. The ease of the performance convinced him that, wings or no wings, if he gave his mind to it he could go flying himself, as he already did in his dreams; and to study how it was done, he took to frequenting flying company, slinking off to the stables or the kitchen quarters whenever he got the chance. This got reported to Tiphaine. Unannounced and terrible, she came into the servants' hall. "Tiffany," she said. "Come away. I wish to speak to you."

Half the servants fell on their knees. The other half flew up into the rafters, where they felt pretty sure their angry Queen would not follow them. Glancing neither upward nor downward, Tiphaine went silently along many passages and up several flights of stairs to her bower; and Tiffany followed her with his heart in his boots.

"Shut the door," said she. "I do not wish anyone to hear you rebuked." She looked so beautiful that he trembled. "I did not have you fetched to Elfhame," said she, "to gape after wings and keep company with people who, however useful and necessary they may be, are no better than bluebottles. You must put all thought of flying out of your head. If you do not, you will be sent away and never see me again."

His face, his neck, his hands turned scarlet. His ears stood out like flags in a gale.

"Promise me, Tiffany."

He promised with all his heart. She laid her hand on his hot cheek. "There's my good Tiffany! It would have made me sad to send you away. Tomorrow, you shall have your first billiard lesson. And when you put on your next new suit of clothes we will have a banquet."

It was a splendid banquet. New clothes were issued to all. People in corridors murmured to each other, "I shouldn't be surprised if—" and, "I've thought so for a long while." All agreed that Tiffany had every qualification for the Green Ribbon—though some of the court ladies did so rather wistfully. For the Green Ribbon tied about a boy's waist denotes that when he is old enough he will be the Queen's love and that in the meantime no woman may lay a finger on him.

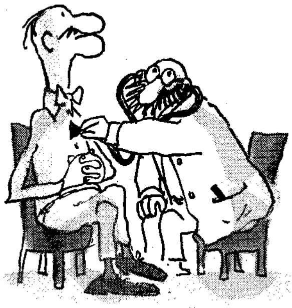
Duly, at the banquet, the Green Ribbon was tied round Tiffany's waist by the Lord Chamberlain and the Ambassador from Thule.

AFTER the old minister died, a new one came. He was called Guthrie. His wife was sickly and hadn't enough strength in her arms to knead dough, so he bought bread from Tod's bakery. One day he noticed Adam, who was drawing "A"s and "B"s on the floor with a wet finger. "Your boy's young to know his alphabet," he said.

"I wouldn't say that he knows his alphabet," answered Mr. Tod, "but he copies the letters off the advertisements. I wish he were as forward in walking. His legs are rickety, that's the truth of it."

Adam could not fly. Elfhame is an aristocratic society, and jealous of its privileges. Before a changeling is sent into the human world its wings are extirpated and it is dosed with an elixir of mortality, compounded from the excrement of fetchlings. Neither process is wholly satisfactory. Most changelings die, but tardily and with extreme difficulty, and some have been known to hover briefly in the air—a phenomenon called levitation and usually ascribed to saintliness.

Mr. Guthrie said that when the boy was old enough to walk so far he would take him into the school. Next day, Adam had crawled to the doorstep. Though he was the youngest child in the class, he was soon at the head of it. In his fifth year he was learning the Hebrew alphabet, and so set on scholarship that in the great snowfall of that winter he cajoled his eldest brother into making him a pair of stilts, and got to



school that way. After the snow came a long hard frost. Ice formed on the river. The boys went sliding and played ice hockey. One afternoon when they were tussling together and whacking at each other's shins, the ice cracked and parted beneath them. It was a shallow reach of the river, and they got off with nothing worse than a wetting, except Jimmie Guthrie, who had the measles coming out on him. His mother had forbidden him to go out, and he was afraid to go home and be whipped for disobedience, so he hung about waiting for his clothes to dry. By the time they dried, he was in a fever, and soon after then he was dead.

His schoolmates went to the funeral, Adam among them. Adam's attention wandered. He was counting the lozenge panes in the window when he heard his name spoken by the minister. "For as in Adam all die" were the words. He was not the only Adam in the village, but he felt sure that the words had been spoken of him. It was as if he had heard an important secret. Thinking it over, he decided he must be the Angel of Death. He had often heard his mother and Ailie say he was not like the others. As they had as often told him not to boast or think himself remarkable, he kept the important secret to himself.

Since he was so quick at his books and so undersized, it seemed meant that he should go into the ministry. Mr. Guthrie began to teach him theology. They soon got to the Fall of Man, and the true sense of the text in First Corinthians. Adam was glad he had kept his fancy about the Angel of Death to himself. If he had told of it, he would have been laughed at. But the word "Death" had somehow taken root in his mind—as if he might have a special vocation or talent for the subject. As a step in the right direction, he studied epitaphs and watched pig killings. In his heart he thought he would rather be a surgeon than a minister; but it was by his excellence in theology that he won a bursary and was admitted (for all he was under age) to the Dollar Academy.

When he came home for the half-year holiday, the first person he met was Ailie. She was weeping. "You should have got here an hour earlier," she said. "She waited on for you, poor old Pussy! But you're too late. She's gone. Pussy Bawdron's gone."

She took him into the woodshed, and there, beneath a cloth, was the dead cat.

"Under God, you wouldn't be here if it hadn't been for her," said Ailie with another outbreak of weeping.

He looked at the body. He felt in his pocket. There was the knife; and there, where the teats protruded from the shabby fur, was the place where he would make the first incision.

"I must have her," he said. "Fetch me a bowl of water and some rags." And he turned back his sleeves.

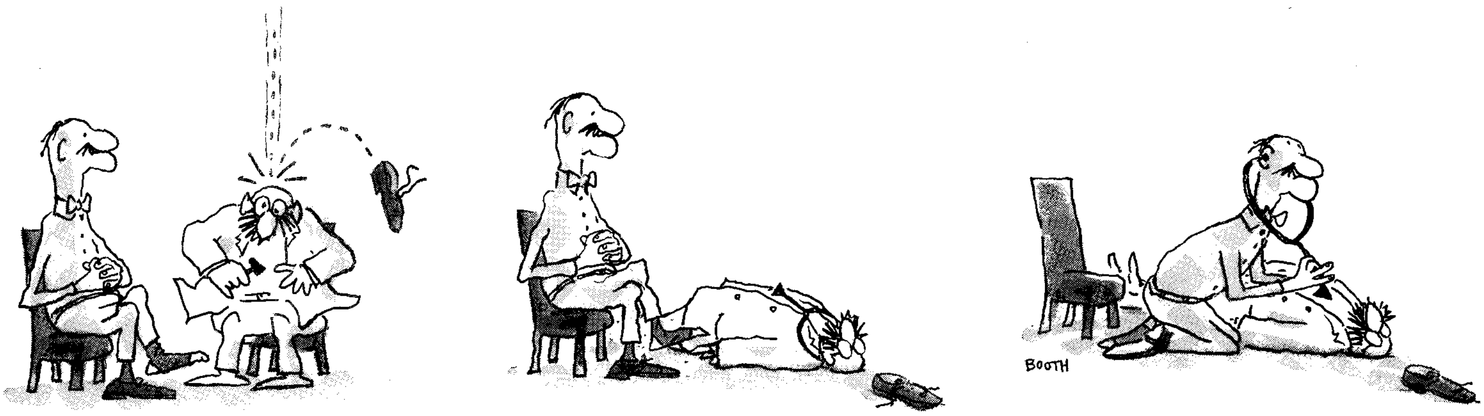
When Ailie came back, he had already laid the body on the chopping block and cut open the belly. Ailie said no word. She had two things in the world to love: one was the boy, the other the old cat. In an hour, she had lost them both.

IT was the custom of Elfhame that when the Queen tired of a lover she sent him a willow leaf. The Willow Leaf was conveyed privily by her confidential woman, and within an hour everyone at court knew about it. Tiffany's tenure of the Queen's love lasted so long that people gave up speculating when the Willow Leaf would be delivered. A year, two years, four years, seven years: even in a timeless society such a span of love causes remark. The aspiring Green Ribbon wearers began to grow impatient at their protracted virginity and to despair of ever getting into any bed. The livelier court ladies felt their Queen's fidelity (one would not, of course, call it infatuation) slightly scandalous. The nurse who had purloined him from the bakery said she had foreseen it from the moment Tiphaine set eyes on him and exclaimed that he was just what she wanted. Even the malcontents admitted that Tiffany was fit to set before a Queen. His black eyes glanced and danced in his scarlet face like black cherries bobbing in claret cup. He was large of limb, light of foot, sweet-breathed. He had a baritone voice, and his large red fingers were light as butterflies on the strings of a lute. He was also a brilliant mimic and could make Tiphaine laugh. He was perfectly good-natured and just stupid enough to be delightful. His demeanor, his unaffected enjoyment of a rewarded sensuality, made him as popular as a song.

For thirteen years, Tiffany was the Queen's love.

Shortly before the Willow Leaf dismissed him, a girl baby was born to one of the handsomest ladies at court. Fertility is rare among the Elfhame aristocracy, though common enough among working fairies. Some speculative thinkers put this down to the fact that working fairies use their wings, pointing out that wrens, tits, sparrows, etc., are notoriously fertile, whereas the pedestrian dodo is extinct. Be this as it may, aristocratic fairies are passionately fond of children—which is why the custom of "fetching" is prevalent—and a birth in court circles is an occasion for much rejoicing. Titania (so this baby was named) was on show daily from two to four. At her naming ceremony she was attended by ninety-nine sponsors, headed by Tiphaine and Tiffany hand in hand. Her parents were given a pension and the Order of the Pomegranate, Tiphaine made her a cowslip ball, and the working fairies, who were quite as much excited about her as if they had no babies of their own, clubbed together and presented a Noah's ark, imported at great expense from the human world.

Tiffany, who was rather at a loose end after receiving the Willow Leaf, spent many an empty hour playing with Titania, sitting on the floor for her dolls' drinking bouts, playing carpet bowls, pretending to be a bear who would hug her to death, and pulling



hideous faces to amuse her. She was a courageous, tyrannical child. The bear could never growl loud enough nor hug fiercely enough to satisfy her, the faces had to be intimidating before she would be amused by them. Tiffany frowned till his brows ached while she sat smirking like a snowdrop. Her governess complained that he overexcited the child, who was hoyden enough already. But he flattered the governess and kept his entry to Titania's nursery, and to her schoolroom. Even when she was going through her awkward age and people were finding her a nuisance and being disappointed in her, he still kept her as a pet, fished her out of scrapes, and shot snipe for her dinner.

Of course, she was not his only interest. The Willow Leaf had dispensed him from his vassalage to Tiphaine. He had enjoyed several bachelor friendships and several love affairs as well as improving his average at golf. The latest of his ladies was a stickler for traditions. Now it was the thirteenth of February and he still had not completed the valentine he ought to send her. He was sitting in the North Gallery, where he hoped to be undisturbed, and considering rhymes to "azure" when he saw Titania steal in at the farther end of the gallery and come toward him. He signalled to her to be quiet. For once, she was in a biddable mood. She sat down and busied herself with her embroidery. He had decided on "embrasure" and was modelling a sentiment to include it when there was a sudden Crack! and a whirr, as though a fan had been flirted open. He looked up. Titania was overhead. Five times she flew down the whole length of the gallery and back again. She folded her wings and alighted beside him, as dexterously as though she had spent her whole life flying on errands. "Titania!" he exclaimed. "What ever will you do next? You know you mustn't fly."

"Don't tell on me," she said.

He could no more resist her than he could fly himself. For when he looked up and saw her swallow flight up and down the gallery, his old marvelling, fascinated rapture at the act of flying exploded like a rocket. Crack! Whirr! He was in love with Titania.

From that hour, he was her delighting, miserable slave. All his other loves, the affairs since the Willow Leaf, his thirteen years with Tiphaine, seemed no more than music lessons or practices on the putting green, preliminaries merely to equip him for the reality of love. In fact, these lessons were of little use, except for the patience and tact he had learned with Tiphaine. He had every need of these. Titania was willful as a kitten, tart as a green fruit. She established a bond of mutual guilt between them: her reckless indecorum of flying, his disloyalty of consenting to it. There could not have been a worse moment for such behavior. Under the influence of her latest love (the eighth since Tiffany's day) Tiphaine had set about reforming the court. Regulations were tightened up, etiquette insisted on. If it were known that Titania flew, her reputation would be lost. She knew this as well as he did. She placed a high value on her reputation, since her future pleasures must depend on it. But future pleasures were not so interesting to her as the present pleasure of tossing Tiffany between agonies of anxiety lest she should take to the air and agonies of rapture when she did. She grew so brazen about showing her wings that she even flew in public rooms, hovering overhead during state functions and harp competitions. Sometimes he dreamed of some blessed turn of events by which Titania would be expelled from Elfhame and he would follow her: they would wander over the heath, living on mushrooms and cloudberries, and perhaps take up with the gypsies. More often, he wished himself dead.

It was she, viewing him from above, who saw he was going grey. She had the grace to be embarrassed, and did not tell him. He was left to find out for himself, dully growing aware that his friends were not so friendly as they had been, appeared to shun his company, turned their backs on him when he spoke; that ladies whispered in groups, eying him through the sticks of their fans; that servants were impertinent. But as all he thought of was Titania, he supposed he was in disgrace because she had been caught flying and he was suspected of having seduced her into it.

One evening, during a pause in the music, the Lord Chamberlain came up to Tiffany, holding a tray covered with a black cloth. The cloth was lifted. On the tray was a lock of grizzled wool, a large pair of spectacles, and a miniature pair of crutches. Every face was averted as Tiffany was led to the door in the hillside and put out, to make the rest of his way through the human world.

AILIE outlived Mr. Tod and his wife. By then she wasn't good for much. She helped herself to a ring off Mrs. Tod's finger and bought a lottery ticket. It was the winning number, so she finished the rest of her days better than she ever expected to.

While she was still at the bakery she saw Adam three times. Each time he gave her a guinea. She took the guineas but felt no gratitude. The cat lay between them.

Adam could ill afford the guineas. He gave them out of pride, to show that he did not come home as a Prodigal Son. For all that, both his parents considered him such. If he had kept to the path laid down and swept for him, he would have been in the ministry by now, with a manse, and printed books of sermons to his credit. Since they would only sigh at him, he went to brag of his travels to Mr. Guthrie. One time it was Montpellier, in France; the next, Ratisbon; the next again, far Finland to see the aurora borealis. Mr. Guthrie enjoyed the traveller's tales; they were as good as a coal fire in the grate. After Adam had gone, he knelt down and prayed that Adam might not be led into becoming a Papist.

Travelling costs money. Adam hired

himself out as a travelling tutor to sons of good families and showed the testimonials he had got from the University, all praising his learning and steady character. For a time, Adam and the boy would travel very sociably; then Adam would grow tired of this, and load the boy with lessons, keep him in, allow him to eat nothing till he could ask for it in Latin, wake him before sunrise to study mathematics, and then, when he judged the moment ripe, send him out to buy a hat. The boy would see his chance and run away. Then Adam wrote a sorrowing letter to the parents and went off on his own devices.

Mostly he walked. He was as strong as a flea, and had an engaging manner with strangers. In his knapsack he carried a magnifying glass, his testimonials, and the skull of a marmoset. If he had been asked what he was in search of, he would have been hard put to it to say. He used his intellect as he used his legs: to carry him somewhere else. He studied astrology, astronomy, botany, chemistry, numerology, fortification, divination, organ building, metallurgy, medicine, perspective, the kabbala, toxicology, philosophy, and jurisprudence. He kept his interest in anatomy and did a dissection whenever he could get hold of a body. He learned Arabic, Catalan, Polish, Icelandic, Basque, Hungarian, Romany, and demotic Greek. He had no religious feeling, didn't drink, was an early riser, and cared only for very large women. Every time he crossed over a bridge the rumbling echo seemed to admonish him. But it was an inarticulate admonition, and as what he valued was exact knowledge, he disregarded it.

It was in Cracow that he heard a Rosicrucian speak of the transcendental elements—among them, of magnetic air, which runs in the veins of sylphs, or fairies, and gives them their buoyancy and immortality. Adam listened as though the echo under the bridges had suddenly become articulate, reiterating the sentence which had struck him during Jimmie Guthrie's funeral: "For as in Adam all die." He had been too hasty in putting by his first interpretation of those words. In a deeper sense, it was true: all his journeys and learnings and languages and dodges, his nights under the stars and with very large women, had accumulated and died in him. He was a compendium of deaths. Death, then, must be his proper study. To understand death, he must approach it through its opposite: immortality, the incapacity to die. He must catch a fairy, draw blood from it, identify that special element of magnetic air.

THE STAIRS

Starting out as love, it climbed the stairs,
And then came down as something else again;
I did not recognize its killing features
Until I saw they were my very own.

Tonight, the babbling ghost of the remains
Sits in a room of starlight and of snow;
The owl tests its meretricious brains
Against the winter, and what comes back slow

Is the oldest sound that ever shook these hills,
The train's iron echo. Silence, its white bear,
States and restates a sentiment that kills:
Claws absolute. And plain. And everywhere.

Hair I remember, and lips like prizes,
The fluent eyes' divinities and, bare,
The flaring hollows of newborn surprises,
The clearest of all sleeps, then nothing clear.

—Howard Moss

• •

Having bought a fleam and practiced phlebotomy, he spent the next thirty years haunting dells, fountains, forests, fairy rings on lawns and in pastures, caves, tumuli—every place where fairies were said to resort. Yearly, as Midsummer Eve drew on, he was in a fever of anticipation. Nothing came of it, except that he was thirty years more travelled and thirty years uglier. Otherwise, he felt no older. He was active and limber as ever he had been, and, for all the nights he had spent in dells and damp pastures, without a trace of rheumatism: it was almost as though magnetic air ran in his own veins. He decided to lower his ambition and pursue Brownies; they, too, were of the fairy kind, though vulgarized and more like Lars. Brownies were common in Scotland, so to Scotland he went, and lodged in a wayside inn near Dumfries. A noisy brook ran beside it. Wakened during his first night by shouts and mutterings, he thought he was hearing a Kelpie. Kelpies are fierce immortals; Brownies would be easier to deal with; yet a Kelpie within a stone's throw ought not to be neglected. While he was debating this, he came to distinguish between the noise outside the house, which was the brook contesting with its rocky bed, and the noise within it, the voice of someone raving in a high fever, so near at hand that he could hear the bedstead creak as the sick man tossed and turned. In the morning he complained of this disturbance to the woman of the inn.

"I don't suppose you'll be troubled with him much longer," said she. "But if you like, I'll move him to the outhouse. I only took him in for pity's sake. One doesn't want the scandal of a tramp dying on one's doorstep. He's a big man, though, and his fever makes him as awkward as a ram. Perhaps you'd lend a hand with him?"

"Willingly," said Adam.

It was the remains of a handsome man that lay on the bed, and of a man who before age and beggardom had broken him must have belonged to the gentry. When they began to pull away the blanket, he came out of his stupor, sat up, and said arrogantly, "What now?"

"We're just moving you," said the woman.

"Leave me alone, please," said the sick man. "Kindly leave me alone, so that I may get back my strength. For I'm on my way to Elfhame, I must be there before nightfall. Leave me alone, woman—and you, whoever you may be. Leave me alone, I tell you. Aren't I in torment enough?" His fever came back, he began to cry and boo-hoo, and clutched the blanket to his breast.

"Elfhame," said Adam. "Where may that be? Is it far from here?"

"It's no place for a respectable man to go to," said the woman, tweaking away the bolster. "That's all I care to know of it. But he's forever raving about how he's on his way back there."

"Let him be for a day longer," said Adam. "Mercy never comes amiss."

He could scarcely believe his luck.

He put some money in the woman's hand. When she had gone, he sat down to listen. Presently the man began to rave again.

"Titania! Titania! What have they done to your wings? Why don't you

"*Gosh, fellows, isn't there* something *you'd like to ask me?*"

fly to me? Why don't you come, you cruel child? Oh, they've caught her! They've tied her! O Titania, my little love, what have they done to you? My bird's in a cage, and the cage has a black cloth over it. The Chamberlain of Elfhame put it there. Wait till I get at him! Don't flutter so, my bird. Sit patiently till I come. I'm on my way. I'll be home before nightfall. I'll knock on the hill—it's all brambles now—the door will open. There they'll all be, singing and dancing like bees in a hive. Elf-hive. Elfhame. They'll make me welcome. But I won't speak to one of them, no, not to Tiphaine herself, till I've pulled off the black cloth and kissed open your wings. Titania! Titania! O my darling!" He hugged the bolster to him, so hard that the feathers burst out of it. Adam sat and pondered.

Fairies can take any shape they will; so much is agreed by all who know them. Yet if this derelict greybeard were indeed a fairy, why did he lie bemoaning on a dirty bed instead of resuming himself and flying to the Titania he called on? If he were a fairy, he was in no danger of dying—so there was no need to be precipitate. But again, if he were a fairy, in a flash he might cast off his disguise of mortality and fly to Elfhame, taking the secret of his unexplored blood with him. And if he were not, it would be waste of time to hang about waiting for a dying man to declare his mortality by dying.

This last consideration settled it. That night, when all were asleep, Adam took his fleam and his vials and his test tubes and a basin and a candle and went to the bedside. There lay the man, talking gently to the bolster. The fleam pierced the vein, the blood spurted out. Adam carried the basin to a corner of the room and set to work. It was poor blood, even for such an old, undernourished man; indeed, it was more than half water. It contained an unaccountable deposit of carbon. It tasted slightly bitter. It was totally unmagnetic. Adam repeated his analysis several times. Either Master Hieronymus of the Rosy Cross was wrong about the transcendental element of magnetic air or the man on the bed was no fairy. Adam now glanced toward the subject of his experiment. He had not plugged the vein sufficiently after the phlebotomy. The bed was soaked in blood. A lagging trickle still flowed from the wound. Ceased. Began again. Ceased. With the last impetus of the heart, a few gouts of blood emerged, till the last of them sealed the wound. So the poor wretch was not a fairy; and the bedding would have to be paid for. But if the body could be got to the anatomists in Edinburgh, thought Adam, taking heart again, I shall break about even. He straightened it, put his things together, and went to bed.

—Sylvia Townsend Warner

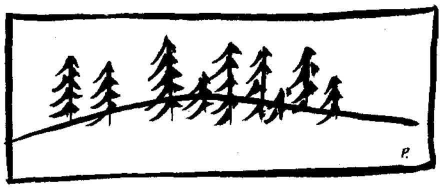
A REPORTER AT LARGE

COVERUP—I

EARLY on March 16, 1968, a company of soldiers in the United States Army's Americal Division were dropped in by helicopter for an assault against a hamlet known as My Lai 4, in the bitterly contested province of Quang Ngai, on the northeastern coast of South Vietnam. A hundred G.I.s and officers stormed the hamlet in military-textbook style, advancing by platoons; the troops expected to engage the Vietcong Local Force 48th Battalion—one of the enemy's most successful units—but instead they found women, children, and old men, many of them still cooking their breakfast rice over outdoor fires. During the next few hours, the civilians were murdered. Many were rounded up in small groups and shot, others were flung into a drainage ditch at one edge of the hamlet and shot, and many more were shot at random in or near their homes. Some of the younger women and girls were raped and then murdered. After the shootings, the G.I.s systematically burned each home, destroyed the livestock and food, and fouled the area's drinking supplies. None of this was officially told by Charlie Company to its task-force headquarters; instead, a claim that a hundred and twenty-eight Vietcong were killed and three weapons were captured eventually emerged from the task force and worked its way up to the highest American headquarters, in Saigon. There it was reported to the world's press as a significant victory.

The G.I.s mainly kept to themselves what they had done, but there had been other witnesses to the atrocity—American helicopter pilots and Vietnamese civilians. The first investigations of the My Lai case, made by some of the officers involved, concluded (erroneously) that twenty civilians had inadvertently been killed by artillery and by heavy cross fire between American and Vietcong units during the battle. The investigation involved all the immediate elements of the chain of command: the company was attached to Task Force Barker, which, in turn, reported to the 11th Light Infantry Brigade, which was one of three brigades making up the Americal Division. Task Force Barker's victory remained just another statistic until late March, 1969, when an ex-G.I. named Ronald L. Ridenhour wrote letters to the Pentagon, to the State Department, to the White House, and to twenty-four congressmen describing the murders at My Lai 4. Ridenhour had not participated in the attack on My Lai 4, but he had discussed the operation with a few of the G.I.s who had been there. Within four months, many details of the atrocity had been uncovered by Army investigations, and in September, 1969, William L. Calley, Jr., a twenty-six-year-old first lieutenant who served as a platoon leader with Charlie Company, was charged with the murder of a hundred and nine Vietnamese civilians. No significant facts about the Calley investigation or about the massacre itself were made public at the time, but the facts did gradually emerge, and eleven days after the first newspaper accounts the Army announced that it had set up a panel to determine why the initial investigations had failed to disclose the atrocity. The panel was officially called the Department of the Army Review of the Preliminary Investigations into the My Lai Incident, and was unofficially known as the Peers Inquiry, after its director, Lieutenant General William R. Peers, who was Chief of the Office of Reserve Components at the time of his appointment. The three-star general, then fifty-five years old, had spent more than two years as a troop commander in Vietnam during the late nineteen-sixties, serving as commanding general of the 4th Infantry Division and later as commander of the I Field Force. As such, he was responsible for all military operations and pacification projects in a vast area beginning eighty miles north of Saigon and extending north for two hundred and twenty miles.

Peers and his assistants, who eventually included two New York lawyers, began working in late November, 1969, and they soon determined that they could not adequately explore the coverup of the atrocity without learning more about what had actually happened on the day the troops were at My Lai 4. On December 2, 1969, the investigating team began interrogating officers and enlisted men in each of the units involved—Charlie Company, Task Force Barker, the 11th Brigade, and the Americal Division. In all, four hundred witnesses were interrogated—about fifty in South Vietnam and the rest in a special-operations room in the basement of the Pentagon—before Peers and a panel of military officers and civilians that varied in size from three to eight men. The interrogations inevitably produced much self-serving testimony. To get at the truth, the Peers commission recalled many witnesses for further interviews and confronted them with testimony that conflicted with theirs. Only six witnesses who appeared before the commission refused to testify, although all could legally have remained silent; perhaps one reason that Peers got such coöperation is that the majority of the witnesses were career military men, and few career military men can afford to seem to be hiding something before a three-star general.



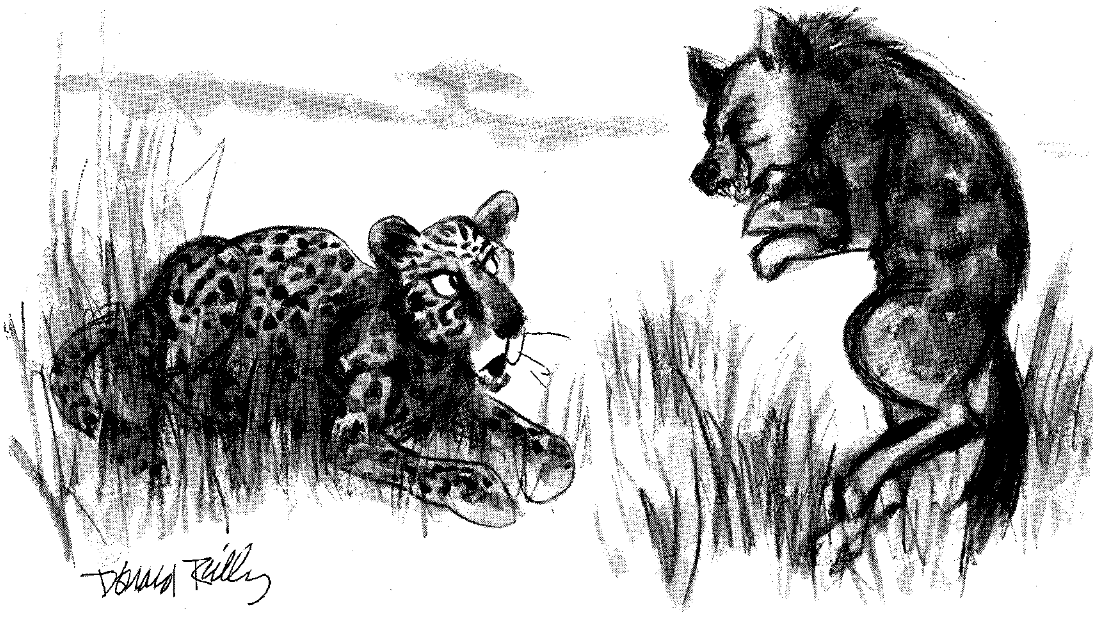
By March 16, 1970, when the investigation ended, the Peers commission had compiled enough evidence to recommend to Secretary of the Army Stanley R. Resor and Army Chief of Staff William C. Westmoreland that charges be filed against fifteen officers; a high-level review subsequently conducted by lawyers representing the office of the Judge Advocate General, the Army's legal adviser, concluded that fourteen of the fifteen should be charged, including Major General Samuel W. Koster, who was commanding general of the Americal Division at the time of My Lai 4. By then, Koster had become Superintendent of the United States Military Academy, at West Point, and the filing of charges against him stunned the Army. One other general was charged, as were three colonels, two lieutenant colonels, three majors, and four captains. Army officials revealed shortly after the charges were filed that the Peers commission had accumulated more than twenty thousand pages of testimony and more than five hundred documents during fifteen weeks of operation. The testimony and other material alone, it was said, included thirty-two books of direct transcripts, six books of supplemental documents and affidavits, and volumes of maps, charts, exhibits, and internal documents. Defense Department spokesmen explained that, to avoid damaging pre-trial publicity, none of this material could be released to the public until the legal proceedings against the accused men were completed, and officials acknowledged that the process might take years. In addition, it was explained, when the materials were released they would have to be carefully censored, to insure that no material damaging to America's foreign policy or national security was made available to other countries. In May, 1971, fourteen months after the initial Peers report, officials were still saying that "it might be years" before the investigation was made public. By then, charges against thirteen of the fourteen initial defendants had been dismissed without a court-martial.

"Good King Wences—*what?*"

Over the past eighteen months, I have been provided with a complete transcript of the testimony given to the Peers Inquiry, and also with volumes of other materials the Peers commission assembled, including its final summary report to Secretary Resor and General Westmoreland. What follows is based largely on those papers, although I have supplemented them with documents from various sources, including the Army's Criminal Investigation Division, which had the main responsibility for conducting the initial investigations into both the My Lai 4 massacre and its cover-up. In addition, I interviewed scores of military and civilian officials, including some men who had been witnesses before the Peers commission and some who might have been called to testify but were not. I also discussed some of my findings with former members of the Army who had been directly connected with the Peers commission.

Unquestionably, a serious concern for the rights of possible court-martial defendants does exist at all levels of the Army. A careful examination of the testimony and documents accumulated by the Peers commission makes equally clear that military officials have deliberately withheld from the public important but embarrassing factual information about My Lai 4. For example, the Army has steadfastly refused to reveal how many civilians were killed by Charlie Company on March 16th—a decision that no longer has anything to do with pre-trial publicity, since the last court-martial (that of Colonel Oran K. Henderson, the commanding officer of the 11th Brigade) has been concluded. Army spokesmen have insisted that the information is not available. Yet in February, 1970, the Criminal Investigation Division, at the request of the Peers commission, secretly undertook a census of civilian casualties at My Lai 4 and concluded that Charlie Company had slain three hundred and forty-seven Vietnamese men, women, and children in My Lai 4 on March 16, 1968—a total twice as large as had been publicly acknowledged. In addition, the Peers commission subsequently concluded that Lieutenant Calley's first platoon, one of three that made the attack upon My Lai 4, was responsible for ninety to a hundred and thirty murders during the operation—roughly one-third of the total casualties, as determined by the C.I.D. The second platoon apparently murdered as many as a hundred civilians, with the rest of the deaths attributable to the third platoon and the helicopter gunships. Despite the vast amount of evidence indicating that the murders at My Lai 4 were widespread throughout the company, only Calley was found guilty of any crime in connection with the attack. Eleven other men and officers were eventually charged with murder, maiming, or assault with intent to commit murder, but the charges were dropped before trial in seven cases and four men were acquitted after military courts-martial. In addition, of the fourteen officers accused by the Peers commission in connection with the cover-up only Colonel Henderson was brought to trial. Even more striking was evidence that the attack on My Lai 4 was not the only massacre carried out by American troops in Quang Ngai Province that morning. The Army investigators learned that Task Force Barker had committed three infantry companies to the over-all operation in the My Lai area. Alpha Company had moved into a blocking position above My Lai 4, where it would theoretically be able to trap Vietcong soldiers as they fled from the Charlie Company assault on the hamlet. Bravo Company, the third unit in the task force, was ordered to attack a possible Vietcong headquarters area at My Lai 1, a hamlet about a mile and a half northeast of My Lai 4. The men of Bravo Company were also told to prepare for a major battle with an experienced Vietcong unit. But, as the Peers commission later learned, there were no Vietcong at My Lai 1, either.

Bravo Company was told about the planned assault on My Lai 1 at a briefing on the night of March 15th. The men of Task Force Barker were called together by their officers that night and told (so one G.I. recalled), "This is what you've been waiting for—search and destroy—and you got it." Captain Earl R. Michles, the company commander, outlined the mission and its objective to his artillery forward observer, the platoon leaders, and other selected members of his command group. The key target, he said, was



"I'd damn well rather be an endangered species than a ridiculous one."

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My Lai 1, a small, often attacked hamlet that was thought to be the headquarters and hospital area of the Vietcong 48th Battalion. Army maps showed that My Lai 1 and the neighboring hamlets of My Lai 2, My Lai 3, and My Lai 4 were part of the village of Son My—a heavily populated area, embracing dozens of hamlets, that was known to the G.I.s as Pinkville, because Son My's high population density caused it to appear in red on Army maps. To the Americans who operated in the area, Pinkville meant Vietcong guerrillas and booby traps. More than ninety per cent of the Americal Division's combat injuries and deaths in early 1968 resulted from Vietcong booby traps and land mines. Bravo Company was to be flown into the area by helicopter to engage the Vietcong at My Lai 1, and was then to move south into other supposed Vietcong hamlets along the South China Sea. Precisely what information Michles and his platoon leaders gave their men is impossible to determine, but their briefings—like a similar briefing by Captain Ernest L. Medina, the commander of Charlie Company, at another Task Force Barker fire base, a few miles away—left the soldiers with the impression that everyone they would see on March 16th was sure to be either a Vietcong soldier or a sympathizer.

Michles's radio operator, Specialist Fourth Class Lawrence L. Congleton, recalled that after the briefing "there was a general conception that we were going to destroy everything." Only a few of more than forty former Bravo Company G.I.s who were interviewed by members of the Peers commission or who talked with me recalled hearing a specific order to kill civilians. Larry G. Holmes, who was a private first class at the time of the operation, summed up the recollections of many G.I.s when he told the commission, "We had three hamlets that we had to search and destroy. They told us they . . . had dropped leaflets and stuff and everybody was supposed to be gone. Nobody was supposed to be there. If anybody is there, shoot them." No specific instructions were given about civilians and prisoners, the men told the commission. "We were to leave nothing standing, because we were pretty sure that this was a confirmed V.C. village," former Private First Class Homer C. Hall testified. One ex-G.I., Barry P. Marshall, told the Peers commission that he had overheard a conversation between Lieutenant Colonel Frank A. Barker, Jr., the commander of the task force, and Michles (both of whom were killed in a helicopter crash three months after the operation). "I don't want to give the idea that Colonel Barker wanted us to kill every blankety-blank person in here," Marshall said. "They were just talking. . . . Colonel Barker was just saying that he wished he could get in here and get rid of the V.C. . . . I know Captain Michles's own personal feeling was that he wanted to take every civilian out of there and move them out of the area to a secure place, and then go in and fight the V.C. It's so hard, when you've got all these people milling around in there, to really conduct an operation of any significance."

On the morning of the assault, nine troop-transport helicopters, accompanied by two gunships, began ferrying the men of Charlie Company from their assembly point, at Landing Zone Dottie. From Dottie, which also was the site of the task-force headquarters area, the helicopters ferried the men about seven miles southeast to their target area, just outside My Lai 4. The helicopters completed that task by 7:47 A.M., according to the official task-force journal for the day, and then flew a few miles north to Bravo Company's assembly point to begin shuttling the men of Bravo Company to My Lai 1 for the second stage of the assault. It is not clear why Charlie Company's assault took place first. Large numbers of Vietcong were thought to be in both hamlets, and, according to the official rationale for the mission, surprise was a key factor. As it was, the first elements of Bravo Company did not reach their target area until 8:15 A.M., and it then took twelve minutes for the full company to assemble. The men were apprehensive, and nothing at their target area soothed them. As they jumped off the aircraft, their rifles at the ready, they heard gunfire in the distance.

The shots were coming from My Lai 4, a mile and a half to the southwest, where by this time Charlie Company was in the midst of massacre. Specialist Fourth Class Ronald J. Easterling, a former machine gunner in Bravo Company's third platoon, told the Peers commission, "When we landed we had to take cover . . . because we thought we were getting shot at. We found out later, well, about fifteen minutes or so, it was Charlie Company from over in the other direction. Some of their bullets were coming our direction unintentionally . . ." Although the sounds were frightening, there was no immediate threat to Bravo Company; no enemy shots were fired at the G.I.s as they left the helicopters. The men milled around for a few moments and then began to move out.

The first platoon, headed by First Lieutenant Thomas K. Willingham, marched a few hundred yards east. Its mission was to cross a narrow bridge to a small peninsula—a spit of land on which the small hamlet of My Khe 4 was situated—in the South China Sea. The second platoon, headed by First

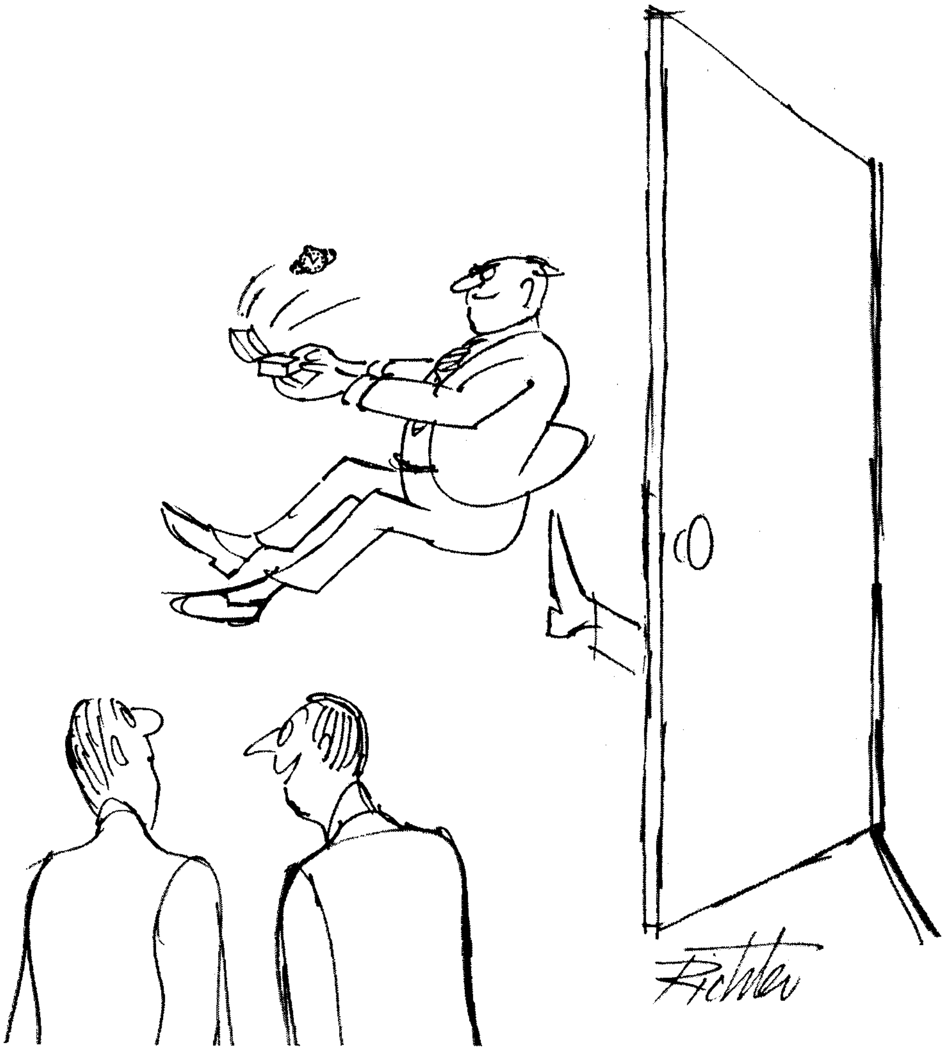
Lieutenant Roy B. Cochran, was to systematically search My Lai 1 and destroy it. But My Lai 1 was screened by a thick hedge and heavily guarded by booby traps. Within minutes, a mine hidden in the hedgerow was tripped and the men of Bravo Company heard screams. In the explosion, Lieutenant Cochran was killed and four G.I.s were seriously injured. Helicopters were called in to evacuate the wounded men. The platoon was hastily reorganized, with a sergeant in command, and ordered to continue its mission. Another booby trap was tripped; once more there were screams and smoke. This time, three G.I.s were injured, and the unit was in disarray. The surviving G.I.s in the platoon insisted that they were not going to continue the mission, and said as much to Captain Michles. Colonel Barker flew in himself to see to the evacuation of the wounded, and then, rather than call on the first or the third platoon to complete the mission, he cancelled Bravo Company's order to search and destroy My Lai 1. "[He] told them not even try to go in there," Congleton, the radio operator, recalled to the Peers commission. "Just sort of forget about that part of the operation." Relieved at not having to enter My Lai 1, the second platoon began a rather aimless and halfhearted movement through huts and hamlets to the south, across the water from My Khe 4 and the first platoon.

My Khe 4 was a scraggly, much harassed collection of straw-and-mud houses, inhabited by perhaps a hundred women, children, and old men. After carefully crossing the bridge, some of the G.I.s in the first platoon could see the unsuspecting villagers through heavy brush and trees. Lieutenant Willingham, according to many witnesses, ordered two machine gunners in his platoon to set up their weapons outside the hamlet. And then, inexplicably, one of the gun crews began to spray bullets into My Khe 4, shooting at the people and their homes. A few G.I.s later told the Peers commission that a hand grenade had been thrown at them; others said that some sniper shots had been fired. But no one was shot, and none of the G.I.s said they had ever actually seen the grenade explosion; they had only "heard about it."

By now, it was about nine-thirty, and the men in the rear of the first platoon were ordered to pass forward extra belts of machine-gun ammunition and hand grenades. When the gun crew stopped, the platoon, led by four point men, or advance scouts, walked into the hamlet and began firing directly at Vietnamese civilians and into Vietnamese homes. The gunfire was intense. Former Private Terry Reid, of Milwaukee, recalled that he was standing a few hundred feet below the hamlet when it began. He knew that civilians were being shot. "As soon as they started opening up, it hit me that it was insanity," he told me during an interview in May, 1971. "I walked to the rear. Pandemonium broke loose. It sounded insane—machine guns, grenades. One of the guys walked back, and I remember him saying, 'We got sixty women, kids, and some old men.' "

After the shootings in My Khe 4, a few of the G.I.s in the first platoon started systematically blowing up every bunker and tunnel. Some Vietnamese attempted to flee the bunkers before the explosives were thrown in. They were shot. "Try and shoot them as they are coming out," one member of the first platoon was instructed. Another ex-G.I. told me what happened to those who stayed in the bunkers: "You didn't know for sure there were people in them until you threw in the TNT, and then you'd hear scurrying around in there. There wasn't much place for them to go." A helicopter flew extra supplies of dynamite and other explosives to the men, apparently at Willingham's request. More than a hundred and fifty pounds of TNT was used, one ex-G.I. said, and between twenty and thirty homes were blown up. At some point that morning, according to several members of the platoon, word was passed along to stop the killing, and many of the surviving residents of the hamlet were allowed to flee to a nearby beach. They lived to tell Army investigators about the massacre. Others remained huddled in the family shelters inside their homes.

Precisely how many residents of My Khe 4 were slain will never be known. The Army later charged Lieutenant Willingham with involvement in the death of twenty civilians, but the charges were dismissed by an Army general a few months later without a hearing. Some survivors told military investigators early in 1970 that from ninety to a hundred women, children, and old men were slain. One ex-G.I. who kept a count said he knew of a hundred and fifty-five deaths; other estimates ranged from sixty to nine-



"I'd love to have heard his acceptance speech."

ty. The official log of Task Force Barker for March 16th shows that Bravo Company claimed an enemy kill of thirty-eight in three separate messages to the task force during the day. At 9:55 A.M., it reported killing twelve Vietcong; at 10:25 A.M., it claimed eighteen more; and it claimed eight more at 2:20 P.M., some two hours after the massacre. At 3:55 P.M., it reported that none of its victims were women or children.

Early in 1968, the 11th Infantry Brigade had established a standard procedure for making body counts, which required an on-site identification of a dead enemy soldier before the body could be reported. All the officers of Task Force Barker interviewed by the Peers commission indicated an awareness of this regulation, and claimed that the task force adhered to it. Yet an ex-G.I., one of the first men to enter My Khe 4, gave me this version of how the totals of twelve and eighteen were arrived at: "I had this little notebook that I used to mark down the kills of the point men in. This day—well, this was a red-letter day. Seems like for about fifteen or twenty minutes there all I was doing was recording kills. Willingham got on the radio asking how many kills we got. Old Jug [the nickname of one of the point men] said he got twelve, and we called in what we had. Willingham checked with us a couple times in the early part of the day." Another ex-G.I. testified before the Peers commission that some of his fellow-soldiers had counted thirty-nine bodies and had then told Willingham that "the biggest part of them was women and children." Willingham's reports were relayed by Michles, without challenge, to the task-force headquarters, although Congleton, the radioman, later told me, "When the first platoon started turning in kill counts, I figured they were destroying everything over there. At the time, I didn't think that it was anything exceptional—maybe just a little more killing than usual."

The first platoon spent the night near My Khe 4, but the rest of Bravo Company joined Charlie Company to set up a defense near a cemetery along the South China Sea. In the morning, the first and second platoons of Bravo Company reunited and spent the next day marching south along the coast to the Tra Khuc River, burning every hamlet along the way. Again there was an element of revenge. A popular member of the first platoon had lost a foot early in the morning while he was probing for a mine along the bridge leading from the My Khe 4 peninsula to the mainland. The Peers commission subsequently determined that the platoon had failed to post guards on the bridge overnight, although the bridge provided the only access to the peninsula. A few men testified that the wounded G.I. was in fact attempting to defuse the mine with his bayonet when it went off, wounding him. But most of the G.I.s saw the mine as another example of treacherous enemy tactics, and this renewed their anger at anyone Vietnamese. That day, Task Force Barker provided a team of demolition experts, who blew up bunkers after the hamlets along the route were razed by fire. The techniques used in destroying the houses along the coast apparently amazed the Peers investigators. One G.I. testified that it was not his responsibility, as a demolition man, but that of the infantry to make sure no civilians were inside any of the bunkers he destroyed. He generally dropped two or three pounds of TNT into each bunker, he said, without checking for occupants. Another demolition man told of using as much as thirty pounds of dynamite to destroy each bunker, also without inspecting inside. Asked by a member of the Peers commission whether any effort was made to determine "if there were people inside," one G.I. responded, "Not that I know of."

Again, it is impossible to determine how many Vietnamese citizens were killed as they huddled inside their bunkers during Bravo Company's march to the south. The G.I.s burned and destroyed almost every home they came to. Terry Reid, the private who told me that the My Khe 4 shooting seemed "insane" to him, had been considered a malcontent by his fellow-G.I.s, because he often criticized Bravo Company's killing tactics. Of the march, he told me that he almost broke into tears as it continued. "We'd go through these village areas and just burn," he said. "You'd see a good Vietnamese home—made with bricks or hard mud, and filled with six or seven grandmothers, four or five old men, and little kids—just burned. You'd see these old people watching their homes." The Army's practice of destroying bunkers and tunnels after burning the homes had always baffled him anyway, Reid said. "They call them bunkers and tunnels, but you know what they are—basements. Just basements."

On March 18th, the third day of the operation, Bravo Company's mission suddenly changed. Task Force Barker called in medical units, and the men were ordered to round up the civilians for baths, examinations, and in some cases interrogation by intelligence officials. Between five hundred and a thousand civilians were treated for diseases or were given food and clothing by the G.I.s. "It seemed like we just changed our policy altogether that day," Congleton later told the Peers commission. "We went from a search-and-destroy to a pacification, because we went to this village and we washed all the kids. Maybe somebody had a guilty feeling or something like that." Talking with me about this change a year after his testimony, Congleton said, "We reversed the whole plan just like we were going to redeem ourselves." Former Private First Class Morris G. Michener thought that "most of the people were a little ashamed of themselves, and I was very ashamed of even being part of the group."

On March 19th, Bravo Company was lifted by helicopter from the peninsula. A few of the Bravo Company soldiers later heard about the excesses committed by Charlie Company and about impending investigations there, but somehow there was little concern about the atrocities they themselves had committed. Only one G.I., Ronald Easterling, the machine gunner with the third platoon, considered reporting the My Khe 4 massacre to his superiors, but, as he later told the Peers commission, he quickly dropped the idea. "I guess I just let it go when I shouldn't have," Easterling explained. "I thought the company commander knew these things were going on. . . . it was all general knowledge through the whole company, and I didn't see any sense in talking it over with the company. . . ."

By the time the Army's charges against Lieutenant Calley became known in the United States, most of the men of Bravo Company were back home and out of the Army. Only a few associated their activities in Bravo Company on March 16th with the operation that Calley was accused of participating in. One who did was Reid. He walked into a newspaper office in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, in November, 1969, a few days after the Calley story broke, and gave an interview about the atrocities he had observed while he was serving with the 11th Brigade. He told of one operation in which, after some G.I.s had been wounded by a booby trap, his company responded by killing sixty women, children, and old men. Reid told me not long ago that he didn't realize until months later that what had happened in his outfit was directly connected with Task Force Barker's mission in Son My on March 16th. "Sometimes I thought it was just my platoon, my company, that was committing atrocious acts, and what bad luck it was to get in it," Reid said. "But what we were doing was being done all over."

The incident at My Khe 4 would perhaps be just another Vietnam atrocity story if it weren't for four facts: its vital connection with the My Lai 4 tragedy; the American public's ignorance of it; the total, detailed knowledge of it among the Peers investigators, the Department of the Army, and higher Pentagon officials; and the failure of any of these agencies to see that the men involved were prosecuted.

ON March 16, 1968, Major General Koster, the commander of the Americal Division, was near the peak of a brilliant Army career. At the age of forty-eight, he was a two-star general whose next assignment would be as Superintendent of the United States Military Academy. After that would probably come a promotion to lieutenant general, and perhaps an assignment as a corps commander in Germany, or even in South Vietnam again. Another promotion, to the rank of full general, would quickly follow, along with an assignment, possibly, as commander of one of the overseas United States Armies. By the middle or late nineteen-seventies, then, he would be among a group of ambitious, competent generals seeking Presidential appointment as Army Chief of Staff. Like most future candidates for the job of Chief of Staff, Koster had been earmarked as a "comer" by his fellow-officers since his days at West Point. In 1949, he had served in the high-prestige post of tactical officer at the Point, assigned to a cadet company as the man responsible for their training. By 1960, he had served in the operations office—the sensitive planning and coordinating post known to the military as G-3—of the Far East Command, in Tokyo, and also as Secretary of Staff of the Supreme Headquarters of the Allied Powers, Europe, in Paris. His career was patterned after that of his chief patron and supporter, General Westmoreland, who in 1968 headed all military operations in South Vietnam. Westmoreland and Koster had served together in the Pentagon during the nineteen-fifties, both in key staff jobs, and Westmoreland had later become Superintendent of West Point.

Koster's assignment in the fall of 1967 as commanding general of the Americal Division could be underestimated at first by outsiders: the Americal, a hastily assembled conglomeration of independent infantry units, was far from an élite outfit. But the job, as the Peers investigation learned, was extremely important to the young general; he had been handpicked by Westmoreland after a sharp debate inside military headquarters in Saigon over the future combat role of the division. As the Americal was initially set up, it was composed of three separate five-thousand-man combat infantry brigades, each with its own support units, such as artillery and cavalry. Within a year, the division was restructured to make it more conventional and to provide more centralized control. But when Koster took over, it was a new kind of fighting unit, highly endorsed by Westmoreland, and pressure on the new commander was inevitable. Adding to the pressure was the low calibre of some of the officers initially assigned to the Americal by headquarters units. Lieutenant Colonel Clinton E. Granger, Jr., who served briefly in the G-3 office of the new division late in 1967, told the Peers commission about his personnel problems. "In the G-3 section, the quality of the personnel was not what one would ask in a division, to be perfectly honest," he said. "Among the field-grade officers, there was only one major in the entire sec-

"Four o'clock, dear. 'Sesame Street.'"

• •

Wm Hamilton

"But gosh, Ursula, together we'd be exactly what every major advertiser is trying to reach."

• •

tion who graduated from Leavenworth [the Army command-and-staff school, in Kansas], and of all of them there were only two who had not been passed over for promotion to lieutenant colonel. That would indicate that in some cases not the highest calibre of people were being provided."

Koster responded to the staff problems by running a virtual one-man show. He trusted no one else to make decisions on the division's operations and maneuvers. Every military engagement or tactic, including such details as the allotment of helicopters for combat assaults, had to be personally approved by him. He filled the two most important positions in his headquarters, chief of staff and head of G-3 operations, with artillery officers—highly unusual assignments for such men in a combat infantry division. Both men, however, were West Pointers—the only ones in key headquarters jobs. Colonel Nels A. Parson, Jr., the chief of staff of the Americal Division, was inhibited by his inexperience in infantry tactics; he spent much of his time, according to testimony other officers gave the Peers commission, seeing to it that fences were painted and grass was kept closely cropped. Lieutenant Colonel Jesmond D. Balmer, Jr., the operations officer, was bolder than Parson, but he had no greater success. He told the Peers commission, "I was not a textbook G-3, either as taught at Leavenworth or throughout the Army or practiced at any other divisions. The commanding general was in fact his own G-3. . . . I was not operating that division. I was doing certain planning and trying to keep the T.O.C. [tactical-operations center] going. . . . I can't visualize that any staff officer there would visualize Balmer, even now, as being a key mover in that division. I was far from it." Balmer indicated that Colonel Parson had an even worse relationship with General Koster, explaining, "It was very evident to all concerned that General Koster had no confidence or did not trust much responsibility, except answering the telephone in the headquarters and doing the normal headquarters chief-of-staff job, to Colonel Parson, and to a similar degree this went down to the staff. . . . It was the most unhappy group of staff officers and unhappy headquarters I have ever had any contact with and certainly ever heard tell of it."

Koster's relationship with his second-in-command, Brigadier General George H. Young, Jr., one of two assistant division commanders, was less frosty, but it was still far from warm. Young, who was about a year younger than his superior, had graduated from the Citadel military academy, in Charleston, South Carolina. He, too, could exercise only a limited degree of command authority, although he had been placed in administrative control of the division's maneuver battalions, including the aviation and artillery units. He could recommend decisions but not carry them out. Most of the other headquarters officers were either "non-ring knockers"—men who had begun their careers as enlisted men or as graduates of college reserve programs—or graduates of military schools, such as the Citadel, that many West Pointers consider second-rate.

For most of the officers and men, the commanding general was a cold figure who compelled respect—and a touch of fear. "General Koster was so smart he was too smart for the rest of us," retired Lieutenant Colonel Charles Anistranski told me during an interview several months ago. Anistranski, who served as the Americal Division's G-5 (in charge of pacification and civil affairs) early in 1968, told me that he particularly remembered the General's crisp method of barking orders. "Koster would say, 'I don't like that, and I want you to do *this* and *that.*' " The General wouldn't take part in after-dinner drinking bouts at the Officers' Club, the former colonel said, but chose to return to his quarters instead. James R. Ritchie III, who served as an administrative sergeant at Americal Division headquarters in 1967-68, remembered Koster as being very cold. "I worked near him in that office for over five months, and I was never introduced to him," he told me. "I passed notes to him but really I never knew the man." Ritchie said of the headquarters staff, "They were all afraid. They were all afraid of Koster."

The normal work schedule of General Koster and his aides seemed to have little relationship to the realities of the guerrilla war going on a few miles away. Koster lived in an air-conditioned four-room house on a hill at division headquarters, in Chu Lai; he was served by a full-time enlisted man and a young officer. A few yards away was a fortified bunker with full communications, in case of attack. He spent most of his workday in a helicopter, visiting the brigades and battalions

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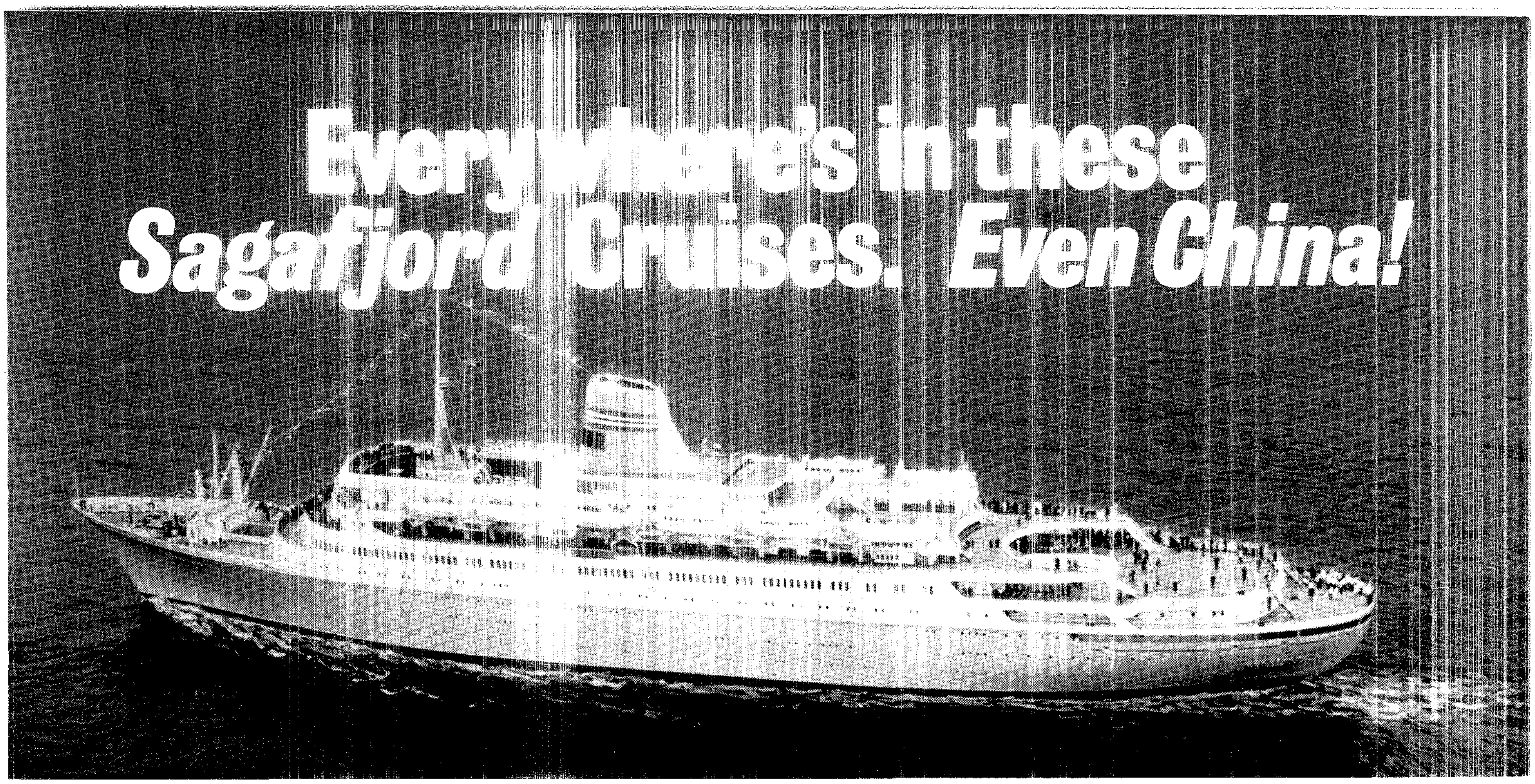

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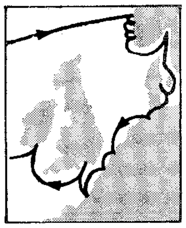

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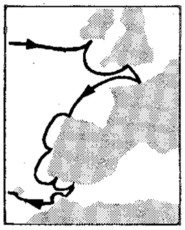

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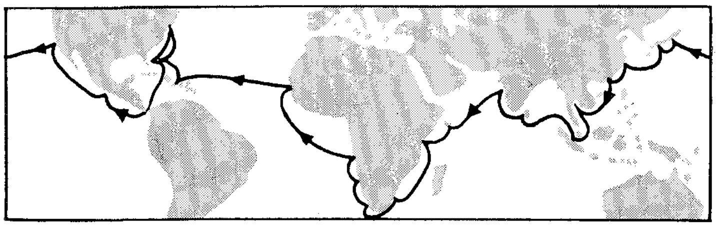

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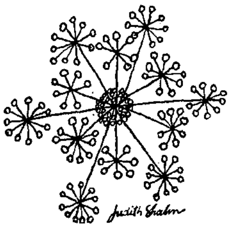
under his command. Every morning, he would give a short speech to new soldiers arriving at the division replacement center. Usually, his aides told the Peers commission, he tried to be where the action was—to monitor his troops in combat. For, just like a young company commander, Koster was being judged largely on the basis of how many enemy soldiers his men claimed to have killed.

General Koster's arrival by helicopter at local units would cause as much of a flurry—and as much fear—as a visit from Westmoreland caused at division headquarters. And, these visits notwithstanding, Koster remained remote from the problems and fears of the "grunts"—ground soldiers—assigned to his command. When complaints arose, they were often deliberately withheld from the General by his aides. Sergeant Ritchie, as one of the chief administrative clerks in division headquarters, worked directly for Colonel Parson. He recalled that he was ordered to screen all the mail personally addressed to Koster. "Parson wanted to know anything that was on Koster's desk other than routine stuff," Ritchie said. "A lot of stuff I know never got to Koster." Instead, it was handled by Parson. Most of the senior staff officers at headquarters knew of the practice, but they did not complain, even when letters they had addressed to Koster brought replies from Colonel Parson, because Parson was their rating officer, and for an ambitious lieutenant colonel who had not attended West Point one bad rating could be the end of a career. This kind of reasoning went up the chain of command. In May, 1968, for example, a Special Forces camp in the Americal Division's area of operations was overrun by North Vietnamese troops, with heavy losses to an Americal battalion that attempted to relieve the camp. Koster ordered an investigation, but, as the Peers commission was told by Colonel Jack L. Treadwell, who became division chief of staff in late 1968, it was not filed with higher headquarters, "because it made the division look bad."



The ultimate effect of such practices was a form of self-imposed ignorance: few things were ever "officially" learned or reported. By March, 1968, murder, rape, and arson were common in many combat units of the Americal Division—particularly the 11th Brigade, in hostile Quang Ngai Province—but there were no official reports of them at higher levels. Most of the infantry companies had gone as far as to informally set up so-called Zippo squads—groups of men whose sole mission was to follow the combat troops through hamlets and set the hamlets on fire. Yet Koster, during one of his lengthy appearances before the Peers commission, calmly reported, "We had, I thought, a very strong policy against burning and pillaging in villages. Granted, during an action where the enemy was in there, there would be some destruction. But I had spoken to brigade commanders frequently, both as a group and personally, about the fact that this type of thing would not be tolerated. I'm sure that in our rules of engagement it [was] emphasized . . . very strongly." The rules of engagement, a seven-page formal codification of the division's "criteria for employment of firepower in support of combat operations," were formally published March 16, 1968—the day of the massacre. They imposed stringent restrictions on the use of firepower and called for clearance before any firing on civilian areas. The rules, unfortunately for the Vietnamese, had little to do with the way the war was being fought.

Ironically, the publication of the rules of engagement allowed commanders to treat brutalities such as murder, rape, and arson as mere violations of rules, and in any event such serious crimes were rarely reported officially. Lieutenant Colonel Warren J. Lucas, the Americal Division's provost marshal, or chief law-enforcement officer, told the Peers commission that most of the war-crimes investigations conducted by his unit involved the theft of goods or money from civilians or, occasionally, a charge that G.I.s had raped a prisoner of war at an interrogation center. The concept of murder during a combat operation simply wasn't raised. Sometimes, Lucas said, he or his men would hear rumors or reports of serious incidents in the field, but, he added, "if it was declared a combat action, I did not move into it at all with my investigators." Of course, the men who could report such incidents were the officers in charge; in effect, their choice was between a higher body count and a war-crimes investigation. Murder during combat and similarly serious violations of international law were never "reported through military-police channels," Colonel Lucas told the Peers commission. Even if they had been, he could not have begun an investigation of such incidents without the approval of Chief of Staff Parson or General Koster. During his one-year tour of duty with the Americal, Lucas apparently never conducted such an investigation. What happened was that after the publication of the rules the military honor system went into effect. Under that system, as it was applied in the Americal Division, violations of the rules of engagement simply did not take place.

Lieutenant Colonel Anistranski, the officer in charge of the Americal's civil-affairs and pacification program, explained in his interview with me how the system worked. "Every time a hamlet would burn, it was reported to me," he said. "If it was in a friendly area, we'd go back and rebuild it. Sometimes it would come up at the nightly briefing. General Koster would come up to me and say, 'Check it out.' I'd get the S-5 [the lower-ranking officer in charge of civil affairs of the unit in question] and say, 'You'd better get on it; the old man wants to know what happened out there.' They'd come back after a little while and say it was set on fire during a fire fight. I'd go and tell the old man that."

Some soldiers could, of course, have been court-martialled for committing war crimes. This might have limited the number of violations, but it would also have signalled to higher headquarters that violations did occur. Koster's efficacy as a commander would have been questioned, and the name of the division would have been sullied by the inevitable press reports. Thus, talk of war crimes simply wasn't heard at Americal Division headquarters. The men there took their jobs at face value. Father Carl E. Creswell served as an Episcopal chaplain at Chu Lai and resigned from the Army soon after his tour with the division. He later told the Peers commission, "I became absolutely convinced that as far as the United States Army was concerned there was no such thing as murder of a Vietnamese civilian. I'm sorry, maybe it's a little bit cynical. I'm sure it is, but that's the way the system works."

The freedom to kill with impunity inevitably led to the inadvertent murder of many civilians in violation of both the Geneva conventions and the division rules of engagement. The statistics tell the story: A consistent problem for the military throughout the war has been the great disparity between the number of Vietcong soldiers that have been reported killed and the number of weapons that have been captured. Although the obvious answer seemed to be that Vietcong were not the only victims of American gunfire, artillery, and gunship strikes, officers at the top head-

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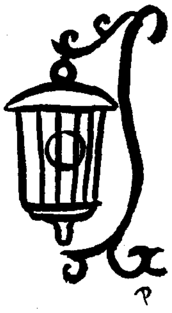
quarters commands simply could not—or would not—accept that answer. Thus, commanding officers in the Americal Division were always urging their troops to "close with the enemy" instead of relying on helicopter or artillery support, and thereby increase their chances of capturing enemy weapons. Often, the rationale for the statistical imbalance was strained. Brigadier General Carl W. Hoffman, who served as chief operations officer of the III Marine Amphibious Force early in 1968, agreed with General Peers that Task Force Barker's March 16th report of a hundred and twenty-eight Vietcong deaths and three captured weapons represented "a ratio that we would not normally like to see," and went on, "However, we had experienced other reports in which we later found that the attacking troops had found a graveyard with fresh graves, and they determined then that these deaths had occurred on previous days because of artillery fire or gunship fire. Therefore, the total on a given day could be quite high and the weapons invariably would be very low. . . . we did see other instances in which we had very few weapons captured and quite a number of enemy bodies counted."

"It's like a game," Colonel Anistranski, the division's pacification-and-civil-affairs officer, remarked during my interview with him. "Everybody come on, we're going to have a bonfire. The way Koster used to look at me, he knew they [the brigades] were lying. He tried to stop it, but there's . . . so much going on." Anistranski remembered that on occasion Koster would storm out of the nightly briefing, obviously angered, after hearing reports of large numbers of Vietcong killed by his troops and no captured weapons. "He'd get mad," Anistranski said. "But me? I used to look at it and laugh. 'There's another battalion commander who's pushing the full-colonel list,' I'd say." He could laugh, Anistranski added, but the General was trapped by his position. "Koster had bird colonels working for him; he had to accept their word."

IN early 1968, the Americal Division consisted of three combat infantry brigades. One of them, the 11th, was commanded by Colonel Oran K. Henderson. Henderson had at that time been in the Army twenty-five years, and, like most colonels, he had made it clear that he wanted very much to become a general. A non-West Pointer, he had failed during a tour of duty in Vietnam in 1963 and 1964 to get the command assignments necessary for promotion; he spent nearly two of the next four years in subordinate roles with the 11th Brigade in Hawaii, moving with the unit to Vietnam in late 1967 as deputy commander. On March 15, 1968, the Army gave him a chance: on that day, he took command of the brigade's three infantry battalions and one artillery battalion. During formal ceremonies at the brigade's headquarters area, at Duc Pho, Henderson accepted the unit's colors from the outgoing commander, Brigadier General Andy A. Lipscomb, who was retiring from the service. Lipscomb had recommended Henderson for the job, and was delighted when General Koster approved the choice. Henderson "was completely loyal to me," Lipscomb later told the Peers commission. "When I left, and I made out an efficiency report on Colonel Henderson, I recommended him for promotion to brigadier general, which I didn't do to too many colonels along the way."

At the time of his appointment, Henderson had seen little combat in Vietnam. He told the Peers commission that Task Force Barker's attack on My Lai 4 "was the first combat action I had been involved in or observed," and explained, "As the brigade executive officer up to this point and time, I was pretty well limited to Duc Pho. Occasionally, I could get an H-23 [observation helicopter] and get out on the periphery or something. But as a general rule I was stuck at Duc Pho. I had not participated in a C.A. [combat assault], nor had I observed any combat action except that at the Duc Pho Province." He was referring to occasional Vietcong mortar attacks on the brigade headquarters area. Upon taking over the top job in the brigade, Henderson immediately began acting like every other commander in Vietnam. Each day, he would assemble a few personal aides and fly all over his area of responsibility, observing the infantry battalions in action. The new commander was formal and crisp with his staff; he had what military men call "command presence." In other officers he inspired nothing less than fear. Captain Donald J. Keshel, the brigade civil-affairs officer, told the Peers investigators, "I'm scared to death of Colonel Henderson. . . . He's just got to be the hardest man I've ever worked for." But Henderson himself feared at least one man—General Koster, whose rating of him as a brigade commander would make or break his chances of becoming a general. Koster had doubts about Henderson's intellectual ability, and these were known to the Colonel. He got along easily with General Young, Koster's assistant division commander, but his relations with the division commander himself seemed to be tense. "You could always distinguish rank when they were talking," Michael C. Adcock, a former sergeant who served as one of Colonel Henderson's radio operators, told me.

Henderson, and Lipscomb before him, also followed the usual commander's practice of emphasizing body counts, so competition for enemy kills was constant among the battalions and companies of the 11th Brigade. There were three-day passes for the men who achieved high body counts; sometimes whole units would be rewarded. At one point, Henderson personally ordered a program set up offering helicopter pilots three- to five-day passes for bringing in military-age Vietnamese males for questioning. The program, which was initiated because the brigade was unable to develop reliable intelligence information on the Vietcong, was known informally among 11th Brigade air units as Operation Body Snatch. Within weeks, the operation had degenerated to the point where the pilots, instead of "snatching" civilians, were deliberately killing them, sometimes by running them down with their helicopter skids. Other pilots devised even more macabre forms of murder, one of which involved the use of a lasso to stop a Vietnamese peasant who was attempting to flee. Helicopter crewmen would then jump out, strip the victim, and replace the rope around his neck, and the helicopter would begin to move at low speed, with the Vietnamese running along. When the victim could no longer keep up, he would fall, snapping his neck.



Many witnesses told the Peers commission of having received no meaningful instruction in the Geneva conventions or in the proper treatment of prisoners of war during training in Hawaii or in South Vietnam. "In Hawaii, the emphasis was on tactical combat operations throughout," Specialist Fifth Class James E. Ford, a public-information clerk for the brigade, told the Peers investigators. "I think perhaps during that time . . . they might have said something about pacification and about the S-5's function, civil affairs. But I don't think it was an active part of the tactical training, though."

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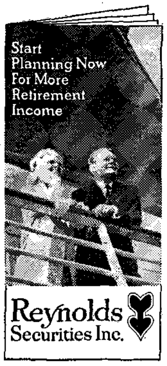

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a brigade civil-affairs officer should hold the rank of major, the 11th Brigade's S-5, Keshel, was only a captain. The Army is loath to say so in public, but the job of division G-5 or brigade S-5 is considered a lowly one—a position for anyone who desires rapid promotion to avoid. Captain Keshel was in charge of making cash payments to Vietnamese victims of accidental American shootings. He made about thirty such solatium payments, as they were called (at that time, they amounted to about thirty-three dollars for each adult and half as much for children fifteen years of age or under), over a period of eight or nine months, ending in the fall of 1968. The total seemed high to him, Keshel told the Peers commission, and he mentioned his concern to Colonel Henderson. Henderson, in turn, "mentioned it to the battalion commanders at one of his briefings," Keshel said, and he continued, "And all of the battalion commanders, boy, they really got down on me, now, they said, 'Well, you know we got lieutenants out there with the platoon, or rifle-company commanders out there with the companies, he'd get fire from a village, he's got to return fire to protect his command, and when this happens, perhaps a civilian will get shot.' "

The concept of a battlefield war crime just did not exist in the 11th Brigade. Major John L. Pittman, the provost marshal of the unit, testified before the Peers commission that he could not recall giving the military policemen under his command any instructions or training in their obligations to report war crimes. On two or three occasions, Pittman said, he did report instances of prisoner mistreatment to both Lipscomb and Henderson. At a staff meeting, Lipscomb or Henderson always responded the same way—not by ordering an investigation but by putting out instructions against such practices.

Even if Henderson and some of his staff officers remained largely uninformed about the war taking place a few miles from their headquarters, the Colonel did meet the other basic requirements of a Vietnam commander: he had a superior mess hall and a rebuilt officers' club, and there was considerable emphasis on being an officer and a gentleman. G.I.s who served in the 11th Brigade frequently talked to me with bitterness about the life style of the senior officers. "They had a fantastic mess hall," former Specialist Fifth Class Jay A. Roberts, who worked in the public-information office, near headquarters, recalled. "The officers would have cocktail hour for an hour every night before dinner." Other G.I.s talked about the ice cream, the shrimp, and the steak that were often on hand for the officers. Also frequently noted was the fact that the headquarters' allotment of air-conditioners was utilized for Henderson's mess hall and his personal quarters. Plans to blow up the mess hall—perhaps only half serious—were constantly being developed by the headquarters clerks. Some G.I.s boasted of having devised ways to appropriate bottles of whiskey and cold beer from the officers' walk-in cooler. Former Specialist Fourth Class Frank D. Beardslee served as driver for Colonel Barker, the commander of Task Force Barker, and often took him to the Duc Pho Officers' Club at five-thirty in time for the cocktail hour. "It was just like they were in Washington," Beardslee said of the officers. "They would talk about promotions and all that stuff—just like a cocktail party back in the world."

Shortly before Lipscomb, a West Pointer, retired, the brigade public-information office presented him with a scrapbook of photographs and news clippings highlighting his service with the 11th Brigade. Similar scrapbooks were made up for most senior officers who left the unit. Former Sergeant Ronald L. Haeberle, who served as a photographer for the brigade's public-information office, considered such work routine at the time, and later, when criticized by the Peers panel for not turning photographs he had made of the My Lai 4 massacre over to higher authorities, he said he had never considered such a step, explaining, "You know something . . . ? If a general is smiling wrong in a photograph, I have learned to destroy it. . . . My experience as a G.I. over there is that if something doesn't look right, a general smiling the wrong way . . . I stopped and destroyed the negative."

FOR a non-West Pointer, Colonel Barker had everything going for him. In January, 1968, General Koster had pulled him out of his job as operations officer of the 11th Brigade and given him command of a three-company task force of four hundred men that had been put together to find and destroy the enemy in the Batangan Peninsula area, in the eastern part of Quang Ngai Province. The peninsula was "Indian country" as far as American and South Vietnamese soldiers were concerned. Few operations had ever been mounted against the village of Son My, which was widely considered to be the staging and headquarters area for the Vietcong 48th Battalion, one of the strongest units in Quang Ngai. The area was heavily booby-trapped, and the men of Task Force Barker—the Colonel followed a custom by naming the unit after himself—suffered as a result. By March 15th, about fifteen G.I.s in the three companies had been killed and more than eighty had been wounded—a high percentage of casualties but not one that necessarily reflected much direct confrontation with the enemy. For example, four men in Charlie Company were killed and thirty-eight were wounded in those ten weeks, but the Peers commission determined that only three of the casualties, including one death, had resulted from direct contact with the enemy. But "Barker's Bastards," as the men of the task force were quickly dubbed by the brigade public-information office, were seemingly able to do what no other unit in the brigade could—find and destroy the enemy. "We devoted quite a bit of coverage to Task Force Barker," Ford, the brigade public-information clerk, told the Peers commission. "Up until Task Force Barker deployed, we hadn't been seeing too much action. As a result, our public-information coverage was kind of slim. . . . They were getting contact, and we were getting good copy out of it." Barker's men had the highest body count by far of any unit in the 11th Brigade, other officers would speak admiringly of the commander's "luck" in getting solid contact. Specialist Fourth Class Donald R. Hooton, one of the Bravo Company infantrymen, had a different point of view. "Everybody said, 'He's got the most phenomenal luck,' " Hooton told me recently. "What they meant is that we'd go out and gun down a lot of people."

But the G.I.s—even Hooton—admired Barker. He wasn't afraid to land his helicopter in a battle area, and he would often join in the fray, firing his .45-calibre pistol at Vietnamese when his helicopter was flying low. He made sure that his troops received at least one hot meal a day in the field. There were other reasons for the widespread admiration of Barker. He was "lean and mean," in the military tradition; handsome, with neatly chiselled features; friendly to the "grunts," always accessible and always making it clear that he understood their problems. "Barker, in my estimation, seemed to have his finger in and was pretty well in tune with what was going on," General Koster told the Peers commission. Barker's responsibilities as a commander were total; he was in charge of the intelligence, the planning, and the initiation

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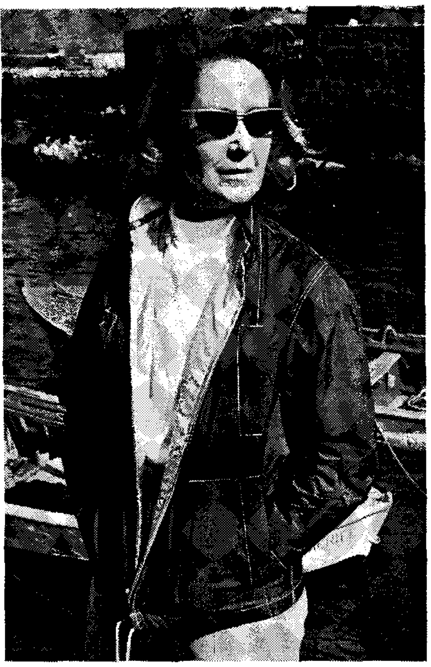

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of all task-force operations—and always had the approval of his superiors.

Barker's promotion to head the task force left a crucial administrative gap in the brigade headquarters—one that Colonel Henderson, then acting as deputy brigade commander, tried to fill himself. Then, when Henderson assumed control of the brigade, on March 15th, he was still not assigned a new administrative aide, so he was forced to do his paperwork at night. Such treatment undoubtedly galled Henderson, and so did the relationship between Koster and Barker. There were fifteen thousand lieutenant colonels in the Army in 1968 and fewer than three hundred battalions to command. Without battalion-command experience in Vietnam, a young lieutenant colonel could not expect promotion. Because the pressure for the jobs was so intense, the Army limited battalion commanders' tours to six months. Normally, Henderson could have expected to have a powerful hold over Barker, because Barker would have needed Henderson's approval before commanding a battalion; the bargaining and negotiating for such jobs goes on daily in the Pentagon and elsewhere. But by the time Henderson took over the brigade, General Koster had promised the next battalion command to Barker. In effect, Henderson's potential patronage—an important part of a commander's job—was diminished, and a protégé, if he had had one, would have had to wait longer for a battalion commander's spot.

There was no fancy officers' club at the task-force headquarters, at Landing Zone Dottie, a few miles from the city of Quang Ngai, the provincial capital. Barker, like all commanders, spent most of his working day in a helicopter, and he tried to catch up on his paperwork at night. The administration of the task force therefore fell to the operations officer, Major Charles C. Calhoun, who was serving his second tour of duty in Vietnam. The task-force headquarters was severely underequipped and understaffed; it had only one typewriter assigned to it, and one clerk to do its typing. As a result, there was neither the staff nor the time to prepare the required task-force version of the rules of engagement or to instruct the troops about the Geneva conventions. The unofficial task-force rule seemed to be simply not to commit any illegal actions directly in front of the commanding officer. Speaking of Captain Michles, of Bravo Company, Congleton, the Captain's radio operator, told me, "If something wasn't done in front of him, nothing happened. But if he'd ever caught you smoking pot, he'd have gone wild." Michles was similarly offended if the killing of civilians was brought directly to his attention. Congleton, after recalling that the officer "wanted kills," said, "By the first time we actually killed anybody who was a Vietcong with a weapon, we had reported twenty or thirty confirmed kills, and I said, 'Hey, we just got our first kill.' He really got mad."

BOTH of Task Force Barker's February missions into Son My were officially described as unqualified successes, although the disparity between Vietcong killed and weapons captured—a hundred and fifty-five to six—was extreme. After the second mission, Colonel Barker gave his superiors a glowing report. It said, "This operation was well planned, well executed, and successful. Friendly casualties were light and the enemy suffered a hard blow. However, many enemy soldiers were able to escape with their weapons and the weapons of the enemy dead. This was caused by several factors. . . . Although the air strikes were timely and effective . . . time was lost waiting for aircraft. . . . Air evacuation of wounded was a contributing factor in allowing the enemy time to escape, since supporting fire had to be stopped each time a medevac helicopter was brought in. The ground units were not as aggressive later in the battle as they were earlier. . . . Aggressiveness increased again at the insistence of the Task Force commander, but during the lull several V.C. had escaped with weapons."

It was probably inevitable that Barker would decide to conduct another operation in Son My. He talked about it sometime early in March with General Lipscomb and got the General's approval. "Barker said to me on one or two occasions that he was going back into Pinkville," Lipscomb told the Peers commission. "This 48th Battalion was a thorn in his side there, and he was going to go back in there. . . . It just was something that had to be done before the area would be under control." Cecil D. Hall, the task-force communications sergeant, recalled that Barker had unsuccessfully sought permission from brigade headquarters to use Rome plows, monstrous twenty-two-ton bulldozers capable of levelling hundreds of acres per day, to destroy the area. "I heard him mention many times," Hall told me during an interview in October, 1971, "that it'd

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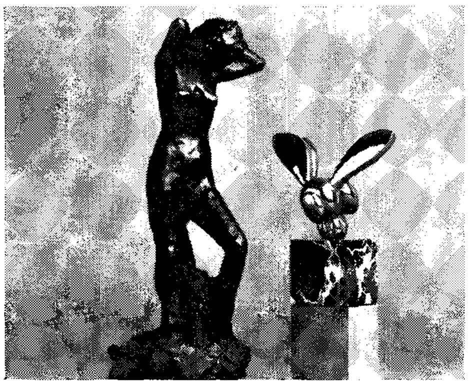

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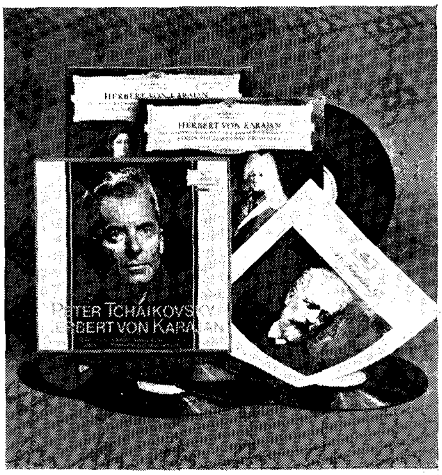

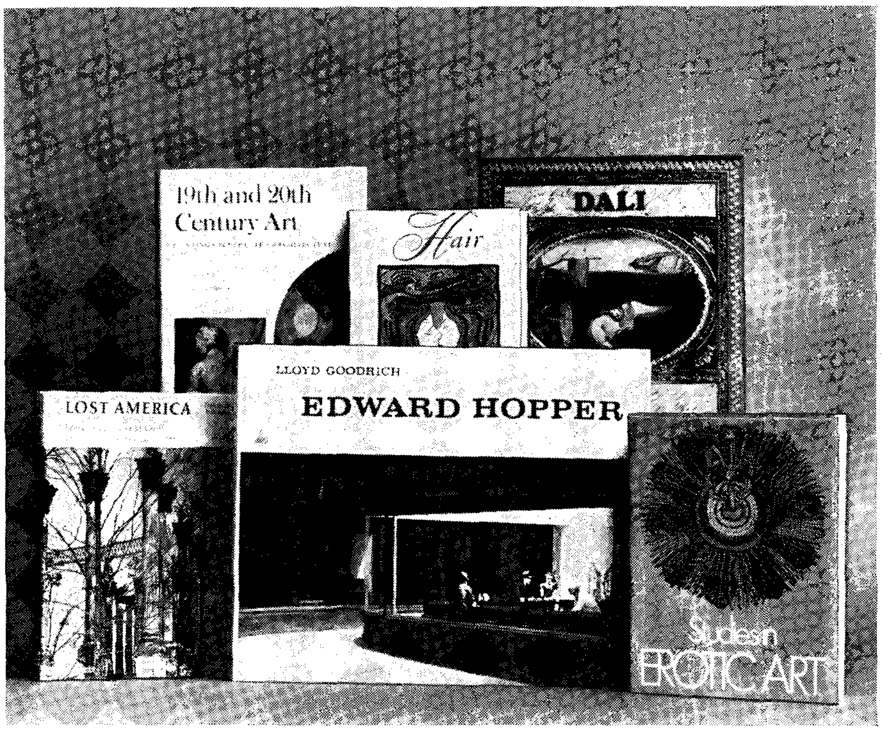

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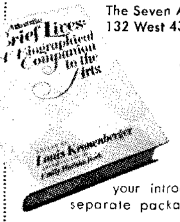

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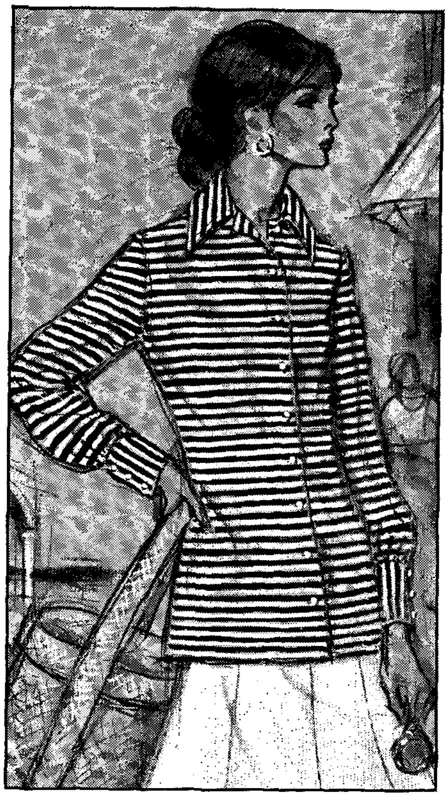

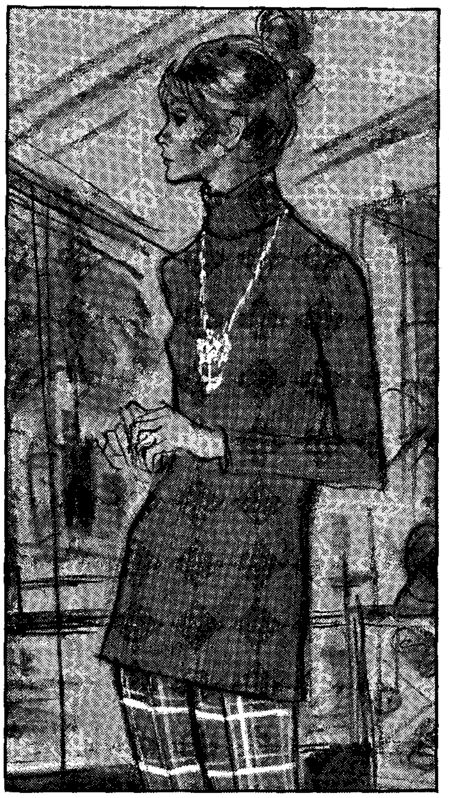

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General Koster acknowledged to the Peers commission that though he was assured that the forthcoming task-force assault would be even more successful than the two previous operations (Barker reported that he expected to find four hundred Vietcong in the area), he really knew very little about the plan for it. He was consulted about the mission, he said, simply because he was the only one who could authorize the use of helicopters, which Barker considered necessary. As Barker initially explained it to Koster, the main target was the village of My Lai 1, the center of the Pinkville area, where intelligence said the 48th Battalion had its headquarters. Although Koster approved the mission, he did not attempt to analyze it. He told the Peers commission, "I'm reasonably sure that he probably outlined the fact that there would be two blocking companies—one would get there overland, and the other two were air assaulted. . . . But I don't recall that I even focussed as to exactly where it was on the map, one of these little villages as opposed to another one. The one that had been the primary target was the one on the coast [My Lai 1], and the only time I really heard 'Pinkville' used was for that one right on the coast as opposed to any of the others. . . . Of course, that place was nothing but a bunch of rubble anyway. I knew they had gone in there on many occasions and tried to blow the dugouts and tunnels, and I knew that this was a continuing thing. Every time we went through there we tried to blow a few more of them."

At no point was there any formal, written plan outlining the tactical aspects of the operation. Barker's plan for the mission was not seen in any form by any top-level Americal Division officers, such as Lieutenant Colonel Tommy P. Trexler, the division intelligence chief. In addition, Major Calhoun, the task-force operations officer, couldn't recall any specific concern about the citizens of Son My before the March 16th operation, and he told the Peers commission that he thought there were only a hundred people living in My Lai 4, Charlie Company's main target. (The population was at least five hundred.) The Major did say, "On a continuous basis leaflets were dropped in the area advising the civilians to move into the refugee centers. . . . they [task-force personnel] had advised the civilians that it was an area they should move out of, and some of them, I understand, left." Although some officers at the division level were aware that the civilians, even if they wanted to leave, had no place to go, because the refugee camps were already overflowing, it is not clear whether anyone at Task Force Barker headquarters really understood that fact. It was a hopeless situation for the civilians in Son My, whatever their political affiliations, if any. Captain Charles K. Wyndham, who served until March 16th as the civil-affairs officer for Task Force Barker, told the Peers commission that he had never participated in any planning for the handling and safety of civilians before any operation with the task force. He added, "It's kind of useless to go out there [into the field, with an infantry company] and try to do civil affairs."

At one point in the planning for the operation, some unchallenged intelligence information about the civilians in My Lai 4 was received at the task-force headquarters: the residents would leave their hamlet about 7 A.M. on the day of the operation, a Saturday, to go to market. Since none of the planning details of the operation had been presented to higher headquarters, it was impossible for staff officers there to evaluate the intelligence information with any degree of sophistication. However, amid all the conflicting testimony before the Peers commission, a consensus did emerge that there was no basis for assuming that all the residents of My Lai 4 would leave the village about seven in the morning to go to market. In fact, former First Lieutenant Clarence E. Dukes, an intelligence officer at Americal Division headquarters, testified later that precisely the opposite might have been expected. "I would say that normally by sunrise if there were V.C. soldiers in a populated area they'd be moved out before dawn," he told the Peers commission. "Your women and children would be around town. Most of your male population would have moved out to their daily work." Colonel Trexler had a similar opinion. He testified, "An occupied village with any reasonable number of people, I would expect some of them to be there at any time of the day or night unless there was some other reason that they had been alerted to get out." He was then asked, "There would always be left behind children, toddlers, old women, old men, pregnant women, and persons in these categories?" He said yes.

With concern for possible civilian

casualties out of the way, the task force's attack plan was drawn up. As part of the planning for the attack, Colonel Barker ordered the task force's four support cannons to fire a three- to five-minute salvo of shells into the hamlet beginning at 7:20 A.M. on March 16th—about ten minutes before the landing of the first helicopter-borne squad of men, led by Lieutenant Calley, of Charlie Company. The process is known in the military as "prepping the area." Lieutenant Colonel Robert B. Luper was serving then as commanding officer of all the artillery units attached to the 11th Brigade. He told Peers that Barker wanted preparation fire but not on his landing zone, and explained, "This is a little different than we would normally expect, because he felt that the area that he was going to make his combat assault into was open enough that he could see if there was going to be any problem. He wanted the preparation fire north of his landing zone, which would have put it on My Lai, the village of My Lai." Asked if the entire five-minute attack was to be made against the village, Luper replied, "It was." The use of artillery on a populated village was considered routine by the officers of Task Force Barker. One justification for such tactics—which are in violation of international law—was offered to the Peers commission by Major Calhoun: "Of course, the most vulnerable time is coming down with the first landing, you have nothing there, no troops on the ground, and the choppers are slow and they are sitting down like ducks on the water. Or he [Barker] could put the fire into the area and, I'm sure, realizing that some civilians might be hurt. There is a difference between the sacrifice of American troops and the sacrifice of some civilians in this area."

Another justification cited for the shelling of the village was that such action had been cleared by the South Vietnamese authorities responsible for the area of operations. The Vietnamese considered the whole area to be dominated by the Vietcong and had long since declared it a free-fire zone. Captain Wayne E. Johnson, who was a liaison officer for the Americal Division attached to Second ARVN's headquarters, in Quang Ngai, told the Peers commission that he believed the Americans and South Vietnamese serving in Quang Ngai Province "felt that whatever people were out there were enemy," and explained, "If there was a target worth shooting at, it shouldn't be cancelled because of the presence of civilians." Approval was invariably

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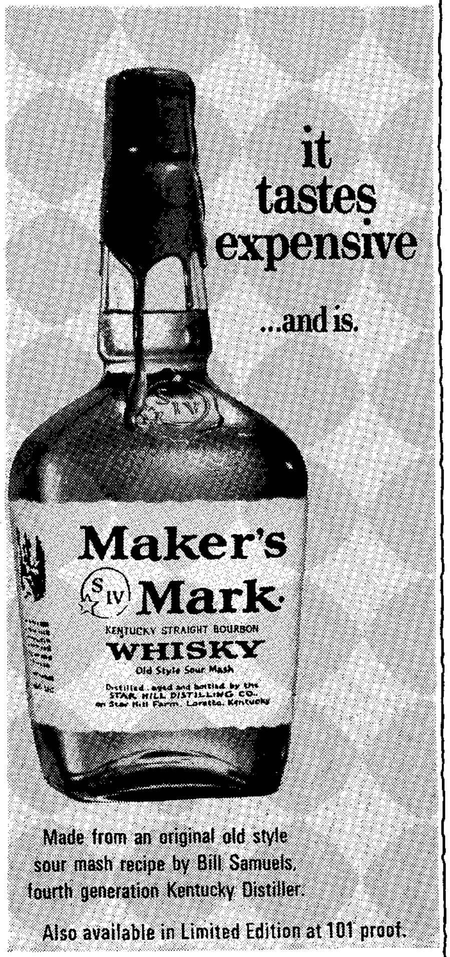

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granted by the South Vietnamese. "The district people didn't hold too many civilians to be in the area," Johnson said. "It didn't hold a large population." This view was tragically wrong, as a subsequent resettlement program demonstrated. American and Vietnamese authorities in Saigon began an uprooting of the people of Son My and neighboring villages in February, 1969, expecting to relocate four thousand civilians; at its end, there were twelve thousand people shifted from the area.

On March 15th, the day before the mission, Colonel Barker, Major Calhoun, and Captain Eugene M. Kotouc, the task-force intelligence officer, scheduled a complete operational briefing on the mission in a small tent just outside task-force headquarters. The session was attended by all the men who were going to play key roles in the attack the next day: Captain Medina, of Charlie Company; Captain Michles, of Bravo Company; Captain Stephen J. Gamble, the commanding officer of the four-cannon artillery battery stationed at Landing Zone Uptight, about five miles north of My Lai 4; and Major Frederic W. Watke, the commanding officer of the aero-scout company of the 123rd Aviation Battalion, which was stationed in the Americal Division headquarters area, at Chu Lai, and which would fly support for the mission. (Alpha Company, the third unit in Task Force Barker, which was headed by Captain William C. Riggs, was assigned no significant role in the operation.) Also present at the briefing was Colonel Henderson, who had formally taken command of the 11th Brigade only hours before.

The briefing itself was professionally crisp. The headquarters staff of Task Force Barker listened inside the crowded briefing tent as Colonel Henderson gave what amounted to a pep talk. It was a short talk, and Captain Gamble was later able to recall much of it before the Peers commission. "He generally reviewed what was going to occur the next day, and he mentioned that it was a very important operation, and the Vietcong unit that was located in that area. They wanted to get rid of them once and for all and get them out of that area. He stressed this point, and he wanted to make sure that everybody and all the companies were up to snuff and everything went like clockwork during the operation."

Captain Medina later testified that Colonel Henderson wanted the companies to get more aggressive. Medina told the Peers commission, "Colonel Henderson . . . stated that in the past two operations the failure of the operations was that the soldier was not aggressive enough in closing with the enemy. Therefore, we were leaving too many weapons and that the other enemy soldiers in the area, as they retreated, the women and children in the area would pick up the weapons and run and therefore by the time the soldiers arrived to where they had killed a V.C. that the weapon would be gone." Captain Kotouc testified that Henderson had said that "when we get through with that 48th Battalion, they won't be giving us any more trouble."

After Henderson spoke, Kotouc gave a quick summary of the intelligence situation, including the special report that all civilians would have left My Lai 4 by seven in the morning. Major Calhoun next presented a map review. Then Barker stood up. Kotouc recalled Barker's words vividly. "Colonel Barker said he wanted the area cleaned out, he wanted it neutralized, and he wanted the buildings knocked down," Kotouc told the Peers commission. "He wanted the hootches [huts] burned, and he wanted the tunnels filled in, and then he wanted the livestock and chickens run off, killed, or destroyed. Colonel Barker did not say anything about killing any civilians, sir, nor did I. He wanted to neutralize the area."

Captain Medina testified that Barker "instructed me to burn and destroy the village; to destroy any livestock, water buffalo, pigs, chickens; and to close any wells that we might find . . ."

WHO told Task Force Barker that all the civilians of My Lai 4 would leave the hamlet and be on their way to market shortly after 7 A.M. on March 16th? From whom did the task force receive information that four hundred members of the Vietcong 48th Battalion would be in the village of Son My on March 16th? These two questions remained unanswered throughout the Army's lengthy hearings on the massacre at My Lai 4. Witnesses were consistently asked if they knew of any documents or people that had provided such information; the answers were invariably vague. "No, sir. I cannot cite any document," Captain Kotouc said in response to such a question from a member of the Peers commission. "But it was through interrogation of people, people I had talked to. This was always—this was the part we were trying to figure out, how they moved in the area. They all came and went about the same time. . . . If I

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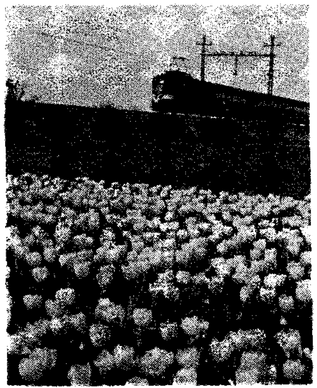

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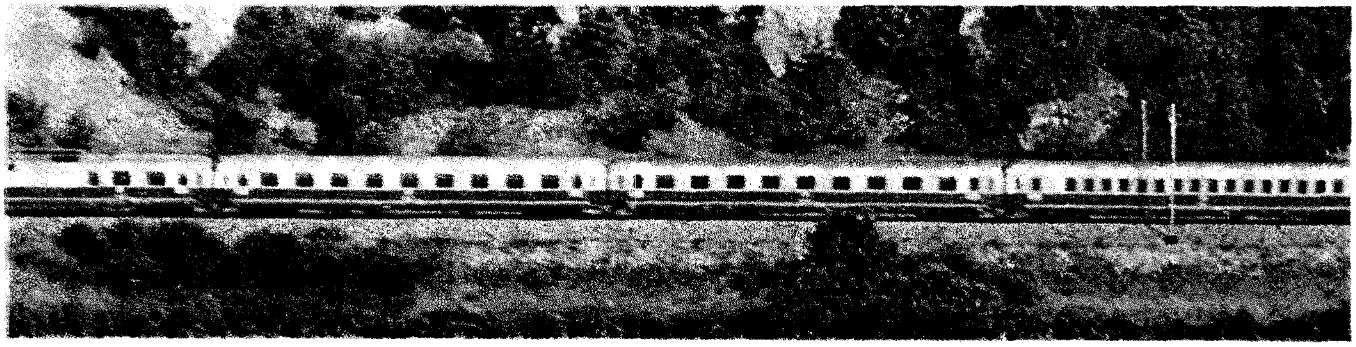

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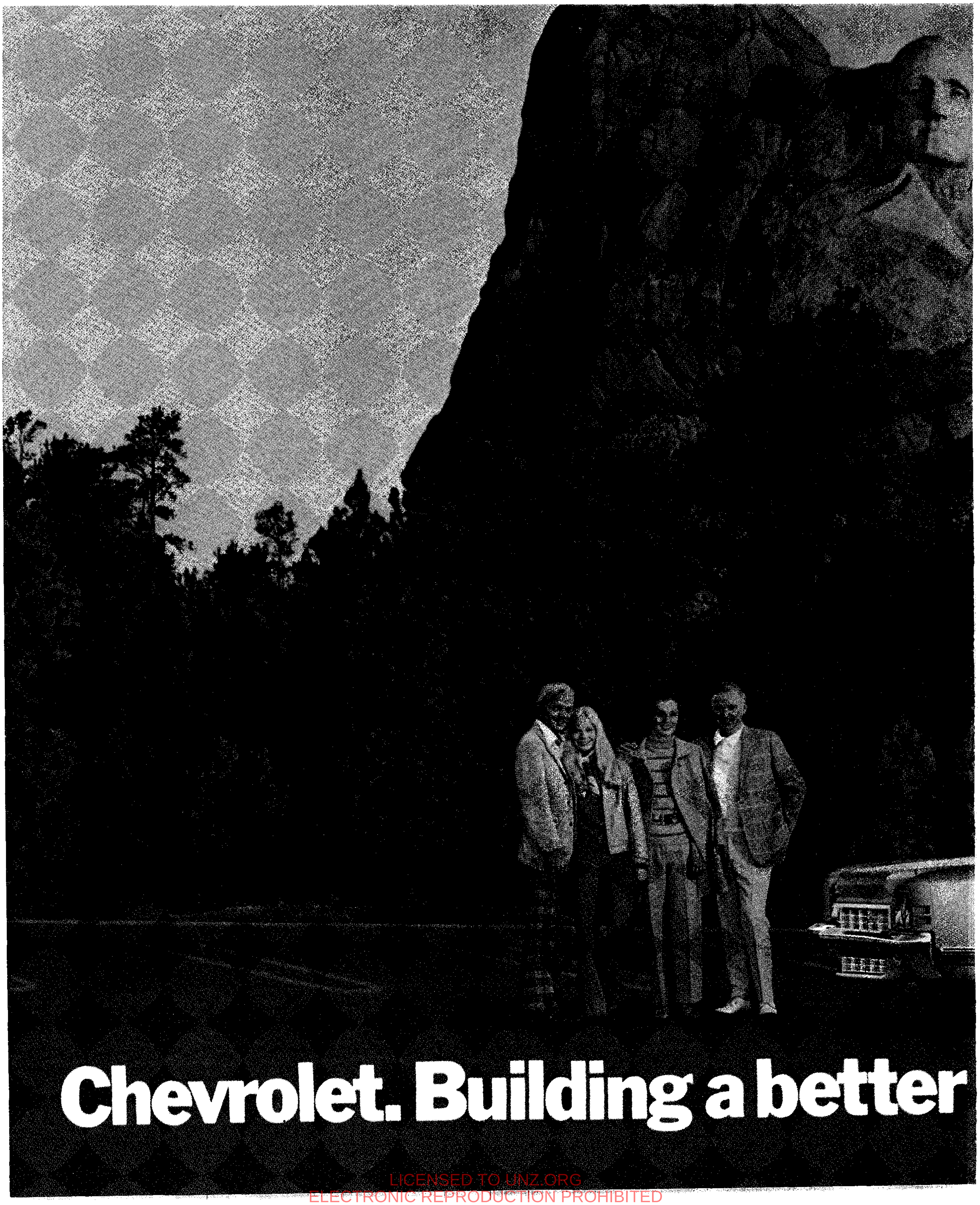

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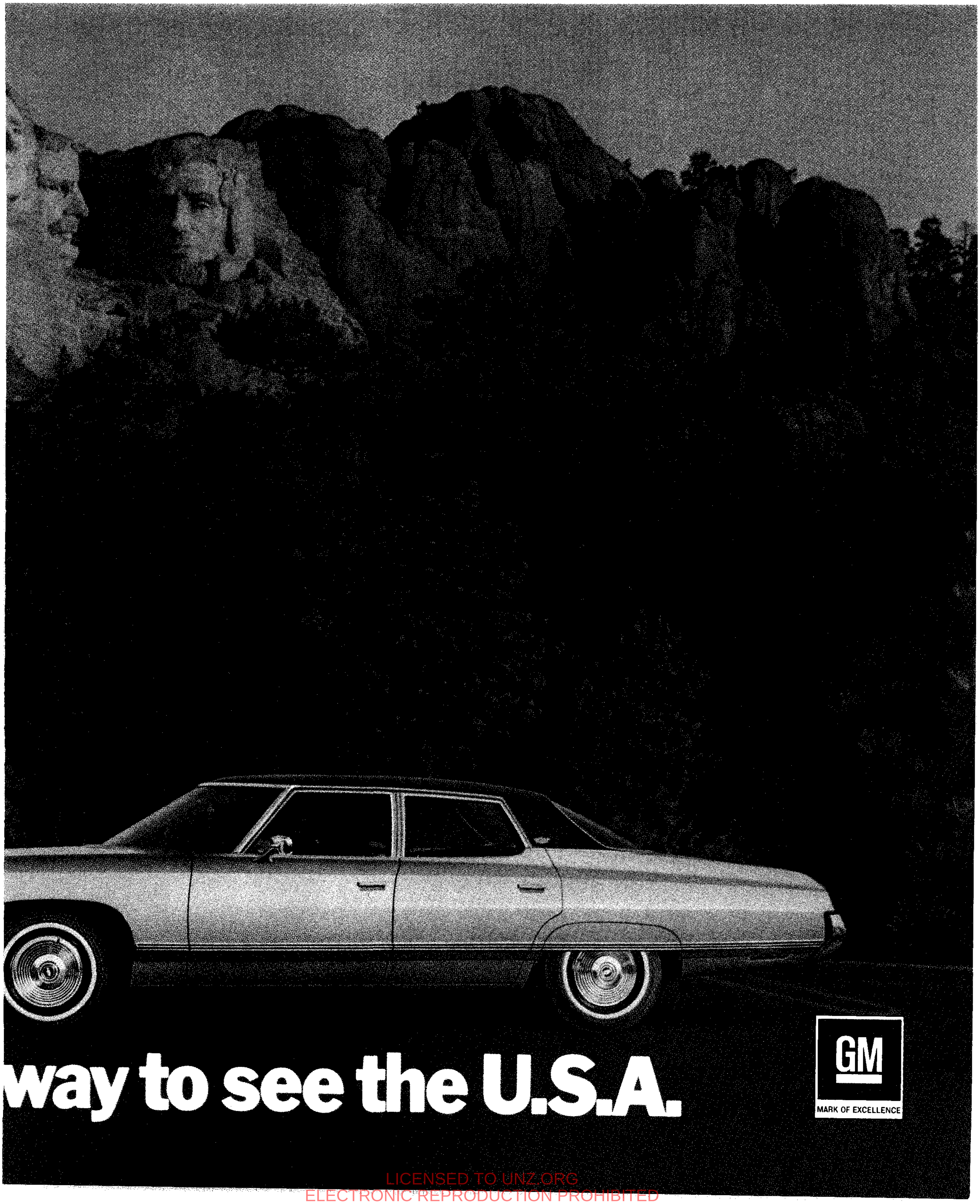

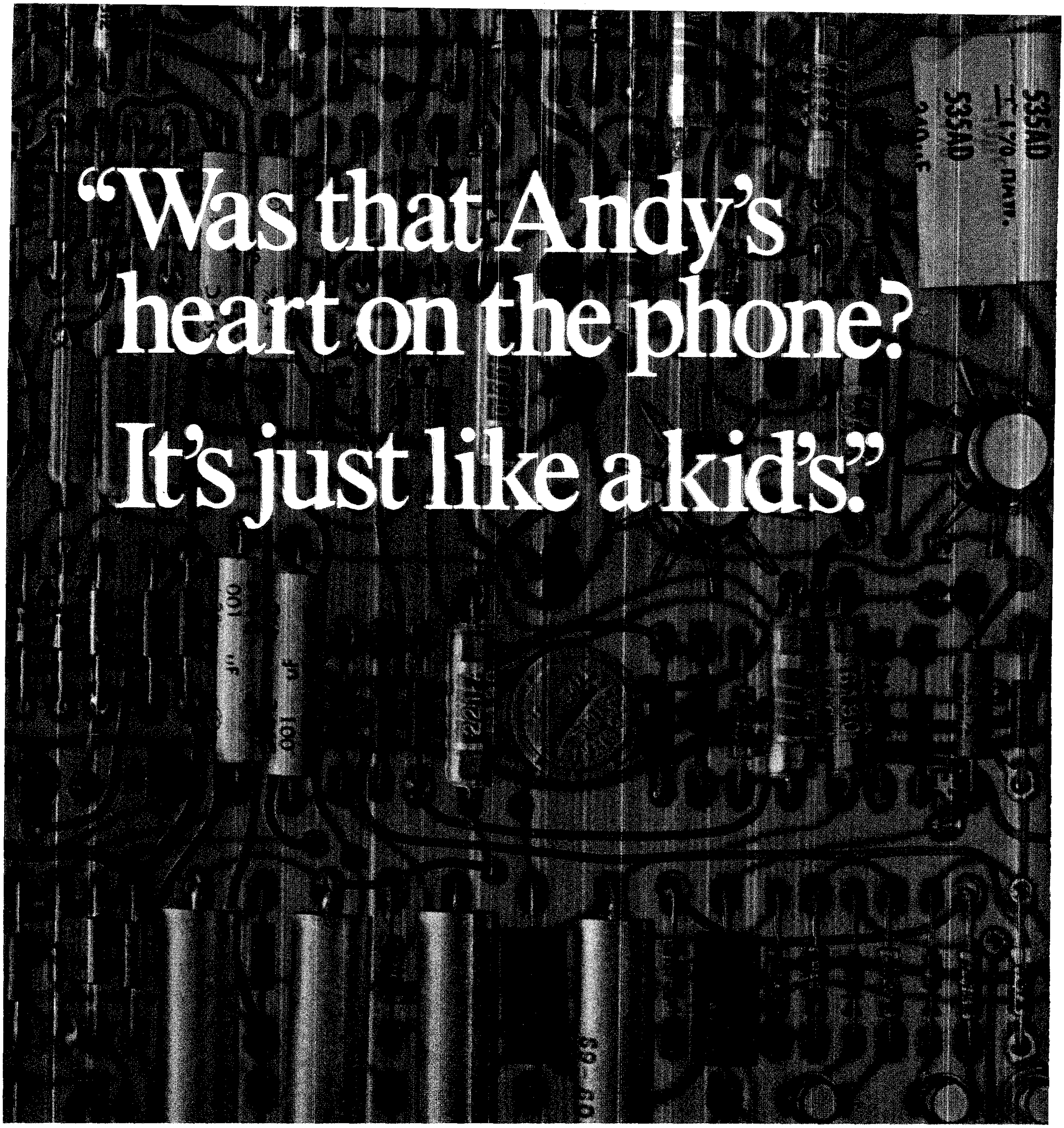
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recall, part of it [the intelligence] came from Colonel Barker. Information, I think, he received from his contacts or somewhere like that. It is very difficult for me to pin it down."

Undoubtedly, the men of the task force had some reasons of their own for believing that the 48th Battalion was in the Son My area; evidence of the unit's presence—old documents, for instance, and civilians who perhaps knew of some of the unit's recent movements—could be found at any time throughout the Batangan Peninsula, which was, after all, the base of operations for the 48th. Barker made no further attempt to confirm the enemy unit's location, because he felt that none was needed. If Barker or any of his aides had checked, they would have found that every intelligence desk at the provincial headquarters in Quang Ngai placed the 48th Battalion at least fifteen kilometres, or nine miles, west of the city. They would also have learned that the unit was considered to be in poor fighting condition, because it had suffered heavy losses while attacking Quang Ngai during the Tet offensive. "Whatever was left of them was out in the mountains," Gerald Stout, who was then an Army intelligence officer with the Americal Division and is now a law student at Syracuse University, told me in an interview. His information was based in part on highly classified reconnaissance flights over mountain areas.

There was no conspiracy to destroy the village of My Lai 4, or to kill the villagers; what took place there had happened before in Quang Ngai Province and would happen again—although with less drastic results. The desire of Colonel Barker to mount another successful operation in the area, with a high enemy body count; the belief shared by all the principals that everyone living in Son My was living there by choice, because of Communist sympathies; the assurance that no officials of the South Vietnamese government would protest any act of war in Son My; and the basic incompetence of many intelligence personnel in the Army—all these factors combined to enable a group of normally ambitious men to mount an unnecessary mission against a nonexistent enemy force and somehow find evidence to justify it.

THE assault on My Lai 4 began, like most combat assaults in Vietnam, with artillery and helicopters. Colonel Barker arrived over My Lai 4 in his command-and-control helicopter just in time to see the first barrage of artillery shells fall into the hamlet. Colonel Henderson's helicopter—filled with high-ranking officers—flew over the hamlet a few minutes later; trouble with a helicopter had delayed the Colonel's takeoff from his headquarters, at Duc Pho. General Koster flew in and out of the area throughout the early morning, watching the men of Charlie Company conduct their assault. The task-force log for March 16th, which was submitted to the Peers commission in evidence, shows that Lieutenant Calley's first platoon landed precisely at 7:30 A.M. at the landing zone outside My Lai 4. There were nine troop-carrying helicopters, and they were accompanied by two gunships from the 174th Aviation Company, which, with their guns blazing, had crisscrossed the landing zone moments before the combat troops landed, firing thousands of bullets and rockets in a fusillade designed to keep enemy gunmen at bay. Of course, there were no enemy gunmen, but it didn't matter that day: within minutes the statistics began filling the task-force daily log. At seven-thirty-five, Charlie Company officially claimed its first Vietcong; the victim was an old man who had jumped out of a hole waving his arms in fear and pleading. Seven minutes later, the gunships—known as Sharks—claimed three Vietcong killed; the dead men were reportedly seen with weapons and field gear. By eight, seventeen more Vietcong were said to have been killed. At three minutes past eight, Charlie Company said that it had found a radio and three boxes of medical supplies. At eight-forty, Charlie Company notified headquarters that it had counted a total of eighty-four dead Vietcong. By this time, My Lai 4 was in ruins. Lieutenant Calley and a number of the men in his platoon were already in the process of killing two large groups of civilians and filling a drainage ditch with the bodies. The second and third platoons were also committing wholesale murder, and some men had begun to set fire to anything in the hamlet that would burn. Wells were fouled, livestock was slaughtered, and food stocks were scattered.

The two Sharks from the 174th also committed murder that morning. After the artillery shells began falling, hundreds of civilians streamed from the hamlet, most of them travelling southwest toward the city of Quang Ngai. The two gunships flew overhead and began firing into the crowd. The time was about seven-forty-five. It was noted by Captain Brian W. Livingston,

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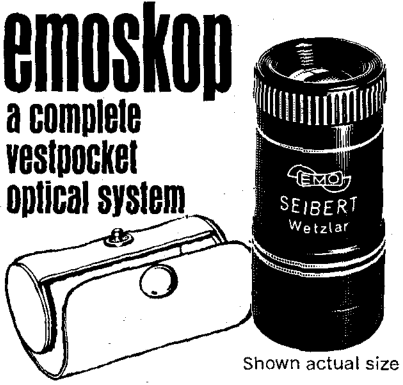

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a pilot from the 123rd Aviation Battalion, who was also flying in support of the mission. Livingston later flew over and took a close look at the victims; they were women, children, and old men—between thirty and fifty of them. Scott A. Baker, a flight commander with the 123rd, also watched the civilians leaving the village. He told the Peers commission later that the Sharks made a pass over the group with their guns firing and that moments later he saw twenty-five bodies on the road to Quang Ngai. The troops from Charlie Company had yet to move that far south, Baker said.

The killing continued for at least ninety minutes after eight-forty, but no more enemy kills for Charlie Company appeared in the task-force log. Charlie Company's body count officially ended at eight-forty in the morning on March 16th, with a report that it had killed eighty-four Vietcong and had captured documents, a radio, ammunition, and some medical supplies. The Sharks had reported a total of six enemy kills. Later that day, Bravo Company concluded its operation with an official body count of thirty-eight. (The total number of dead Vietcong allegedly slain by both the ground and air units over My Lai 4—a hundred and twenty-eight—would make the front pages of American newspapers the next morning. It was the most significant operation of the war for the 11th Brigade.)

The smoke over My Lai 4 could be seen for miles. First Lieutenant James T. Cooney was flying Colonel Henderson's helicopter over My Lai 4; he told the Peers commission, "I did notice several hootches burning, several buildings burning, possibly rice stores. I do remember there being burning going on on the ground at that time." Chief Warrant Officer Robert W. Witham was flying General Koster's helicopter; he similarly recalled "smoke and things like this, artillery." Even Captain Johnson, the Americal Division's liaison officer at Quang Ngai, about five miles to the southwest, saw the smoke. "I remember seeing smoke in the area and knowing that Task Force Barker was in the area," he told the Peers commission. "I accepted this. I assumed that I knew what was happening." The pilots saw it, but the officers they were flying claimed they did not. General Koster, asked by the Peers commission if he recalled seeing the village "pretty much up in smoke at that time when you flew over," responded simply, "No, sir, I don't." Colonel Henderson was asked a similar question, and replied, "I did not see My Lai 4 in flames or having been burnt or burning."

WARRANT OFFICERS JERRY R. CULVERHOUSE AND DANIEL R. MILLIANS were piloting a helicopter that morning in support of Charlie Company. Culverhouse and Millians, who were attached to the 123rd Aviation Battalion, were part of a new concept in the Vietnam air war. B Company of the 123rd was known as an aero-scout company, and its mission that day was to cut off enemy troops attempting to flee Task Force Barker's trap in My Lai 4. The pilots usually teamed up with a second gunship, and both usually flew above a small observation helicopter. On the morning of March 16th, the observation helicopter was manned by Chief Warrant Officer Hugh C. Thompson, Jr., of Atlanta. Above the gunships, in turn, were two or three helicopters carrying infantrymen. The concept called for the observation craft to flush out the enemy, so the gunships could force them to halt. If the enemy avoided the gunships, the infantrymen would be landed (the 123rd pilots described this process as "inserting the animals") to engage the Vietcong. Culverhouse and Millians arrived at their duty station sometime after nine and joined up with Captain Livingston. The hamlet was still aflame. They began flying back and forth across My Lai 4 and the nearby paddy fields, on the prowl for Vietcong. Culverhouse later told the Peers commission, "It appeared to us there it was fairly secure. We heard no shooting and didn't receive any fire ourselves. . . . And we immediately noted the bodies surrounding the village. . . . there were numerous bodies scattered both in the inner perimeters of the village and in the outer perimeters leaving the village. . . . I was especially . . . amazed at one group of bodies encountered. . . . over on the east side of the village there was an irrigation ditch, which appeared to me to be about six or seven feet wide. . . . [and] probably five or six feet deep. . . . there were numerous bodies that appeared to be piled up. In some places, I don't know, maybe four or five or I suppose as high as six deep. . . . For an area about—around thirty to thirty-five yards the ditch was almost completely filled with bodies."

Later, at Thompson's insistence, Culverhouse and Millians landed their helicopter and removed some civilians from a bunker. Thompson was in a rage: he had spent the morning watching Charlie Company commit murder. Finally, observing about ten women and children huddled in fear as Lieutenant Calley and his men approached them, Thompson landed his craft, ordered his two machine gunners to train their weapons on Calley, and announced that he was going to fly the civilians to safety. "The only way you'll get them out is with a hand grenade," Calley replied. Thompson radioed to Culverhouse and Millians and asked them to land their helicopter to begin evacuating the civilians. They descended. For combat helicopter pilots, the decision to land was heresy, because the aircraft are exceptionally vulnerable to enemy fire during the slow moments of descent and ascent. As the helicopter landed, Thompson and his door gunner began coaxing the civilians into the craft.

Captain Livingston testified before the Peers commission that he had heard Thompson make three separate radio transmissions about unwarranted killings, beginning sometime after nine. Thompson complained twice about a captain who had shot and killed a Vietnamese woman, and his third complaint was about a black sergeant who had done the same thing.

General Koster habitually kept up with the swirl of action in his area of responsibility by monitoring three or four radio frequencies; he was constantly on the alert for the first signs of trouble or enemy contact anywhere. Such signs can always be heard over the airwaves—calls for reinforcements, medical helicopters, more ammunition, more firepower. The General's helicopter had an elaborate radio console, and, if he chose, he could tune in on communications between helicopters and ground forces, the task force and the companies, or the brigade and the task force. Despite the information available to him, Koster, in his testimony to the Peers commission, could not recall any details of the My Lai 4 operation. Asked if he had seen the hundreds of Vietnamese civilians fleeing the hamlet that morning, the General replied, "I can't tie it to this particular operation. I've flown over several of them, and this one doesn't distinguish itself from any other as far as this type of thing is concerned." Colonel Henderson, however, testified that he saw from six to eight bodies that might be civilians during his early-morning flight over My Lai 4. He recalled checking immediately with Colonel Barker and being told that the victims had been killed by artillery fire. Those were the only bodies he reported seeing, although he flew over My Lai 4 on at least three

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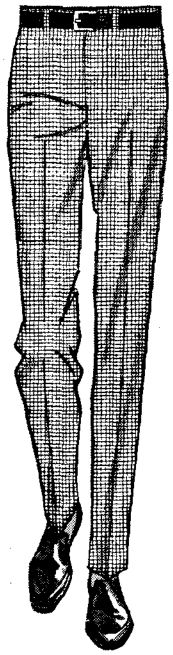

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occasions that day. At least one other passenger aboard his aircraft, however, testified to having seen many more. Sergeant Adcock, Henderson's radio operator that day, told the Peers commission that he had observed from thirty-five to forty bodies in all during his trips over My Lai 4. The command-and-control helicopter, he said, usually flew at an altitude of fifteen hundred feet—out of the range of small-arms fire—but had travelled much lower during the morning trips over the hamlet, occasionally going "low enough to make the rice wave." The other passengers on the flight were Major Robert W. McKnight, the 11th Brigade operations officer, who testified that he had seen perhaps five dead bodies; Colonel Luper, the brigade's artillery commander, who said he had seen from fifteen to twenty bodies; and Air Force Lieutenant Colonel William I. MacLachlan, who was assigned to coördinate air strikes, if necessary, and who said he had seen only a few bodies. None of the passengers, including Adcock, specifically recalled hearing anything about Americans' murdering Vietnamese.

The only known complaints made before nine that morning came from Thompson and other members of the 123rd Aviation Battalion. The helicopter unit, normally stationed at the Americal Division headquarters, at Chu Lai, had set up a special operations van and refuelling station at Landing Zone Dottie, the headquarters area (named after Colonel Barker's wife) for Task Force Barker, to increase the support it could provide for the task force. Former Specialist Fifth Class Lawrence J. Kubert, who was serving as the operations sergeant for the aero-scout company of the battalion, told the Peers commission that he and others in the van had heard pilots' complaints early that morning about the excessive shooting of civilians by the Sharks from the 174th Aviation Company. The complaints were relayed to the task-force operations center at Dottie, only three hundred yards away, with a warning that most of the persons fleeing the village were women and children. Kubert recalled that Colonel Henderson, identifying himself by his radio code name, Rawhide Six, subsequently warned the combat units by radio, "I don't want any unnecessary killing." A similar statement from Henderson was heard by two aero-scout pilots during the morning. Kubert said he assumed that the warning was directed at the gunships.

By 9 A.M., Colonel Henderson was back at the task-force operations center.

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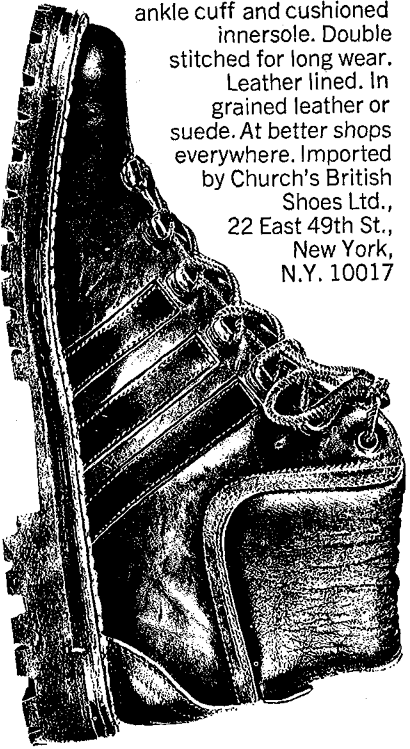

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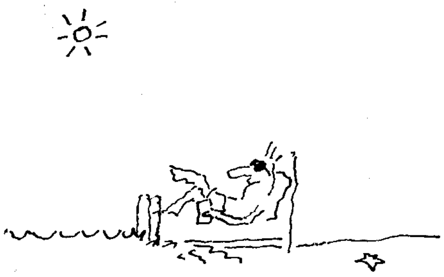

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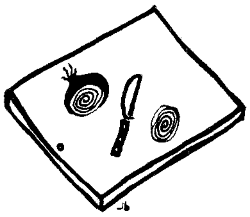
He had spent more than an hour over My Lai 4, leaving for only a few moments shortly after eight to watch Bravo Company begin its assault on My Lai 1—a target it never reached. Within the next thirty minutes, the Colonel was joined by most of the senior officers of the task force and the 11th Brigade. Major Calhoun, the task-force operations officer, and Master Sergeant William J. Johnson were monitoring the radios in the operations center. Captain Charles R. Lewellen, the assistant operations officer, who ran the night shift at the task-force operations center, had stayed up to transcribe the reports of the operation with his tape recorder. A copy of that tape was later made available to the Peers commission, and it provided a minute-by-minute timetable for the first hours of action. The tape also helped prove to the satisfaction of the Peers investigators that a coverup—involving the manipulation of battlefield statistics—had taken place between eight-thirty and nine-thirty at Landing Zone Dottie.



At that time, Colonel Barker was still flying over the combat area; he had been out there for more than an hour. At eight-twenty-eight, according to the Lewellen tape, Barker had radioed Captain Medina, saying, "I'm heading back to refuel. Have you had any contact down there yet?" Lewellen's tape did not record Medina's response, but Barker, apparently informed that the company was making a body count, said, "Dig deep. Take your time and get 'em [the Vietcong] out of those holes." Medina gave him the body count, and Barker asked, "Is that eight—ah, eight-four K.I.A.s?" Having been told that it was, Barker radioed Sergeant Johnson, "Returning to your location to refuel." A few minutes later, Barker landed at Dottie and rushed to the operations center, arriving just as a clerk was noting in the official task-force log, "Co. C has counted 69 V.C. K.I.A." The map coördinates for My Lai 4 were listed alongside the entry, which was filed at eight-forty. The log statistics were not cumulative, and the new report of sixty-nine kills, added to the earlier claims of fifteen, gave Charlie Company its total body count of eighty-four.

By this time, the operations center should have been in a state of jubilation, but most of the men there were aware that none of the normal sounds of combat were coming from the radios—just a steadily climbing total of enemy kills. The only American casualties reported by nine o'clock were a lieutenant and some enlisted men from Bravo Company who had triggered land mines. The Peers commission, during one of its interrogations of Colonel Henderson, suggested what really was going on: "They [Charlie Company] went through this place in less than an hour. By the time you were ready to come back [to Landing Zone Dottie], they had been practically through the village. . . . There were dead civilians all over the place. There wasn't any resistance. There wasn't a shot fired after that. . . . Hootches were burned by this time." About nine, Specialist Fifth Class Kubert relayed the reports from the pilots over My Lai 4 to the task force.

Just before nine, Colonel Barker flew from Dottie to the Bravo Company area, near My Lai 1, to evacuate the men wounded by mines and to approve the change in mission for Captain Michles's men. He returned about forty minutes later—well after the first of Warrant Officer Thompson's complaints had been received. Captain Kotouc, the task-force intelligence officer, who had spent the morning dashing in and out of the operations center, told the Peers commission that he had heard one of Thompson's protests over a task-force radio. "There was a report from . . . the helicopter pilot," he testified. "The report . . . was something about someone getting shot with a machine gun. 'Looks like they are shooting them with a machine gun. Someone is going across the road and is getting shot with a machine gun.' The helicopter pilot, whoever he was, said something like 'He doesn't have a weapon,' or words to that effect." The operations center was chaotic. By the time Thompson made his complaints, Bravo Company had been given permission to forget its main target, My Lai 1, the headquarters base of the V.C. 48th Battalion, and proceed instead to My Khe 4 and other hamlets to the south. Yet Major Calhoun did not know until the Peers commission told him that Bravo Company had not entered My Lai 1 on March 16th.

UNDER Army regulations, all the task force's significant actions had to be relayed immediately to the 11th Brigade for inclusion in that unit's reports to the Americal Division. The brigade daily log for March 16th noted that Task Force Barker had reported the following at nine-thirty: "Counted 69 V.C. K.I.A. as a result of Arty [ar-

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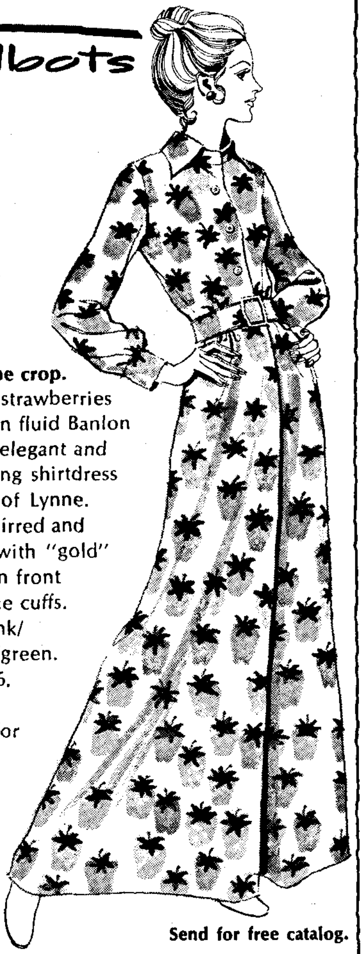

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tillery] fire." Suddenly and inexplicably, the sixty-nine kills reported by Charlie Company were attributed to artillery. The map coördinates for the engagement were also changed—to an area about six hundred metres north of My Lai 4. The altered information, which was filed with the brigade fifty minutes after the task force received it—an unheard-of delay for such "good" news—became a focal point of the Peers investigation, which was never able to learn who had filed it. The eight-forty entry was the last Charlie Company combat report logged by the task force for the day, although one witness told the Peers commission that he was with Captain Medina when the Captain radioed a body count of three hundred and ten, later that morning. (Medina and all the others involved denied any knowledge of such statistics.)

Peers and his staff closely questioned the artillery officers connected with the My Lai 4 operation in an attempt to determine how they had accepted credit, without question or investigation, for the killing of sixty-nine Vietcong as a result of a three- to five-minute artillery barrage. Captain Dennis R. Vazquez, the liaison officer between the task force and its artillery support, spent that morning aboard Colonel Barker's helicopter, and later claimed that the report of sixty-nine Vietcong killed by artillery had been provided him by an artillery forward observer assigned to Charlie Company. He said he had accepted the statistic without question.

Captain Medina and former Lieutenant Roger L. Alaux, Jr., the artillery forward observer in Charlie Company, both testified that they knew nothing about large numbers of deaths caused by artillery and that they had no idea how the total of sixty-nine had originated. Alaux told the Peers commission that he had officially learned of the figure after the operation. "I accepted that number," he said. He added, however, that it did not impress him "as being a particularly valid number."

The figure similarly went without challenge from any of the senior artillery officers in either the battalion or the division. Colonel Luper, who flew over the area after learning of the sensational body count achieved by his men, did not check on the figure. Asked what he had done during the second ride with Henderson over My Lai 4, Luper responded, "I assume I rode in a helicopter, sir. I must have looked out some, but I'm telling you that I don't recall anything, sir."

At nine-thirty-five, General Koster landed at Dottie and was met by Colonel Henderson. According to Henderson, Koster "asked me how the operation was going, and I gave him the result as I knew it at that time." Henderson's testimony continued, "I did tell him, or he asked me, about any civilian casualties, and I do recall telling that, 'Yes, I had observed six to eight,' but I had no other report from Colonel Barker as to civilians killed, but I had observed these." In an earlier version of that statement, Henderson testified that he had told Koster that some of the civilians appeared to be victims of artillery fire, but he made no mention of gunfire. Koster's memory was consistently foggy throughout his interrogations by the Peers commission. He repeatedly denied any recollection of specific conversations. When Koster was told, for example, that Colonel Henderson had suggested that the General initiated the questions about civilian casualties, and was asked why, he said, "Nothing other than this was a populated area and I would have had concern, because, assuming I had been flying over the area of operations and had just seen a lot of civilians moving along the road." He could not recall if he was over the area that morning, he said, but "assumed" he had been. The two officers agreed that Koster had ordered Henderson to find out how many civilians were killed during the operation.

Henderson then took off for another tour of the My Lai 4 area, again accompanied by his staff. He told the Peers commission that he had radioed Barker and passed along Koster's demand that civilian casualties be tabulated. Henderson further testified that it was on this trip that he finally had noticed some burning buildings, and had again radioed Barker, "to ask him why those buildings were burning." Henderson continued, "To the best of my recollection, he told me that the ARVN [Army of the Republic of Vietnam] or—not the ARVN, the National Police or the company interpreter . . . that was with the companies were setting them afire. And I told him to stop it." At that point, there were no National Police—South Vietnamese paramilitary police units—on the mission.

Captain Medina testified, however, that he had never received any orders regarding the burning, which continued for some time after the shooting ended. Medina did acknowledge that Major Calhoun, as a result of Warrant Officer Thompson's complaints about the shooting of civilians, had radioed him, "Make sure that . . . innocent civilians were not being killed. I notified all the platoon leaders . . . to . . . put the word out to their people that if there were any innocent civilians, or any women and children who were not armed, make sure they did not shoot them." (A similar warning was given to Captain Michles.) Calhoun's warning was broadcast on the frequency assigned to Charlie Company and not on the task-force frequency, thus eliminating its chances of being monitored at higher headquarters. At this point, Medina testified that he had seen "somewhere between twenty to twenty-eight" dead civilians in My Lai 4, but he claimed nonetheless that Thompson's complaints were based solely on his killing of a woman in a paddy field outside the hamlet. (Lieutenant Alaux, who was at Medina's side throughout the operation, told the Peers commission, however, that he had observed sixty to seventy bodies in the hamlet.) Medina said that he had shot the woman, with Thompson's helicopter overhead, after she made a threatening gesture.

Around eleven that morning, the men of Charlie Company were preparing to have lunch, and Specialist Fifth Class Roberts, of the brigade public-information office, who had landed with Charlie Company and had witnessed the murder of women and children, thought that it was time for him to check in with Bravo Company, near My Lai 1. "I guess I was looking for a story of American heroics in combat," Roberts told the Peers commission. "Maybe I could go somewhere else and see what was going on."

Warrant Officer Thompson returned to the improvised helicopter base at Dottie before noon. He and his two crewmen were enraged and frustrated. Their last mission had been to fly a wounded Vietnamese boy to a civilian hospital in the city of Quang Ngai; they had spotted the youth—still alive—amid the bodies in the huge ditch at My Lai 4. Thompson had landed his helicopter near the ditch—the third time he had been on the ground that morning—and his crewmen had rescued the boy. His clothes bloody, Thompson walked into the operations van to describe the scene to Major Watke, the commander of the 123rd Aviation Battalion's aero-scout company. A few other pilots went with him. Specialist Fifth Class Kubert later told the Peers commission that he had listened closely. "They were white, their faces drawn . . ." he testified. "They were very tense, very angry. . . . The whole feeling—it wasn't just one man, it was three or four saying the same thing, the look, the force that they put out—was one

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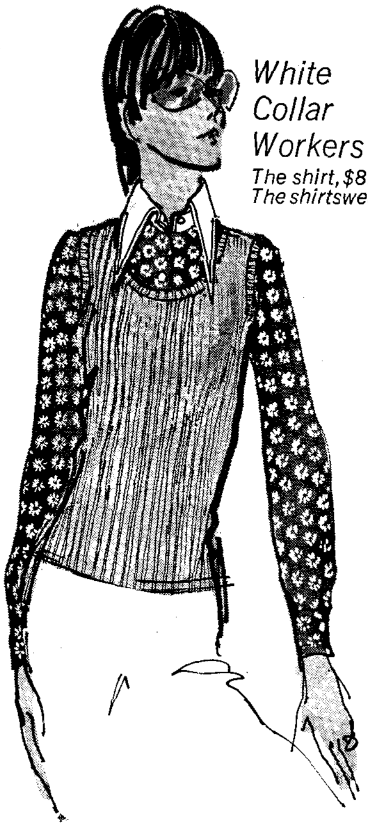

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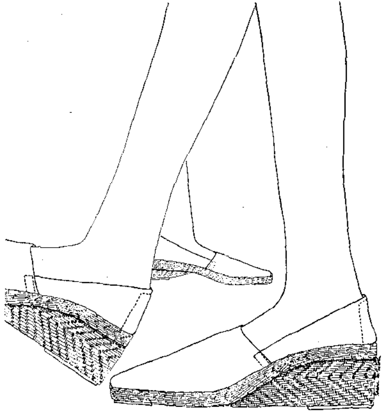

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of seeing something terrible. And these are men that are used to seeing death."

Watke, according to his later testimony, did not share his pilots' rage. He was left with the impression that perhaps twenty or thirty civilians had been killed—"people that obviously could've been construed, I guess, as not having been hostile," he told the Peers commission. He also testified that he did not recall hearing details from Thompson about a ditch filled with bodies. The fact is that Watke was more immediately concerned with Thompson's having landed at My Lai 4—and having thus interfered with the prerogatives of a ground commander—than with Thompson's story of a massacre. "In my mind, after I had talked with them, I was left with the impression that it was just in their minds," he testified. "Maybe there was a little shooting in the area that wasn't called for. That was the only impression that I went to Colonel Barker on." Watke spent fifteen minutes debating what would happen to him if he reported the massacre story. He finally decided to go to Barker.

Watke went to the nearby task-force operations center at Dottie and reported the incident to Barker, stressing not the murders but the confrontation between his helicopter pilots and the ground troops. By then, Barker had received the reports of indiscriminate shooting from the radios, and had flown over My Lai 4 to have a look. Recalling Barker's first reaction, Watke testified, "Colonel Barker didn't get indignant when I brought it to his attention. His first action was to call out and, as best as I can recall, Major Calhoun was airborne, and he told Major Calhoun, in effect, to look into this." Major Calhoun testified that after receiving Barker's request he had checked with Captain Medina and told him "to make sure that there was no unnecessary killing of civilians and no unnecessary burning." By that time, of course, the warning was far too late. The Major also said that he had flown over Bravo Company's operational area at roughly the same time to check with the company. Not long after, Lieutenant Thomas Willingham, the leader of the company's first platoon, ordered his men to cover the slaughtered civilians at My Khe 4 with straw.

BY noon, it was clear to most of the men on duty at the 11th Brigade operations center—as it had been for some time at task-force headquarters—that something was seriously wrong at My Lai 4. "Nobody was proud of the body count," John Waldeck, a former intelligence clerk, told me in an interview. "The officers seemed to kind of restrain themselves." Waldeck clearly remembered hearing radio reports from Thompson on the morning of March 16th. "They came in for only a few moments," he said. "I remember him saying that civilians were running all over and they [the men of Charlie Company] were zapping them." Roy D. Kirkpatrick, the operations sergeant for the brigade, told the Peers commission he had heard Thompson say that Charlie Company was shooting civilians. The Sergeant, a career Army man, indicated that he wasn't much upset by the report. "We called back to Colonel Barker . . . and asked him what was going on," he said. "The indication that I took from my position in the T.O.C. [tactical-operations center] would have been to not give credit to this, because the people that we were combatting were dressed as civilians."

The brigade staff spent much of the day on the telephone to the task-force operations center, urging Major Calhoun and the other men on duty there to pursue the enemy and capture more weapons. Everyone was aware of what was happening in the field, Waldeck said. "We weren't taking any weapons and had no casualties," he told me. "And there were no calls for help, medevacs, or gunships—none of that." At one point, he said, Lieutenant Colonel Richard K. Blackledge, the brigade intelligence officer, had come into the operations center and expressed concern. Yet Blackledge, when he testified before the Peers commission, said, "The only thing I was really aware of was how many casualties we had taken that day. It was quite light and I just attributed this to the fact that we had caught them with their pants down. . . . it appeared to be the case, because we never had this kind of figure in such a short time."

Colonel Henderson, in a written statement he gave to the Peers commission, said that he had discussed the operations at least twice with Colonel Barker during the early afternoon. He added, "I received a report from him that a total of some one hundred and twenty-eight enemy and twenty-four civilians had been killed in the operation. He was still attempting to secure additional information regarding the manner in which the civilians had been killed." Specialist Fifth Class Jay Roberts, of the brigade's public-information office, also saw Barker that afternoon. Roberts returned to Landing

Zone Dottie disturbed about what he had seen and unsure about what to write. The truth, he knew, would probably never leave the brigade public-information office. Roberts told the Peers commission that he had interviewed Barker about the mission at the task-force operations center a few hours after returning from the mission. "I asked him for a statement, 'Give me a quote on your opinion of the operation,' things like that, and he said something to the effect that it had been highly successful, that we had two entire companies on the ground in less than an hour and they had moved swiftly with complete surprise to the V.C. in the area. . . . And I asked him, of course . . . about the high body count and the low number of weapons, and he just indicated to me that—you know—that I would do a good job writing the story, and said: 'Don't worry about it.' . . . He did . . . indicate to me that he didn't feel that it was necessary for him to comment on it. It wasn't part of my story, particularly, anyhow, and I would do a fine job with the information that I had." Roberts' story, which was rewritten by Army public-information offices along the chain of command, was the basis of that day's news about a "victory."

In addition to starting a chain of events that led to the distortion in news reports of what happened that day, Colonel Barker had taken three other steps that, in effect, obscured the truth about My Lai 4: he had indicated to his artillery liaison officer, Captain Vazquez, that the report of sixty-nine Vietcong deaths resulting from artillery fire should be accepted without question; he had assured Major Watke that Warrant Officer Thompson's report of the killing of civilians was unfounded; and, going over Colonel Henderson's head, he had urged General Koster to countermand an order from Henderson that would have sent Captain Medina and Charlie Company back into My Lai 4 to examine the destruction there.

That afternoon, when the pilots from the 123rd Aviation Battalion had completed their assignment at Landing Zone Dottie, they flew back to their home base, at Chu Lai. Captain Gerald S. Walker, a section leader with the aero-scout company, met the men at the flight line. Some of the pilots jumped off their aircraft and threw their helmets to the ground. "They all seemed quite upset," Walker told the Peers commission. "In fact, some of them seemed disgusted." Thompson was still complaining about what he had seen as he walked to the

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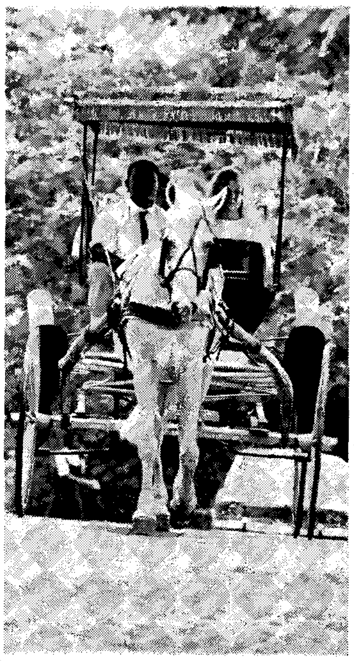

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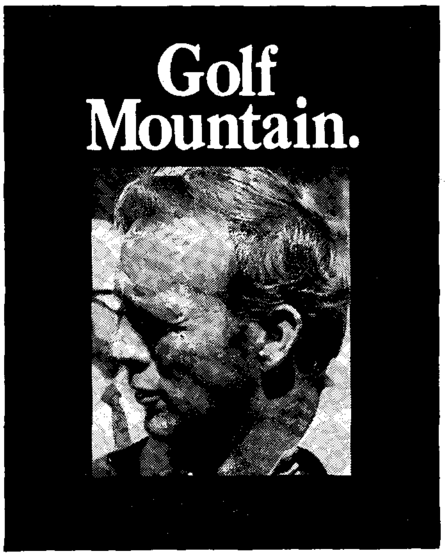

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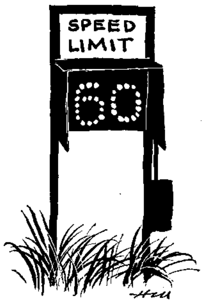
operations room to prepare his reports on the action. Major Watke, who had already been told by Barker that Thompson's story could not be substantiated, was also in the operations room. Walker recalled that Watke "tried to quiet some of the people down to try to keep it within our own group."

At three-fifty-five in the afternoon of March 16th, this entry was filed in the official Task Force Barker log: "Company B reports that none of V.C. body count reported by his unit were women and children. Company C reports that approximately 10 to 11 women and children were killed either by arty or gunships. These were not included in the body count." The log noted that the information had been forwarded to the 11th Brigade, but the information did not appear in either the brigade or the division log for the day. Neither Major Calhoun nor Colonel Henderson could explain the entry to the Peers commission. After a series of sharp questions about the entry, Major Calhoun, on the advice of his counsel, decided to exercise his legal right to stop testifying.

In the evening of March 16th, the briefing officers of the Americal Division at Chu Lai reported a total Vietcong body count of a hundred and thirty-eight for the division, all but ten of the deaths having occurred as a result of the Task Force Barker operation. Lieutenant Colonel Francis R. Lewis, the division chaplain, was one of about fifty officers who attended the briefing that night. "We were told a hundred and twenty-eight V.C. were killed in the incident," Chaplain Lewis told the Peers commission. "And I heard . . . the G-5 . . . say, 'Ha ha, they were all women and children.'. . . Somebody else said, 'Geez, there were only three weapons.'. . . I think there was a general feeling that this was a bad show, that something should be investigated." There was no official mention of civilian casualties.



General Koster and General Young, the assistant division commander, left the briefing together, and they discussed the disparity between the number of people killed and the number of weapons captured. Captain Daniel A. Roberts, Koster's aide, was walking a few feet behind the men. "General Koster made some—there must have been some comment made by General Koster about the disparity," Roberts told the Peers commission, "and General Young was very annoyed. General Young said he was going to find out, he was going to continue to research the problem and determine what caused this disparity. It was my impression at the time that the 11th Brigade had lied about their body count—that the weapons were correct but the body count was inflated." Roberts said that the incident had taken place "during the period in which there was a great deal of concern over inflated body counts," and added, "We'd had many people come down investigating this thing."

At least three attempts were made that evening to bring some of the truth about My Lai 4 to the attention of higher authorities. Former Captain Barry C. Lloyd, a section leader with the 123rd Aviation Battalion, underlined some of the words in Warrant Officer Thompson's report and wrote the word "NOTICE" in capital letters beneath a statement about civilians' being killed at My Lai 4. Such reports, Lloyd testified, were filed after every mission with the battalion intelligence office. He hoped that his small action would make some of the senior officers in the battalion begin asking questions. Kubert, the acting operations sergeant for the aero-scout company, also filed a report. "I wrote that there was approximately one hundred to one hundred and fifty women and children killed," Kubert told the Peers commission. "And that was about it as far as our action was concerned." Copies of his report were sent to the aviation headquarters of the Americal Division and also to the division intelligence office. The Peers investigators were unable to find either of the reports or any officer at division headquarters who had any knowledge of them.

Major Watke spent much of the evening in his office at Chu Lai brooding over the discrepancies between what he had learned from his men and what he had been told by Colonel Barker. Around ten, Watke decided to take his story to his immediate superior in the chain of command, Lieutenant Colonel John L. Holladay, the commander of the 123rd Battalion. Much of his worry was over his own future, Watke told the Peers commission. He said, "I still didn't at the time put all that much significance in the allegation . . . but I told him because I didn't want someone to come back and surprise him [by saying] that I was out charging people and creating incidents which weren't founded and he wouldn't be able to at least halfway come to my defense." Watke's greatest concern was over the possible ramifications of Thompson's interference with the commander on the ground at My Lai 4. He told Holladay about Thompson's reasons for making the unusual landings on the ground, but he apparently wasn't convinced himself that the pilot's actions had been justified. Holladay warned him, Watke recalled, that "my charge was quite something and if it proved to be false . . . that I would just basically be ruined." But Holladay was more concerned about the reports of indiscriminate killings than about the possible violations of procedure by Thompson. He had sat through the evening briefing at Division, and perhaps he, too, had been wondering about the high body count and the small number of captured weapons reported by Task Force Barker. "At the conclusion of my little story . . . he [Holladay] asked me if I realized what I was doing, and he told me I had better make sure if I was to stand on it," Watke testified. "I thought about it for a while and I said, 'Yes, I stand on what I said.' " There was no question in Holladay's mind after Watke's visit but that a great many civilians had been murdered—perhaps as many as a hundred and twenty. Holladay told the Peers commission that he had considered waking up his immediate superior, General Young, that night to relay Watke's account but decided to wait until the next morning. He ordered Watke to meet him sometime after seven o'clock.

Sometime during the evening of the sixteenth, Colonel Henderson telephoned General Koster at his headquarters to report that at least twenty civilians had been inadvertently killed at My Lai 4—something that Koster already knew from Captain Medina. Henderson's information, however, came from Barker, who had been told to prepare a three-by-five index card for him detailing how each of the twenty victims was killed. Barker's list would claim that the deaths were caused either by artillery or by helicopter-gunship fire. Henderson's report should not have surprised Koster, yet the Colonel recalled that the commanding general "evidenced considerable surprise and shock at the number." He continued, "General Koster was very unhappy, as was I, over this abnormally high number of civilians having been reportedly killed. But there were no further instructions from the General."

—SEYMOUR M. HERSH

(This is the first of two articles on the Army's investigation of the Son My massacres.)

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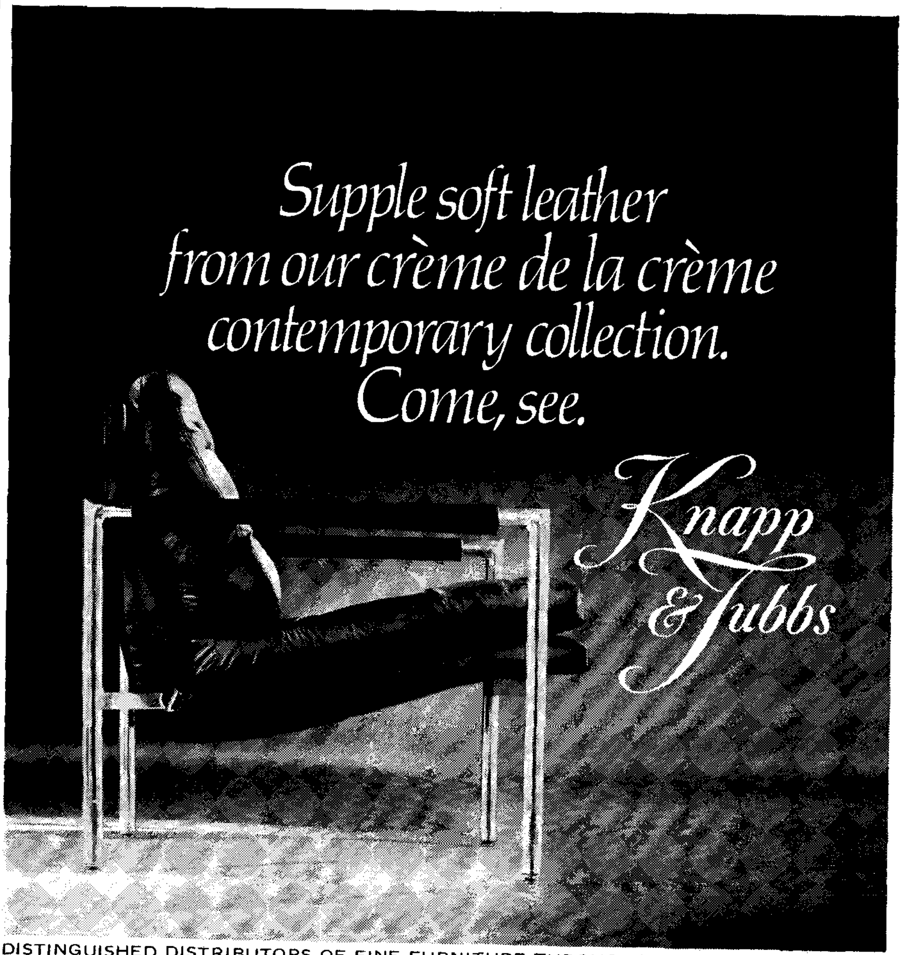
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THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

"The Ride Across Lake Constance," at the Forum, appears to be theatre about theatre—every convention and cliché of every sort of theatre—and perhaps about movies, too, and its form is nonsense, very shrewd nonsense indeed. I say "appears to be" and "perhaps" because if Peter Handke, who wrote it, had any more serious purpose in mind, I certainly missed it. No man that clever and original could possibly be bothering us with news about illusion and reality, for example. The five principals—Stephen Elliott, Paul Hecht, Salome Jens, Priscilla Pointer, and Keene Curtis, who play characters bearing their own names—slip from one stage chestnut to the next in unabated deadpan mockery, as episode follows episode. Once onstage, they remain there the whole time, engaged with one another in what might be considered a series of parlor games. All of them act with the skill that this kind of performing requires—there is far more to it than just striking the right attitudes—and with the greatest relish. They seem to be having the time of their lives, and, as much as anything else, I enjoyed watching the actors enjoying themselves. The playwright has invented any number of amusing things for them to do and, via Michael Roloff's translation from the German, some amusing things for them to say. (Often "The Ride Across Lake Constance" seems to be writing about writing, too. There is a good deal of playing around with literary clichés, as well as with dramatic ones.) The show does go on far too long, however, and when, at times, it slides into a kind of Teutonic, or at least Middle European, silliness, I found my attention wandering.

We are told in the program that Mr. Handke, at twenty-nine, is known as an *enfant terrible* of German letters. Some *enfancy!* Two of his one-acters were done at the Chelsea last season, and I found them hopelessly tedious. This production, under Carl Weber's trim, knowing direction, is anything but. Dahl Delu's setting (a stagy drawing room with a flight of stairs at center for bravura entrances), his costumes, and John Gleason's lighting, plus the actors' makeups, have just the right touches of outlandishness and distortion. As for the mysterious title, I again quote from the program: "A proverbial expression frequently used in Germany is that someone has 'taken a ride across Lake Constance.' In other words, the person has been in a situation of considerable danger and has been unaware of it until afterwards."

The opening of "Gertrude" and "Demon" at La Mama last week marked the Off Broadway début of Ellen Stewart's La Mama ETC Company, after many years Off Off Broadway and in various places in Europe, South America, and Asia. The little theatre on East Fourth Street is charming and worthy of the occasion, and so is the company. Both shows, which should be considered minute operas rather than plays, are the handiwork of the team of Wilford Leach and John Braswell. Mr. Leach doubles as director and writer; Mr. Braswell triples as co-director, actor, and on-and-off composer. "Demon," the second and far more successful of the two, is based on a Japanese *no* play of the fourteenth or fifteenth century called "The Damask Drum," and is about an old sweeper at a court who falls in love with a young, deceitful princess and who learns in the course of the action that all are not equal in love, as she has led him to believe, but only in death. The style of presentation, with its choreographed movements and extreme formality, is Asiatic and purposely mannered. The production is decorative and, in its way, perfect, but its way is very precious. The most arresting visual moment, among many, is the first entrance of the princess, carried aloft by her ladies-in-waiting, all of whom are covered by the immense train of her gorgeous damask robe. At the end, after the old sweeper has killed himself and the princess has drowned in a sinister, spirit-ridden lake, that robe revolves around and around on an empty stage. The aural effects are as odd and surprising as the visual ones. The princess mouths her words, which are sung falsetto by a man standing at the side of the stage. Mr. Braswell's percussive music is appropriately strange. (It is conducted, by the way, by a pretty blonde named Zizi Mueller, who also plays flute or drums when the occasion demands.) In a production as stylized as this one, it is almost impossible to single out individual performances, but William Finley manages to surmount the obstacles. His old sweeper has a wonderfully haunted and haunting quality.

The interminable "Gertrude," which opens the evening, announces itself as a valentine to Gertrude Stein. It is an exercise in a kind of coy, bitchy cutting up that drives me crazy, and never once do the actors capture that odd combination of gravity and idiosyncratic humor that is the spirit of Gertrude Stein, and that Al Carmines caught to perfection in his "In Circles," a far more modest work. In this case, the music, which, I must admit, I was too annoyed to listen to properly, is by Ben Johnston. —Edith Oliver

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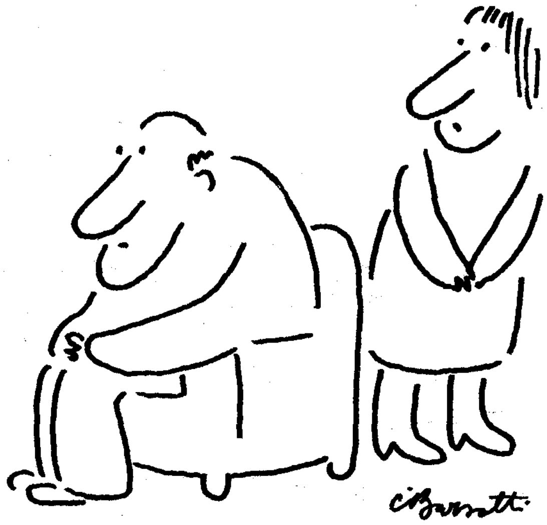
AROUND CITY HALL

ON THE ROAD

IF New Yorkers often seem to be more preoccupied with politics than most citizens, the reason no doubt has something to do with the relentless schedule of elections for President, governor, senator, congressman, mayor, borough president, and a hundred lesser posts for which their voting favors are sought with such importunity and at such vast expense that some economists say running for office should be designated a major local industry. For the larger part of three out of every four years, the city's voters are under political siege, their senses assaulted by exclamatory headlines, gimmicky spot announcements, blaring sound trucks, clubhouse throwaways that swirl around their knees on windy days, and candidates who grab for their hands as they push through subway turnstiles on their way to work. The electioneering hoopla starts early in the spring, often before the snow has melted, reaches a preliminary peak in the week of the June primaries, and, after a brief midsummer recess while all forces regroup, begins a crescendo that finally ends on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, by which time it is often snowing again. The voters were spared all that last year, for 1971 was the first year since 1967 without a national, state, or major local election looming near its end, and so gave the city its quadrennial respite from an otherwise virtually unrelieved condition of political gravidity. In the unaccustomed lull, many New Yorkers took a desultory interest in the only political game in town—the various debates over whether John Lindsay should switch parties and fight for the Presidency in 1972, settle into his natural milieu as a replacement for Johnny Carson if the entertainer moves to Hollywood, or, possibly, get off the city's back entirely and go join his pal Mao in Peking, as letter writers to the *News* used to suggest at regular intervals before President Nixon's new travel plans got them so confused.

Now that the fallow political year is over—along with the Lindsay switch-and-fight debate—local politicians are charging up for the 1972 congressional and state-legislative elections, which are currently complicated by reapportionment problems. Just ahead is what Manhattan Representative Edward Koch has called "the night of the long knives," during which the Republican-dominated legislature will remake the congressional districts to reflect according to its own lights the population changes of the 1970 census. Except where certain accommodations are made for coöperative members of the opposition, the carving-up process will insure Republican and Conservative victories as far as possible, and imperil those of liberal Democrats, perhaps by such maneuvers as throwing two of them—Koch and Bella Abzug, for instance—into the same district or forcing James Scheuer, a Bronx Reform Democrat, to run against Mario Biaggi, a solidly entrenched Conservative. The redrawing of the state's legislative districts, concluded at a special session in Albany last month, resulted in districts shaped, variously, like a dragon's head, a horseshoe, and what one Democratic state senator glumly described as "two hot dogs on a string." "I got rid of twenty-nine thousand people on public welfare, twenty-four thousand in public housing, and got homeowners instead, so I did pretty good," crowed a more satisfied customer, the Brooklyn Republican assemblyman Vito Battista. The new lines have been challenged in the courts as a violation of the state constitution's requirement that such districts be "compact and contiguous," and congressional reapportionment is also likely to end up in a legal battle, which may or may not be settled by election time. Not knowing where they stand—or may have to stand from—many city officeholders, especially those from borderline areas where shifting a line a few blocks to the east or west could convert a predominantly Jewish or Italian constituency into one that is heavily black or Puerto Rican, tread around civic controversies these days as if they were minefields. ("I don't think you could get some of them to tell you their names right now," one Democratic leader remarked.) Even among city councilmen, who aren't up for reëlection until 1973, there has been some display of political muscle over an impending redistricting that will increase the Council from thirty-seven members to forty-three. A while back, the Queens councilman Matthew Troy, who is also his county's Democratic leader, got into a spat with Edward Sadowsky, a Reform Democrat from Queens. "We'll redistrict so that George Wallace would be too liberal to get elected in his area," Troy threatened later. (When it quoted him, the *Times*, leaving nothing to chance, noted parenthetically that the George Wallace referred to was the one from Alabama.)

ON the surface, at least, the fact that for the first time in history a New York mayor—and there have been a hundred and three—is now a formal candidate for the Presidency seems to be having virtually no effect on the local political scene. Lindsay has simply become an even more inviting target for critics, because of his frequent trips out of town and his presumption in trying to head the national Democratic ticket four and a half months after joining the Party ranks. ("Frankly, if I were John Lindsay, I would have waited," commented Richard Gottfried, a Manhattan assemblyman who took office last year at the age of twenty-three.) Most politicians willing to be quoted on Lindsay's prospects have predicted disaster. "He'll burn in Florida and freeze in Wisconsin," said Troy, who calls the Mayor "the Pied Piper of Polarization." Others, shuffling their feet, have appeared to be waiting for a signal from some political higher-ups before even wishing Lindsay luck. There is little local reaction to reports that reach the city about his out-of-town philippics—whether he is deploring the heedlessness of Washington toward the urban majority; denouncing, often in areas that don't want to hear about it, the immorality of the federal government's refusal to outlaw cheap



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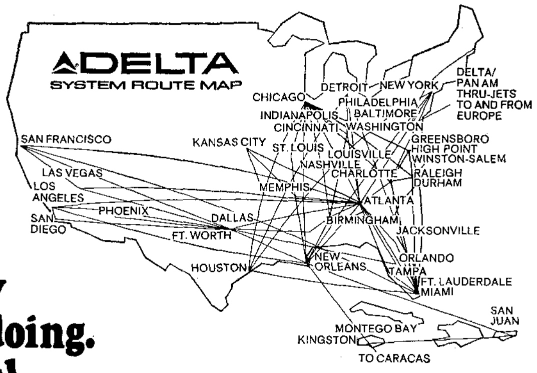
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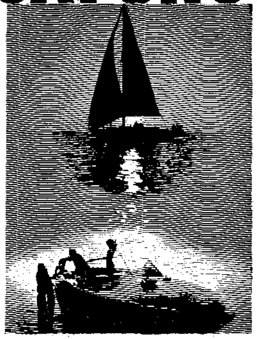

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handguns, with which ten New York policemen were killed last year; or calling for the immediate withdrawal of every American soldier from Vietnam. (In this era of painful confusion, the Christmas cartoon in the *News* featured a dove in the same week that Lindsay, whose "peacenik" activities the *News* has long deplored, was heckled by young anti-war demonstrators in Wisconsin. And Eugene McCarthy, having gracelessly dismissed all other candidates for the Democratic nomination besides himself as "losers," has said that he plans to attack Lindsay not on his highly vulnerable record as an administrator but on his Vietnam-war stand. "Mr. Lindsay has repeatedly said his opposition to the war dates back to 1965," noted the *Times* account, carefully dissociating itself from the claim, which is valid. There must be many days when the Mayor, scanning his recent coverage in the local press, feels a deep nostalgia for the old *Herald Tribune*, which always gave him the benefit of every doubt and hailed his 1965 election as "a glorious moment for New York.") For the most part, New Yorkers have already heard most of what Lindsay is telling the rest of the country, and when, as Joseph Alsop described it, "Mayor John V. Lindsay displays his torso and gives vent to fashionable outrage," that's nothing new here, either. It is now clear that the really significant political messages will be travelling the other way during the next months as the Mayor fights to make a respectable showing in the primaries. Whether or not they go through with it, quite a number of New Yorkers seem fiercely intent on getting word to the hinterlands about what they believe to be Lindsay's failures, especially in the fields of labor and relationships with middle-class communities, even if they have to carry the news in person. Lindsay may insist from every dais that things in New York aren't as bad as they claim, but since he has made such a point of being the one candidate who has actually been working "in the urban trenches," he can hardly be surprised if his senatorial rivals, who have no such inconvenient impedimenta, show little sympathy for his predicament.

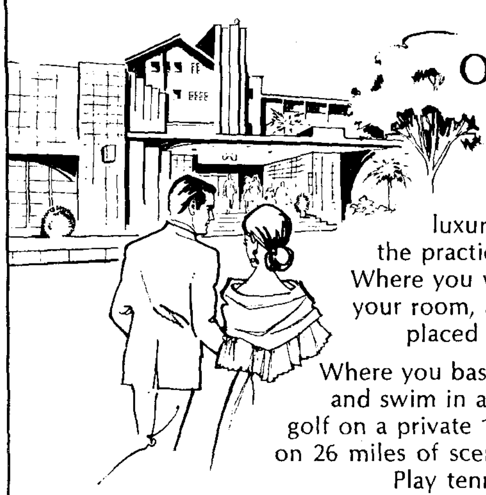
"If I lived in New York and had all the troubles the Mayor has—and with snow predicted and a transit strike threatened for this weekend—I think I'd come to Florida, too" was the sardonic comment of George McGovern on the news that Lindsay had announced his formal entry into the Presidential race in Miami the week after Christmas. Actually, the Mayor's forty-eight-hour absence from the city in Florida and Wisconsin, to enter the primaries in those states, ended several days before the weekend McGovern was referring to, and it turned out to be one the city got through in fairly good order. Not only was a transit strike averted by a contract settlement in the early hours of the first day of the new year, despite the complaint of the *News* that Lindsay "failed to make any preparations to take and break a strike, with troops if necessary," but no snow fell. On the morning of his Miami announcement, the temperature in New York was fifty-four degrees, and the weather three days earlier, on December 25th, had been so unseasonable that, to accommodate New Yorkers dreaming of a postcard Christmas, one television channel showed scenes of the city digging out after the last New York snowstorm of any consequence, the one on New Year's morning, 1971, which did arrive in the middle of a critical strike—or "job action," as it was termed by its participants, the city's firemen.

On that snowy New Year's Day a year ago, Jerome Kretchmer, Lindsay's energetic Environmental Protection Administrator, who was then also acting as head of the Sanitation Department, an E.P.A. subdivision, began his tour of the town to see how the sanitation men were coping with the storm by making a stop at the Greenwich Village apartment of John DeLury, president of the Uniformed Sanitationmen's Association, whom Kretchmer invited to come along. Afterward, DeLury, still wearing an astonished look on his usually splenetic Irish face, remarked that in his thirty-six years as union president no commissioner had ever before included him in such an excursion. No one expected the shrewd old labor leader to trade away any significant bargaining points because of a ride in the snow. Nevertheless, in November the sanitation workers became the first of the city's three uniformed services to come to a belated contract agreement with city representatives—negotiations in all three cases having lasted, on and off and with more or less noise and rancor, for a year or more. And a few weeks ago Kretchmer reported that during 1971 there had been a gratifying improvement in the coöperation between his agency and the union headed by DeLury, whom, in more reckless times, Lindsay once caused to be sent to jail for fifteen days.

By contrast, the Uniformed Firefighters Association made recurrent threats during the year of strict rulebook observances and of sick-outs, carrying out one of the latter at what the Fire Commissioner described as "a peril to life and property in the city." And when the Uniformed Firefighters' contract was finally presented to the union membership, at a meeting in Manhattan Center last month, cries of "Sellout!" rent the air, punches were thrown (though, prudently, not at the union's president, Michael Maye, a former Golden Gloves heavyweight champion), the session had to be adjourned in favor of a mail ballot, and a group of militants subsequently went to court in an effort to prevent even that resolution of the long, angry dispute. Last week, nearly thirteen months after the firemen staged their New Year's Eve job action with the slogan "No contract—no work!," the contract was finally ratified.

Meanwhile, the city's contract with the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association—whose relations with the city administration have been badly roiled this year, first by an ineffectual police strike in January, and then by the revelations of the Lindsay-appointed Knapp Commission to Investigate Alleged Police Corruption—is still being negotiated behind locked doors. Since all three service contracts are retroactive to January 1, 1971, and have traditionally run for two years, there seemed for a time to be some danger that the last of them would hardly be ratified before it was time to start the biennial brabble all over again. The usual sticking points would then presumably guarantee that in 1972, for the eighth successive year, the City Hall staff, including Lindsay (unless, of course, he was packing his bags for the White House), would spend New Year's Eve not lifting convivial glasses but engaging in a round-the-clock vigil over a city labor crisis.

Fortunately for this or a succeeding city administration, the classic December 31st dramas have now been rescheduled for less frenetic times of the year. In return for some additional financial sweetening, the sanitation workers extended their new contract until March 31, 1973; the contract with the firemen runs three months beyond that; and the transit-union settlement doesn't expire until March 31, 1974. What's more, the City Council last month passed a bill, requested in vain by the Mayor in previous years, providing that when either side in city labor negotiations feels that matters have reached an impasse, the matter



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goes to binding arbitration. It is the first binding-arbitration law ever enacted by any major city. Although the spectacle of the past year's protracted and nerve-racking negotiations with the three service unions may have helped to bring the usually pro-labor Council around, a more compelling influence was said to be a series of private communications from prominent labor leaders to the effect that *their* nerves were badly racked by the prospect of having to head off militant elements in their memberships by demanding more outrageous wages and fringe benefits in each succeeding contract—their only alternative, if the city balked, being an illegal strike.

City Hall negotiators have also expressed a special satisfaction with the two uniformed-service contracts ratified so far, because, for the first time in many years, they were able to get the unions to agree to improved arrangements for "productivity"—meaning that the city is to get a slightly better day's work for its money. (In behalf of such measures in all city departments, the *Times* ran an editorial some months ago that said, "The prevailing attitude among public employees here seems to be one of how little work they can do for how much more pay. . . . One can see the clerks at 'work,' chatting with each other, settling personal financial accounts, catching up with their newspaper reading, or just daydreaming." Two days later, District Council 37, the union that represents a hundred and twenty thousand city workers, sent a photographer into the *Times* newsroom to take some pictures, which later occupied a whole page in the *Public Employee Press*, and which showed *Times* reporters at "work"—chatting with each other, settling personal financial accounts, catching up with their newspaper reading, or just daydreaming. When guards finally caught the photographer at it and demanded his film, he refused, citing the Constitutional privileges upheld in the *Times'* own Pentagon Papers case.) City Hall claims that in the long run the productivity concessions wrung from the services unions will save the city considerable sums of money, although they hardly seem revolutionary, involving, as they do, such common-sense adjustments as permission for the city to deploy a larger than usual force of sanitation men on Mondays, when the garbage load is heaviest, instead of having to send out the same number of men each working day, and to dispatch fewer than the traditional five pieces of fire equipment in first response to calls in areas of New York where as many as seventy-five per cent of the street box alarms turn out to be false. (Of all street box alarms last year, half were false.)

Although there may be savings in the long run, the immediate cost of the settlements was high, and, as usual, the Mayor was accused of being a prodigal spender and, in one case, of "truckling" to labor. Meanwhile, leaders of the firemen's union have been charging that their contract negotiations prove Lindsay's bias *against* labor. They announced plans to foil the Mayor's recent pitch for the blue-collar vote by sending delegates to every city in which he campaigns to denounce him among local workers. Some observers thought they might run into a certain credibility gap if any of the people out there inquired into the terms of the firemen's latest contract, which boosts the pay of the average fireman to nearly sixteen thousand dollars a year. (The annual budget of the New York City Fire Department is higher than that of the United Nations.) If the matter comes up, the fire-fighting delegates may resort to the answer the head of the P.B.A. once gave when he was asked if the policemen in any other city had better retirement benefits than those in New York. "No," he said, in an unaccustomed display of civic chauvinism, "but I think New York should be Number One." Possibly with some idea of cutting the visiting firemen off at the pass, when Lindsay flew out to speak at the Annual Recognition Dinner sponsored by the Greater Canton A.F.L.-C.I.O. Council of Canton, Ohio, his party included John DeLury, who obligingly told the assembled guests that the Mayor's conduct of labor relations was "tough but fair," and that if Lindsay were elected President, "I could trust him." Although Lindsay's relationship with Victor Gotbaum, the head of District Council 37, has been generally friendly, he didn't invite Gotbaum on the Ohio junket. Gotbaum has said that if Lindsay is relying on local labor leaders to help him with the labor vote on a national basis it won't work. "He's given us largesse, but he hasn't given of *himself*," Gotbaum said in an aggrieved voice. Even if a mayor isn't running for President, city labor relations today are not simple.

As mediators and union and city representatives, including the Mayor, moved in and out of the Hotel Americana, on upper Seventh Avenue, on the critical weekend of the final negotiations with the transit union, the officials deeply involved in getting the city through one crisis weren't allowed to forget another that is badly dividing New Yorkers. Representatives of the Forest Hills Residents' Association picketed the Americana, some stomping about in circles and chanting "Hidey-hidey-hidey-ho! John Lindsay's gotta go!," while others urged passers-by to sign "Impeach John Lindsay!" petitions and held signs that read "We Won't Let Adolf Lindsay Murder Our Community." What they were protesting, of course, was the now famous eight-hundred-and-forty-unit low-income—meaning predominantly black—city housing project scheduled to be built with federal funds near the center of Forest Hills, a largely Jewish middle-class neighborhood that, according to city statistics, currently has thirty-eight thousand residents, of whom three hundred and ninety-three are black. (Some observers have pointed out that Jews were unwelcome in Forest Hills until comparatively recent years.) Whatever the arguments for and against the project (and in both cases they are complex and troubling), it is clear that Forest Hills is a significant engagement in what promises to be a major battle of the seventies—the conflict between, on the one side, Americans just beyond and on the fringes of inner cities who are struggling to keep their communities from being invaded by slum-dwellers, mostly black and believed to bring with them highly disorderly ways of life, especially crime ("All right, bring the killers in!" a Forest Hills resident shouted despairingly at one city official), and, on the other side, the invaders (and their supporters), who feel that every American is entitled to an opportunity for a better life.

The presence of the pickets at the Americana surely came as no surprise to the Mayor. Two days earlier, as he announced his Presidential candidacy in Miami, a plane hired by the same group had made passes over the city trailing an enormous banner that said "The People of Forest Hills Say Dump Lindsay!" In the Florida primary, Lindsay is believed to be working especially hard to put together a constituency made up of blacks and Jews, so it is little wonder that one of his staff has labelled recent events at Forest Hills "the first skirmish in the 1972 Presidential election." The Residents' Association recently declared that it has plans to follow him, like the firemen, from one campaign stop to another,

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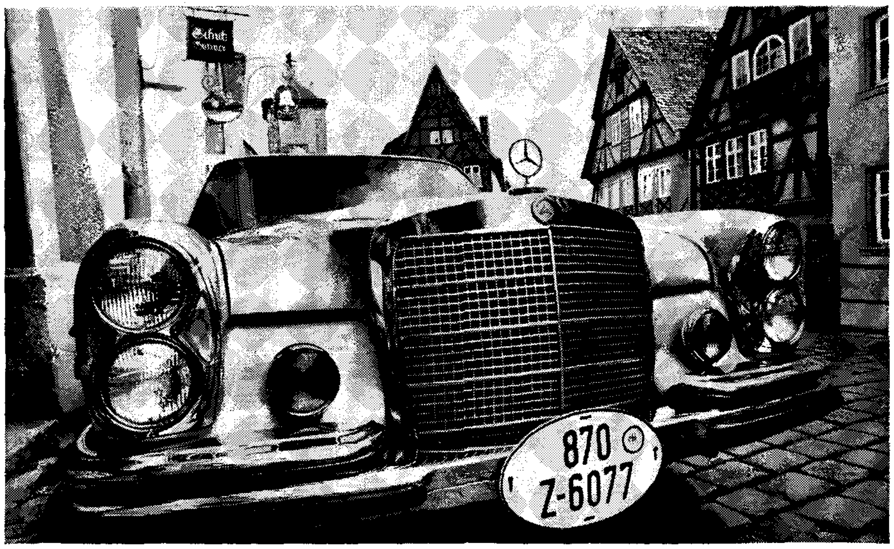

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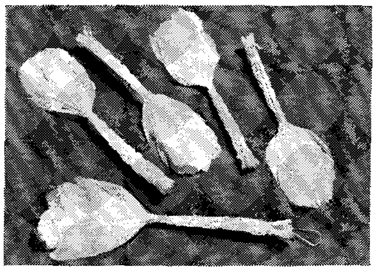

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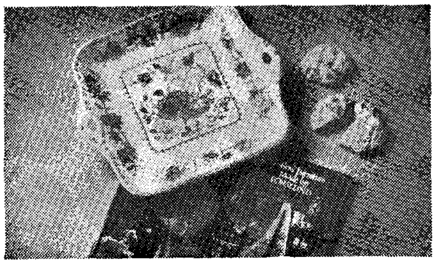

spreading the word. Since then, there have been rumors that its representatives might be joined at some points by representatives of a nearby Italian community, in Corona, Queens, which has also been fighting a city project in its area—a high school, in this case—and by delegates from the Georgetown area in Brooklyn who object to a mixed-income housing development planned for their neighborhood. If the last group does go, it is not known whether it will take along stuffed effigies of Lindsay such as the one that Georgetown people recently burned on the steps of Brooklyn's Borough Hall. Rabbi Meir Kahane, the head of the Jewish Defense League, who, to confuse things further, does not support the Forest Hills pickets, announced that he would lead "a truth squad" in tours of Florida and Wisconsin to explain how Lindsay has wrecked New York. The Mayor, he said, is "the epitome of a government run by people who are not very honest or sincere but are basically using government for their own ends." He was not *for* anybody, he added—he was just against Lindsay. Although the Mayor fully supports a City Council bill banning discrimination against homosexuals, the president of the local Gay Activists Alliance complains that he isn't forcing his Police and Fire Commissioners to testify in its favor. There are eight hundred organized gay groups in the country, said the alliance president, and, in his words, "If this bill fails because Lindsay is giving it lip service, we're going to trash his campaign every time he makes an appearance in California or anywhere else in the nation." And last week, as the Mayor was shaking every hand in sight at a Tampa shopping center, he turned a corner and was confronted by a patrolman from Manhattan's 20th Precinct, waving a sign that read "NYC Police Say Dump Lindsay." All this special attention should at any rate differentiate him from Senator Muskie, one of whose major assets as a Presidential candidate, James Reston declared a few weeks ago, was the fact that "nobody is really mad at him."

—ANDY LOGAN

•

A rather unusual film revealing a complexity of human emotions, GOING HOME draws on some ticklish subjects—a senseless murder, a child's burning hatred for a parent confused with his longing for parental love, a rape, and bowling.—*Sarasota (Fla.) Herald-Tribune.*

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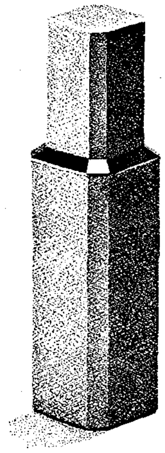

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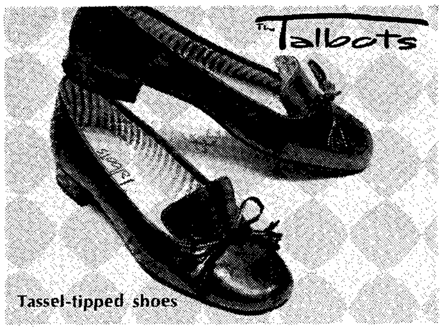

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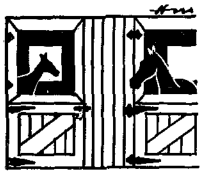

IT'S a good bet that the most talked-about three-year-old at Santa Anita these days is Royal Owl. On New Year's Eve, he won the California Breeders' Champion Stakes from five other colts with first-rate form, and with such ridiculous ease that horse-watchers declared him the best in the West. Could be. I saw him win by ten lengths at Hollywood Park on Gold Cup Day last July. Later, he romped off with the Hollywood Juvenile Championship, the Junipero Serra, and the California Juvenile Stakes. A big, powerfully built bay with a tremendous stride, he's by Crazy Kid and Mama Mouse; is owned by Charles Thornton, who has the Royal Oaks Farm, and Joe Burden, who has the Owl Stable (three guesses how he got his name); and is trained by John Canty, who this time last year thought he had a Derby winner in Unconscious. (Unconscious finished fifth in the race at Churchill Downs.) Now, Canty says, Royal Owl is so much better than Unconscious that there is no comparison. Chances are he'd be odds-on for the Santa Anita Derby, on April 1st, if Caliente had a future book on the race—and if there were a Caliente; too bad Allessio's track burned down last summer.

Santa Anita should have a big season, for in addition to all the California horses there are more racers from the leading Eastern stables and more riders on the grounds than in a long time. As in the past, the meeting began with the Palos Verdes Handicap, and I would like to have been there—even in the rain, of which Los Angeles has had plenty. For the record, King of Cricket, who was third to Jungle Savage and Ack Ack in it a year ago, won by lengths. Last weekend, Kfar Tov, winner of a division of the Malibu Stakes the previous Saturday and a likely starter in the Strub, the first of five hundred-thousand-dollar-plus events, made a lot of friends by the way he won the San Carlos Handicap.

IT wasn't so awfully long ago that Bowie used to open the Eastern season on April 1st. This year, keeping pace with everything else, it opened New Year's Day. It really wasn't hard to take: sitting in springlike sunshine watching rough-coated horses plug round the track. The main event was the Southern Maryland Handicap, and it went to Pro Bidder, who wouldn't know how to do less than his level best; Joys Fella was second, and Foreign Comet third. The Bowie Handicap, last weekend, was almost a carbon copy: Pro Bidder won, with Foreign Comet second and Joys Fella third. In both, Pro Bidder started his run at the same place on the turn. I caught the Bowie on TV, and the broadcast was the worst ever; for one thing, the man with the mike never said who was second or third. But it's the Off-Track Betting Corporation's show. Perhaps he had computer trouble.

IT'S hardly news that this is the end of the line for Tropical Park, but from all accounts the windup was a good show, with Jack Dreyfus, Jr.'s, Beaukins and Peace Corps running one-two in the Saul Silberman Memorial Handicap. Allen Jerkens, who trains them, was especially pleased; Beaukins was the first winner he'd saddled in seventeen tries at the meeting. Tropical Park has had many owners since Big Bill Dwyer made it out of a discarded dog track forty years ago. William L. McKnight, who bought it after the death of Mr. Silberman, is expected to turn it over to the real-estate developers, and it will go the way of so many race tracks.

I CAN find few points of serious disagreement with Tommy Trotter, handicapper to the Jockey Club, over his weights for the Experimental Free Handicap, the annual official appraisal of the past season's two-year-olds. He has rated a hundred and eleven colts and fillies, putting Riva Ridge at the top of the list, under 126 pounds. In Mr. Trotter's opinion, he's five pounds better than Royal Owl.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

The first act of Jean Cocteau's THE EAGLE WITH TWO HEADS is so bad that it's a wonder that anyone has ever stayed for the last two. And, the entire three acts, in synopsis, are enough to put off anyone who hasn't tired of tortured, capricious monarchs, revolutionary peasant-poets, sinister Captains of Police, slow-acting poison capsules, and the whole Puritanian package.—*Show Business.*

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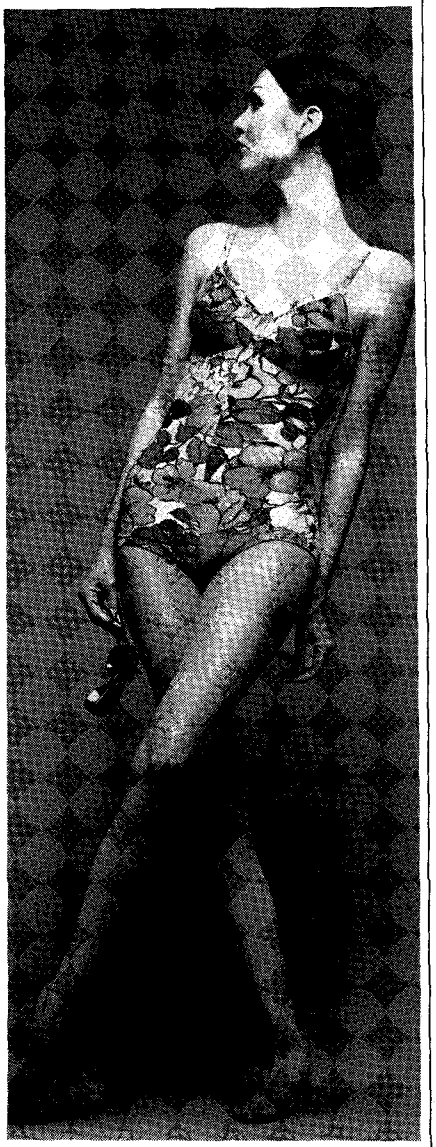

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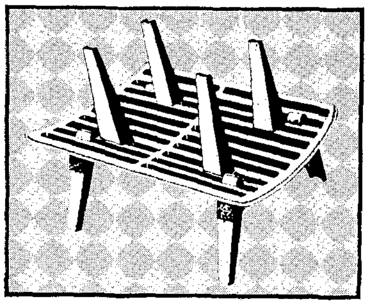

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MUSICAL EVENTS

The Specialists

A WEEK or so ago, in an interview published on the Sunday music page of the *Times*, Bruno Maderna, conductor of last week's Philharmonic concerts, unburdened himself of several opinions, one of which was that Arturo Toscanini and other specialist conductors were pretty small potatoes, and that only a composer—like Mr. Maderna himself or Leonard Bernstein or Pierre Boulez—could understand the work of fellow-composers. The statement caught my eye, and caused me to do some thinking. Generally, in my experience, composers make terrible conductors. Only one in a hundred has the knack. On the other hand, there have been some great composer-conductors—Berlioz, Gustav Mahler, Richard Wagner, and Richard Strauss come to mind, though Strauss's music was always done a little better by professional conductors than by him, and I suspect that the same thing was true of Wagner, who went out of his way to train specialists to conduct his work. Otherwise, in the days when composers were composers, conductors were usually specialists—unless, of course, you want to go back to the time of Beethoven and Mozart, when the specialist conductor was unheard of and composers usually conducted their own music.

Or is Mr. Maderna referring to the present, when composers of avant-garde music can be presumed to understand the music of fellow-avant-garde composers simply because they constitute almost its sole audience? I have never heard any compositions by Mr. Maderna, so I am not in a position to express an opinion about his work. But from what I have heard of Mr. Boulez' music I would not rank *him* very high as a composer. Mr. Bernstein is an altogether different sort of creative artist—an earnest follower of tradition, with a gift for the popular idiom of Broadway. Do his unquestionable talents make him superior to Toscanini as a conductor? I don't think so. Running down Toscanini has become a popular sport among both composers and conductors nowadays. And most of the running down is being done by people who never witnessed a Toscanini performance and who have got their ideas from the technologically deficient recordings that were made while he was alive.

Then, there is another factor in this argument. Who is a composer? Most executant artists of any importance have composed a little here and there during their lives. The late Wilhelm Furtwängler, for example, was a considerable composer and wrote several symphonies that I wish somebody would unearth. Like Toscanini, he was a conductor of tremendous abilities. So is the aging Pablo Casals—who, by the way, has composed quite a bit of fine music. Who knows whether Toscanini did not turn his hand to composition at one time or another? All these are, or were, conductors of extraordinary sensitivity and extraordinary powers of musical projection. Is Mr. Maderna—who I understand is a member of the Italian avant-garde, along with Luciano Berio and Luigi Nono—particularly qualified to outdo the masters of the conducting art simply because he knows the simplistic tricks of the twelve-tone system?

These thoughts were on my mind when I attended last Thursday night's Philharmonic concert in Philharmonic Hall. Frankly, I did not expect Mr. Maderna to live up to his boast, and he did not. There was nothing in his interpretations that in any way approached the clarity, the tone, the plasticity, the refinement, the control of detail, or the control of large form that Toscanini brought to his performances. On the other hand, I found Mr. Maderna to be a very interesting conductor. He has the basic sense of leadership and the expressive beat that are indispensable to the art. He also has an authoritative approach to what he does, and the courage to stick to his own ideas of interpretation. These ideas have been unfashionable for a long time. Mr. Maderna uses very elastic tempos. The other night, there were rubatos in his performances that have not been heard here since the time of Mengelberg. This is not bad. It represents a return to the great nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century tradition of interpretation. True, there was considerable coarseness in the orchestral fabric while he conducted. He smashed through the Scherzo of Mendelssohn's Symphony No. 3, Opus 56 (the "Scottish" Symphony, so called), as if he were bludgeoning his way through a thicket, and his version of the first movement of the same work was a bit melodramatic.

Nevertheless, his interpretation as a whole was lively, fresh, and absorbing. The same could be said for his conducting of the other works on the program. There was the inevitable Liszt item—the symphonic poem "Orpheus," which is a little better than the worst Liszt but still pretty vulgar. There was Alban Berg's vocal suite "Der Wein," a work from the beginning of the Viennese decadence, written to poems by Baudelaire. Here, in music that is largely of the twelve-tone variety and is sometimes reminiscent of the opera "Lulu," one would have expected Mr. Maderna to reveal special insights. But I did not find any. The soloist, an admirable Wagnerian-type soprano named Helga Dernesch, did everything that could be done with the angular vocal line, but to my mind this is music destined for an early grave unless its enthusiasts insist on imposing it on audiences indefinitely. Then, there were the "Wesendonck Songs" of Wagner—lovely items for soprano and orchestra that echo parts of "Tristan und Isolde," particularly the song "Im Treibhaus," practically all of it from the third act of that opera, and "Träume," largely based on the second act. These were admirably sung by Miss Dernesch, with a sensitivity to pianissimos that she had not shown in the Berg. She is a fine singer of her type, and a tall, pretty blonde without any of the avoirdupois ordinarily encountered among Wagnerian sopranos. To get back to Mr. Maderna: He is perhaps not a great conductor, but he is one with special gifts and qualifications. If I were running the Metropolitan Opera, I would hire him.

LAST Wednesday night in Philharmonic Hall, a twenty-five-year-old conductor and a twenty-six-year-old pianist played a program of music by a twenty-six-year-old composer. The conductor was Michael Tilson Thomas, the pianist was Misha Dichter, and the composer was Johannes Brahms, who at twenty-six or thereabouts had already completed his First Piano Concerto in D Minor, Opus 15, and his Serenade No. 2, in A, Opus 16, for Orchestra, which together made up the entire program. The orchestra was the Boston Symphony. After my initial enormous enthusiasm for the work of Mr. Thomas, I found myself a bit disappointed the other night. He did not seem to have the wonderful Bostonians under full control, and their playing was flaccid to the point of absentmindedness. The Serenade went by and left no impres-

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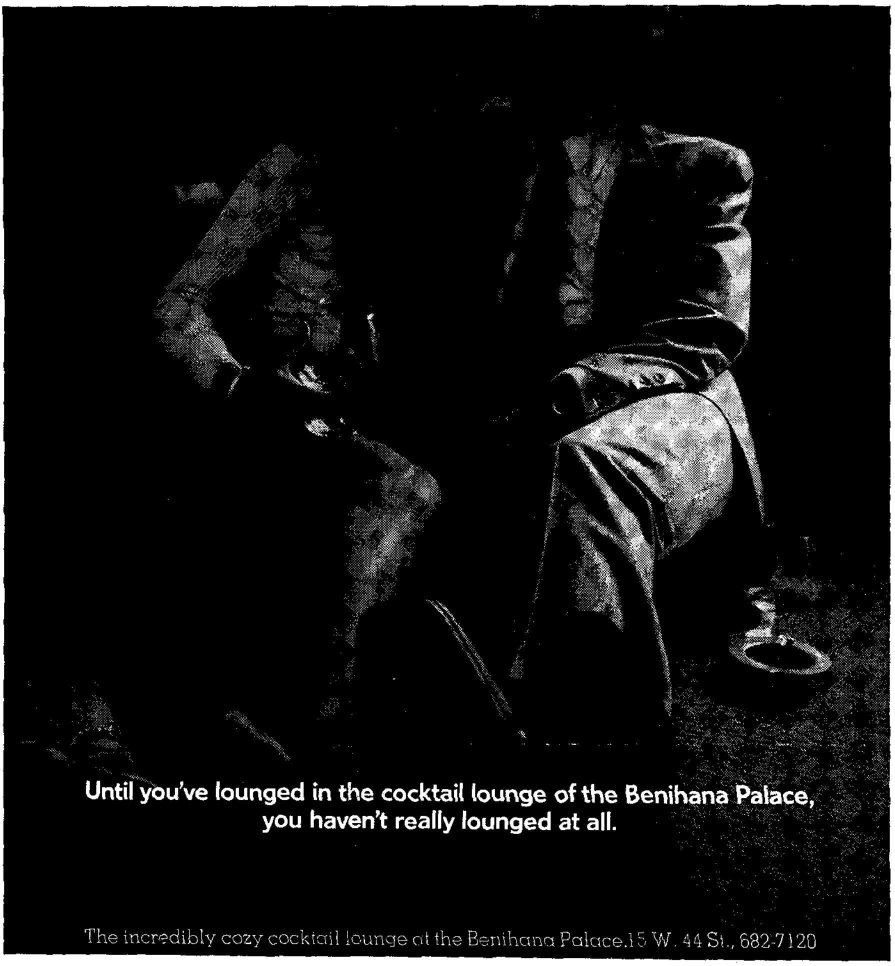
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SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

sion on me. The concerto came off a good deal better, though there was a certain hurried quality about it that detracted from its incisiveness. As for Mr. Dichter, he is a fluent and able young pianist, with technique to spare, but he is not yet capable of giving this particular concerto the brilliance and excitement that more mature pianists have given it. Both his and Mr. Thomas's performances in the concerto were expert enough to be listenable. But the bite, the controlled frenzy, and the powerful propulsion that it demands seemed to be beyond them.

ON Tuesday night of last week, I attended the concert of the National Orchestral Association in Carnegie Hall. I went because of what was said to be the first performance in North America of an opera by Tchaikovsky called "Iolanthe." As Allen Hughes, of the *Times*, remarked later, it was no such thing; the opera had even been *staged* here previously, whereas what we heard the other night was merely a concert performance. However, "Iolanthe" is not so familiar that one is surfeited with its tunes, and it is a melodious, lyric, fairy-tale opera, quite pleasing in musical substance, and having a libretto reminiscent of "The Sleeping Beauty," the chief difference being that here the Princess is blind instead of sleeping, and has her sight restored through the love of the Prince—here a Count. The opera formed the latter half of the program, the first half consisting of César Franck's symphonic poem "Le Chasseur Maudit" and some excerpts from Prokofieff's Second "Romeo and Juliet Suite." The conductor was the Uruguayan José Serebrier—a competent maestro, familiar here as one of Leopold Stokowski's assistants and as an occasional conductor of the American Symphony Orchestra. The evening's performances were generally acceptable, if not overwhelmingly striking. The blind Princess (Iolanthe) was sung by Carole Farley, another good-looking blonde, with a fairly expressive lyric-soprano voice. The Count was the Metropolitan Opera's Leo Goeke, who sang effectively. Another Metropolitan singer, Andrij Dobriansky, did the bass role of the King, Iolanthe's father, quite well, and there were several other fully adequate performances. But the outstanding discovery of the evening was a young baritone named Brent Ellis, who, as the Count's rival, disclosed a perfectly beautiful voice. I am sure that we shall hear more of Mr. Ellis.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Baby Machos

"THE COWBOYS," which features one of the most torpid cattle drives since the invention of motion pictures, is an incomparable index to the confusion of values in the movie business right now. This Western epic, shaped for the family trade, is set in cattle country in 1877. John Wayne is a rancher whose hired hands desert him when there's a gold strike; unable to find men to help drive his cattle to market, he takes on eleven local schoolboys—aged nine to fifteen—and trains them during the four-hundred-mile drive. Cow*boys*—get it? The movie, which minds its language and is sexually clean as a eunuch's whistle, is sufficiently sanctimonious to have earned a GP* ("Contains material which may not be suitable for pre-teenagers") rating. It is playing at Radio City Music Hall, which was graced with an appearance by Wayne himself, who then lunched with five hundred newsboys and winners of "Cowboys" contests. It is being touted as the biggest family picture since "The Sound of Music." One could easily think that Warner Brothers and the director, Mark Rydell, and the writers, Irving Ravetch and his wife, Harriet Frank, Jr., and William Dale Jennings (who also wrote the original novel), were in the business of corrupting minors, because this movie is about how these schoolboys become men through learning the old-fashioned virtues of killing.

It's a no-nonsense view of growing up; the *macho* cadets are well-mannered, obedient, good-boy killers. The whole world knows that Wayne is not a man to put up with any guff. Almost in passing, he cures a boy of stuttering by telling him that if he wanted to speak clearly he could, and the boy cries "Son of a bitch!" over and over with perfect articulation. Is Warners getting ready to sell holy water under the Warner Brothers-Lourdes label?

At one point along the trail, there is an encounter with a madam (Colleen Dewhurst) and her girls, and you may guess that the plot logic requires the boys to be sexually initiated as part of their transition to manhood. A look at the book on which the movie is based confirms your guess, but in the movie the whores (starlets in exquisitely laundered petticoats) are introduced and then left with nothing to do. The boys can kill and the movie gets its GP* and is booked into the Music Hall, but if they had been sexually initiated the picture would have been restricted. *One* boy getting initiated—and so tactfully that you might have thought he was taking the veil—was sufficient to get "Summer of '42" restricted; the mothers of America may not go to the movies anymore, but they are still the watchdogs of movie morality when it comes to their sons' purity. So the boys must be virginal killers; sex would make them bad, dirty boys.

In the first half of the picture, the actors seem to be planted where they speak, and there's an awesome interval before anyone replies. It feels like a long wait before overlapping dialogue will be invented. Wayne is presented as an idealized Western father figure, and his screen career as the archetypal good guy gives weight to the homely, reactionary platitudes that make this a family picture. Even when he works himself up for an oath, the final words are always genteel. He pontificates to his gruff, understanding wife—played by Sarah Cunningham, who is in the Leora Dana-Anne Revere mold: the strong women who turn understanding into a form of doughy piousness. They're *boring*; that's no service to women—and their dreary goodness certainly doesn't light up the screen. And this movie needs lighting up, because the eleven boys don't do much for it. They're Disney choirboys—clean, scrubbed nothings—so there's no dramatic or psychological preparation for the explosion of killing. The director doesn't care about the characters; he is just marking time until the mayhem. The only preparation for the explosions is in Wayne's code of honor.

Wayne's teaching is that there are good men and there are bad men; there are no crossovers and nothing in between. People don't get a second chance around him; to err once is to be doomed. Most of the bloodshed seems to be caused by his pigheadedness, but that is definitely not the movie's point of view. The boys learn their lessons so well that when Wayne is killed by rustlers they know better than to waste effort trying to bring the rustlers to justice. The movie is set up so that *they* are justice. Their faces are strong and clear-eyed as they slaughter some seventeen men; they appear to have an almost mystic union as they act in concert, infallibly, and without a glimmer of doubt or of pity. When the ex-convict villain (Bruce Dern) is trapped under his horse and pleads for help, a boy cuts one strap loose and fires a gun to frighten the horse, and the whole troupe watches with manly impassivity as the horse runs, dragging the man screaming to his death. The obscenely complacent movie invites us to identify with these good little men and to be proud of them.

There are things going on in this movie for kids that shouldn't escape notice. Some of these things—like the way that people don't die in clean kills but writhe in slow torture—may be among the reasons that this movie is expected to make money. In its way, it's innovative: the sensual pleasures of violence haven't been packaged with eternal verities before. Blood and homilies.

The confusion of values in the seedy folklore is glaringly obvious in matters of race. The Negro cook on the drive is played with peerless urbanity by Roscoe Lee Browne; with his reserves of charm to call upon, and with that deep voice rising from his great chest, Browne acts Wayne right off the screen, and without raising a bead of sweat. Not only does Browne come across as the only real actor in the movie but the cook is by far the verbal and intellectual superior of everyone else. He's wickedly, incongruously suave, like a Shakespearean ham lost in the sticks but dressing for dinner every night. If you retain any sense of humor, you may ask yourself why the *cook* isn't the father figure for the boys, particularly since it is he who devises the strategies that enable them to kill all the rustlers without loss of a boy. Parading their own lack of prejudice, the moviemakers have turned the cook into a super-black and then let Browne do his number. He's entertaining—which is better than the moviemakers deserve. And, still trying to save face, they toss in a bit of dialogue in which one of the boys informs Wayne that he is fighting-Jewish—which enables Wayne to show his patriarchal tolerance. (Another boy is an Indian—distrusted at first, but he proves himself.) As long as the movie isn't anti-Semitic or anti-Negro, the Hollywood liberals who worked on it can probably convince themselves that they have retained their image. The villains are—natch—all nondenominational whites, and they are such vipers that you hear rattles on the sound track when they are lurking nearby. Bruce Dern gives the kind of wheedling, cringing-cur ex-convict performance that disappeared for decades but is now renascent. Pro-violence, pro-revenge

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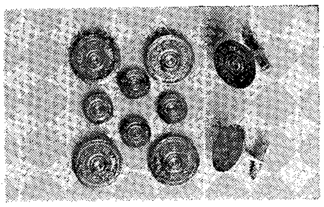

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movies like "Dirty Harry" and "The Cowboys" require the unredeemably vicious villains of primitive melodrama. But these movies are not inconsequential melodramas; they thump for a simplistic right-wing ideology at a time when people may be ready to buy it.

Wayne says, "It's a hard life," and that's supposed to be the truth that explains why boys must learn to be killers. It's not such a hard life for the Hollywood moviemakers who are peddling this line. "The Cowboys" cost five million dollars, and most of us will never earn in a lifetime what an anxious hack director makes on a five-million-dollar movie. Mark Rydell hasn't mastered much film technique—just enough of the old show-biz one-two to raise lumps in some throats—and the violence is bloody-banal. The Hollywood hills are full of educated liberals who will make a movie glorifying the tortures at the Dacca race course and try to get it to come out right by working in a Puerto Rican love interest or a black rabbi.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

WINTER VISIT WITH AN OLD FRIEND

Home is the two-horned moon
drifting down the horizon—
that slip of a boat resembling
sleep. I wake with a gasp,
breaking my nightlong silence.
You come, pushing my dreams
out of your way, with the flower
of your own frost in your hands,
like the offering of a chalice.
You bring me this.

You are near me now, rushing
across the bare treetops.
It is the darkest part of the night,
the moment I expect you to appear.
You king of the odd hour,
where are you with your hundred
years of the saddest news?

So much bad news!
Why should I need you, too?
Tonight I'll be working late,
performing open-heart surgery
on myself—first the slit
in the flesh, exposing membrane
and muscle, then to take
the throbbing thing itself
apart with all the blood there,
and make the final incision.

Down with that banner!
The purple and gold
happiness wasn't true.

—NAOMI LAZARD

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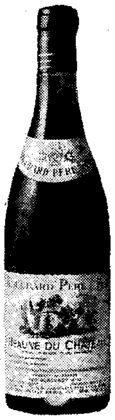

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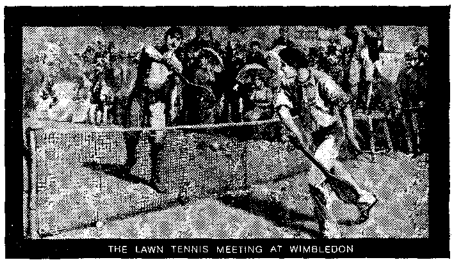
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TRIP SOUTH

“Winter-Weary, I wandered south to meet the spring advancing,” his poem began, and ran another ten lines about an imaginary trip. He was cheating himself again, he thought, with imaginary trips, imaginary love affairs, daydreams.

Winter after winter since he had come to America to live, from Italy, he had promised himself a trip to Florida, where he had never been. Well, this year he would keep his promise. He had a few days' vacation in between semesters, and this town, at one of whose colleges he had a job as visiting lecturer for a year, was halfway down to Florida from Massachusetts, where he had spent the last winter, and, oh, what seemed a whole row of winters. In a day's driving he might reach Florida, be there tonight, and take his overcoat off, his tie, his jacket, in the middle of the winter.

The ground was frozen when he left the university building where he had his office, and he was glad—the greater the contrast, he thought, when I reach those happy climes. It was late January, the time when spring, though not two months away, seems almost out of reach—the last stretch, whether one is climbing a mountain or waiting for a dénouement, being always the longest, the hardest, the most exasperating.

His wife wouldn't go with him. They had already discussed it—if “discussed” was the right word. He had got a flat refusal every time. “You'd think I was asking you to go to Hell with me, or somewhere,” he had said. She hated long drives, and was afraid of flying, and this town was nowhere near the railroad line to Florida. The children, too small to know what awaited them, took their stand from her, and with some reason didn't trust their father's judgment when it came to distances and travel. Once on the road, they would look longingly at every motel, no matter how short a distance they were from home. “Couldn't we stop there? Stop, Daddy, stop!” they would shout, perhaps not an hour out, at eleven in the morning.

Reaching the house, he made a final plea with his wife for them all to go. But not only was she irremovable, she didn't believe he'd really go himself; she thought he was bluffing, fooling. “You are leaving me in the house all alone?”

“Come with me.”

“No.”

“Well, then?”

When he appeared in the living room with a kit bag and a paperback, she finally believed him.

“Come on,” he said, “I'll wait for you. Get the children ready.” But she wouldn't go. He went out the front door and got into the car. She was at the window. He gestured to her to come, but she shook her head, and he sped away.

She was the hearth mother, he thought, and hadn't he said in a lecture a few days ago that the experience of the one who stays behind, at home, amid a thousand cares, may be more valuable—more, indeed, of an experience—and perhaps take even more courage, and certainly more patience and forbearance, than that of the soldier or the sailor: Penelope braver than Ulysses, Andromache than Hector? Day-to-day living requiring more of you than a series of adventures? As for himself at this moment, he felt more like a fugitive than anything else.

How bleak the road was. How very bleak the North was, if North this could be called. There was snow on the ground, just a light covering—not enough to conceal the shortest stubs of vegetation, though enough to hide the red, bare earth. And there were a few tiny snowflakes in the air, come from God knows where, perhaps from off the ground; the sky didn't seem as though it would yield anything at all—neither rain, nor snow, nor sleet, nor sunshine. A negative, dull sky, unyielding.

The road ran due south, and he was cruising along at a good speed, but at the end of an hour he couldn't say it was appreciably warmer. He closed the window he had just opened. In another hour, he reached Route 1. It was like meeting an old friend. He couldn't help thinking of it up in Connecticut and Rhode Island, in through Mystic and Westerly, where he knew it, and of how one night while driving down toward New York he had seen the moon rising over the ocean from a hill, and at the bottom of the hill he had turned off along a small secondary road that led toward the beach. When he got to the water and looked at the moon shining on the wide, open sea, the wonder couldn't be compared to seeing her from the high-

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way. What had been missing? The strand in the foreground, which lent the moon a distance it lacked now? Or was it the surprise, the sheer unexpectedness of seeing her from the hill in contrast to the deliberate way he had come to this sight?

After he crossed Route 1, the air was warmer, tamer, more docile. Probably not so much being a hundred miles farther south as the nearness of the Atlantic. He felt its presence almost, and he saw it in the variety of evergreens in the woods. Half of them wouldn't be able to endure in the North, wouldn't stand it, but here they thrived.

He sped on, southwest toward Savannah. A marvellous name, Savannah—a Carib name; it tasted of grass and openness and vastness.

He must get there before nightfall, before it was too late to see the city by the light of day. Some twenty miles outside—it was nearly six o'clock—he came to a byway. A sign promised "Fastest Route to Savannah, Toll Road, Save Ten Minutes," or something of the sort. He took it, and before it was too dark he came to a grassy, treeless plain, uninhabited and vast, a place that is called properly a savannah, this side of the river. In the hazy twilight, the city, some of whose lights were already shining, made him feel that he was looking at a distant view of a Dutch or English city—by Ruisdael, or perhaps Turner; at any rate, a painter who knew the infinite. In the fast-changing light, it seemed more vision than landscape, there one moment and faded the next, unrepeatable.

An immense, arched, dark bridge loomed in front of him. He crossed it and turned left toward the center of the city. It was nearly dark now, and raining. But the rain was soft and tepid—almost like heavy dewdrops—very different from the sharp, cold, hard, pelting rain that he was used to.

Aside from a few words he had once heard at a party about Savannah, he had no idea what the city was like. So he came to it almost completely ignorant of it, which perhaps is the best way to visit a city. And what he had missed in American cities so much—squares—he found here in profusion. More than a dozen of them in a relatively small space—little squares that the streets ran in and out of as in a game. And in the squares often a small park with palms and other trees, not under lock and key but open, and sided by houses of the early-nineteenth, some

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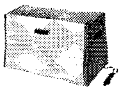

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even of the eighteenth, century. He got out of the car and wandered happily along the shining brick sidewalks in the rain.

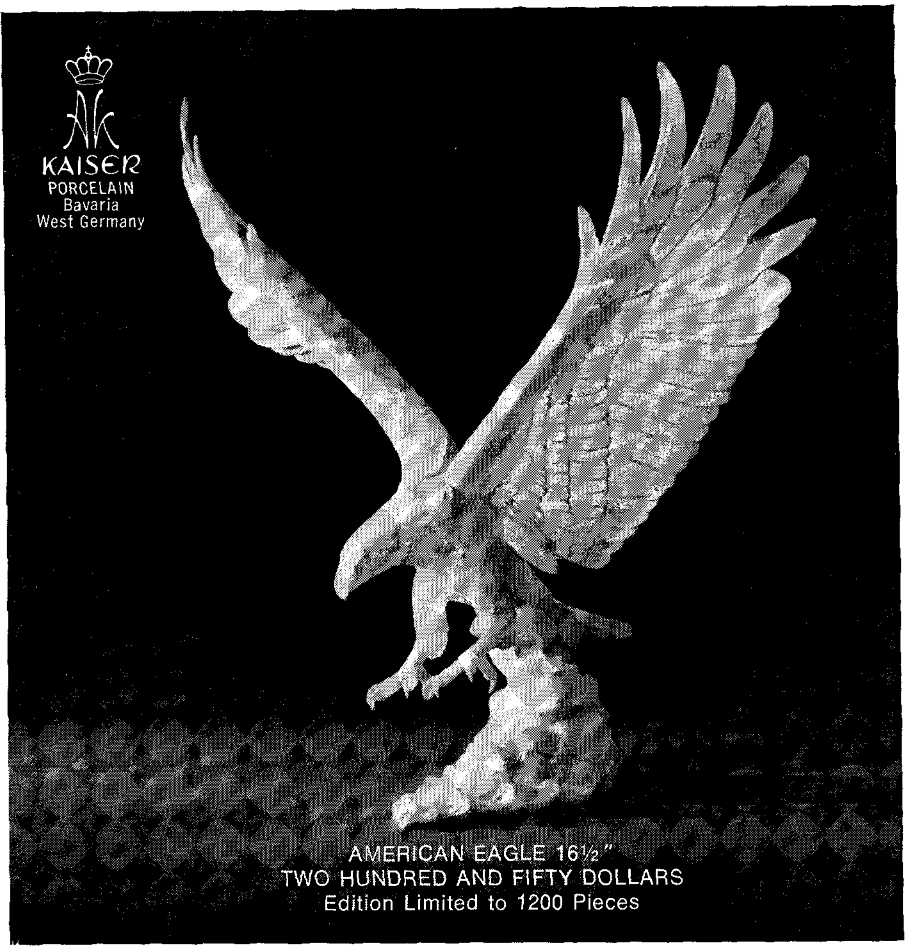
He had supper and a beer at the feet of a girl who was dancing under a light that gave her a phosphorescent glow. But he didn't stay long. On he drove in the darkness toward Brunswick and Jacksonville, more than a hundred and fifty miles away. He was used to late hours; his eyelids didn't feel heavy. A strong wind rose, and the rain ceased. The sound of the wind drowning the sound of the motor, the small stretch of highway he lighted, the lights he passed, and, on either side against the night sky, the windblown, scalloped, dark shapes of the woods were the only reality.

Past midnight, he was welcomed to Florida by a signpost. Not long after that, the lights multiplied. He was in Jacksonville. Rapidly he followed the signs south along the deserted expressway. Like railroad tracks near a station, branches merged, crossed, parted, seemed to join again. The fluorescent lights of tall office buildings, as empty as the expressway, gleamed frostily.

Soon he was out of the maze and in the soft darkness again. He drove on for nearly a hundred miles down the peninsula. Once, thinking it might be wise to sleep a little, he stopped at a rest area and parked the car. But he couldn't sleep; trucks behind him, their motors idling, prevented it. He wouldn't sleep on the road, he decided, but by the ocean. He left the expressway, and, turning left, took a road toward the beach. Now he was so near he could hear the waves. He drove down a short road—or, rather, ramp—toward the shore, and there it was before him, the sea.

But, to his puzzlement, great masses of accumulated whiteness stood between him and the breaking waves, like enormous chunks of ice and snow. Indeed, the beach looked just as it did in January up North, on the bay shore of Cape Cod, after a snowstorm. God, it couldn't have snowed here, could it? Could it be that when it had rained in Savannah down here it had snowed? He had heard of frost in Florida ruining the orange crop, but snow?

He got out of the car. The air was warm, and as he looked at those masses he saw they were moving. Like ghosts they moved toward him, blown by the wind and trembling, or swept in by a wave, skimming over it lightly, sailing in to shore, and continuing their journey over the sand. They approached him; he approached them; they met. It



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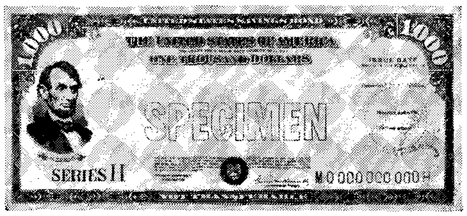

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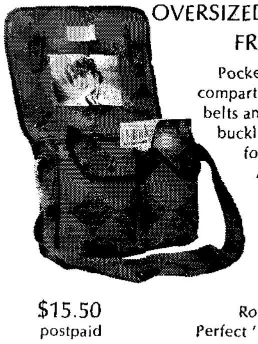

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was foam! The wind was warm, and the foam masses—some as tall as he was, and some smaller, too, down to minute blobs, filigree—rolled inward, wind-driven, and vanished as they rolled. He touched the foam, and heard it crackle, and touched the water, and it was warm, and he laughed—laughed as the foam was laughing. And he thought, This is what I want, this is *all* I want—to be here. He felt he had arrived as by magic at the very best place, the best spot anywhere. For what was better than the foam of the sea? The fickle, the frivolous foam that was born from the waves and borne by them, that was windblown, and that laughed as it vanished.

IT was about four in the morning—too late and too complicated to get a room in a hotel. So he slept in the car, dropped fast asleep, and when he got up the sun was shining, the sky clean blue, and the beach was still deserted, but still the foam inhabited it and moved about, and now in the sun it had within its reflected deep all the colors of the rainbow, so that deep, deep down inside he thought he could see crystal balls, Christmas decorations, while it was only foam, a complex architecture of bubbles, moving, trembling, shining in the sun and wind.

An old man came and parked his car nearby. They both had Massachusetts plates, so they said hello and began talking. The man said he had bought a house in a development near here. "No children or animals allowed," he informed him with a certain pride. "Only adults—retired people like myself."

How sad, he thought, and couldn't help saying, "No children at all?"

"None," the old man replied.

Soon, another old man joined them. The two pensioners began talking real estate, and he left them.

He went for a walk along the shore, and lay under a clump of palm trees. He didn't move, but the foam—a huge, colossal ball of it, big as a llama—came blithely toward him, touched him and stopped by him, and stood, diminishing all the time, till soon it was no bigger than a billiard ball, and then vanished. But others were coming, lamb-sized. And he only wished his children were here, for this place seemed made for children, and surely they would have had a good time. Hoping to see some children, he looked up and down the shore. But there weren't any. None. There was only himself, and the two old men by the cars.

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BOOKS

Offshore Reporting

THE American tradition of muckraking, which got its formal designation in 1906, when Theodore Roosevelt used the term to disparage writers who specialized in exposing corruption, was at first concentrated more on the misdeeds of business than on those of government. In the early years of the century, the best investigative reporting was found in such attacks on unfettered private enterprise as Ida M. Tarbell's "The History of the Standard Oil Company," Charles P. Norcross's "The Rebate Conspiracy," Judson C. Welliver's "The Mormon Church and the Sugar Trust," Upton Sinclair's "The Condemned Meat Industry," and Louis D. Brandeis's "The Greatest Insurance Wrong." In more recent years, however, the muckrakers, with the significant exception of Ralph Nader, seem to have turned away from corporate abuses in favor of searching out political corruption. Since 1917, when the first Pulitzer Prizes were announced, nearly three times as many have been awarded for exposing political corruption of one sort or another as for reporting on activities of the business community.

This preoccupation can be explained partly in terms of risk: publishing political exposés carries with it comparatively little chance of litigation, especially now that Supreme Court decisions have made it virtually impossible for public figures to obtain damages for libel unless there is proof of deliberate malice. There is also the matter of access: information is less readily available from private corporations than from government agencies, which employ platoons of press officers, not to mention a number of dissident bureaucrats. Moreover, nearly all information about governmental transactions is presumed to be in the public domain, if only it can be ferreted out. In the controversy over the publication of the Pentagon Papers by the New York *Times* and other newspapers, a number of eminent journalists took the position that revealing government secrets, even classified ones, can be a vital part—indeed, a responsibility—of the reporter's job. On the other hand, disclosing corporate secrets, especially where such information might help a company's competitors, is not an accepted practice among journalists. Such important corporate secrets as pricing arrangements, marketing plans, contract bids, and even strategies for the planned obsolescence of products or for the circumvention of public policies have rarely been revealed in the press.

In the political world, the journalist has a relatively uncomplicated notion of what constitutes corruption. Any public official who benefits financially from surreptitious or unorthodox practices is under suspicion, even if there is no actual violation of the law. For example, Abe Fortas was forced to resign from the Supreme Court when *Life* revealed that he had been paid twenty thousand dollars as a "consultant" by a private foundation set up by Louis Wolfson, who was in prison for selling unregistered securities. No one charged that Fortas had violated any law, had made a quid-pro-quo deal with Wolfson in order to get the money, or had intervened in any legal proceedings against Wolfson; in fact, Fortas had disqualified himself from sitting on any case connected with Wolfson, and Wolfson had received a fairly stiff sentence. But, as the *Times* said in an editorial, "serious questions of propriety" were raised, so Fortas had to resign.

Financiers and industrialists, on the other hand, are expected to make large personal profits from unorthodox and secret transactions. Howard Hughes, Hugh Hefner, Aristotle Onassis, and J. Paul Getty have been lionized in the press for their mysterious business skills. In the corporate realm, not even deliberate deception is necessarily considered evidence of corruption. Businesses quite commonly use ingenious bookkeeping devices to make their earnings appear more or less than they actually are, for the purpose of avoiding taxes, of enhancing a labor-negotiating position, or simply of inflating the price of a stock. Inventories are unrealistically evaluated, assets are transferred from one subsidiary to another by artificial internal charges, and ownership is converted to rental through sale and leaseback agreements. The *Wall Street Journal* and a few specialized financial periodicals have run reports on this sort of manipulation, but in general the daily press gives it no attention unless it is in direct and unambiguous violation of the law. Even when there are colossal corporate failures affecting our entire society, such as the bankruptcy of the Penn Central, the press tends to concentrate on mis-

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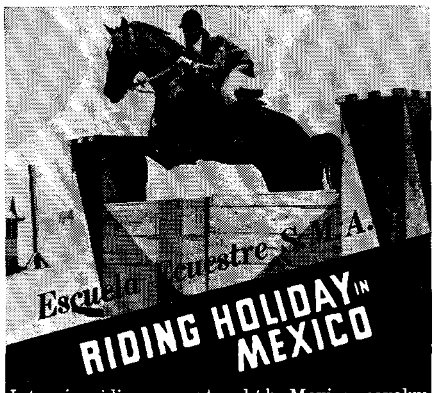

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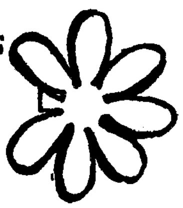

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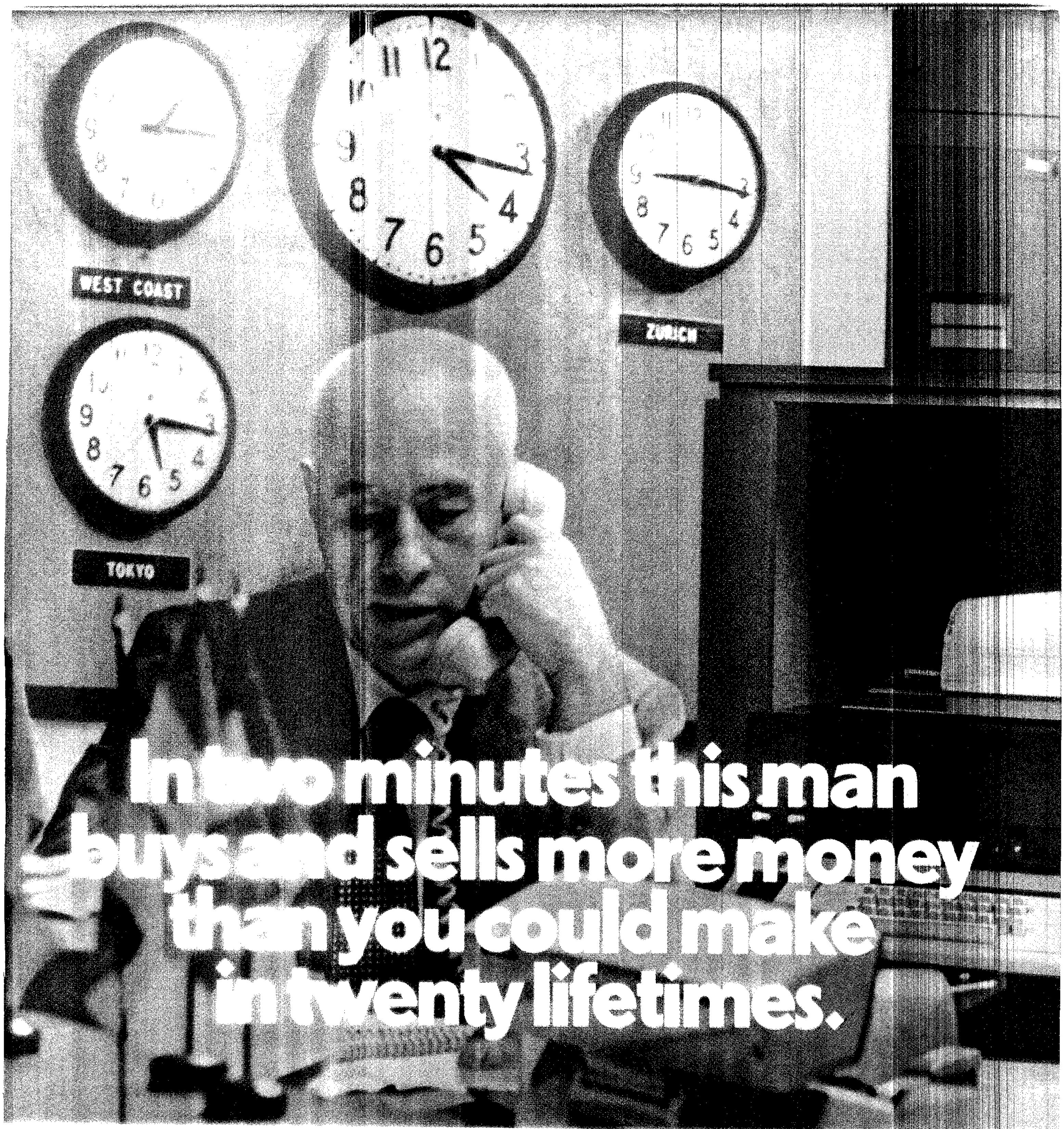
management rather than on the possibility of skulduggery as the explanation.

THE difficulties and shortcomings of American reporting on business activities are well illustrated by the contrast between the coverage in the domestic press of the rise and fall of Investors Overseas Services (I.O.S.), a two-billion-dollar financial complex that was founded in 1956 by Bernard Cornfeld, and the carefully documented account of the same events that has appeared in the recent book "Do You Sincerely Want to Be Rich?" (Viking), by three British writers, Charles Raw, Bruce Page, and Godfrey Hodgson. Cornfeld, who grew up in Brooklyn, had held a number of jobs, including that of social worker, before he began his career in international finance. Under his direction, I.O.S. eventually owned and managed about a dozen mutual funds of the sort that are called "offshore," because they are registered in countries like Luxembourg and Panama, where they not only avoid taxes but are effectively free of regulations that more traditional business ventures must observe. In *Fortune* for March, 1968, Martin Mayer called I.O.S.'s most spectacular mutual fund, the Fund of Funds, "a stroke of genius." He went on to describe a number of aggressive and sometimes "barely legal" tactics that were to make I.O.S. notorious, but nevertheless concluded, "Cornfeld has demonstrated that there are great pools of potential investment capital available in all the European countries for people who will go out and solicit it. The European banks, however distasteful they find Cornfeld's American methods, will not long allow their fastidiousness to fence them off from the exploitation of this gold mine. . . . The real significance of the I.O.S. invasion is that it is creating a major new market for equity capital in Europe." The *Fortune* article was generally skeptical in tone, but in July, 1969, a rather breathless story in *Newsweek* entitled "Bernie and His Billions" described Cornfeld as "a self-made emperor of international finance," whose "genius had created the largest financial sales organization in the world." Two pages of color photographs of various aspects of his imperial "life style"—châteaus, banquets, and "an endless succession of swinging girl friends"—testified to his personal financial success; a chart mapped out the extent of his company's fiduciary power and influence; and the magazine commented with wonder on Cornfeld's "ability to sell his 20,000 employees on the conviction that I.O.S. is saving capitalism and improving *la condition humaine*." In January, 1970, an article in *Time* entitled "The Midas of Mutual Funds" declared, "I.O.S. has prospered by flouting tradition and stretching laws to their limit. Yet Cornfeld has popularized equity investment in Europe and, in the scramble to compete with him, a whole continent is beginning to turn towards the 'people's capitalism' that Cornfeld preaches. Cornfeld's innovating has produced problems and controversy, but so far the benefits have outweighed the troubles."

The troubles of I.O.S. included a set-to with the Securities and Exchange Commission, which in February, 1966, had disclosed, after a year's investigation by government lawyers, that the company had made misleading and deceptive statements in its solicitations for funds and had arranged for rebates on commissions earned by brokers without passing on anything to the mutual funds for which the transactions had been made; the S.E.C. also charged I.O.S. with selling shares in its Fund of Funds in the United States, even though it was not registered here. Finally, in May, 1967, I.O.S. consented to conduct no further dealings under the jurisdiction of the S.E.C. *Newsweek* mentioned in its July, 1969, story that I.O.S. had "tangled with . . . the U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission"—in a paragraph that began, "The impetuous Cornfeld has put together this empire in the face of the persistent antagonism of foreign financial institutions, which dislike his brash American sales techniques, and many foreign governments, which dislike his organization's occasional bending of their laws." More specifically, the *Newsweek* article noted that the S.E.C. had "complained about corner-cutting in I.O.S.'s dealings on U.S. securities markets and charged that I.O.S. was illegally selling unregistered securities to U.S. investors," and went on to say that the S.E.C. was "particularly frustrated by the fact that I.O.S. was operating in ways that would have been illegal if I.O.S. had been a U.S.-based company." The fact that I.O.S. was operating "offshore," out of reach of government regulations, was, *Newsweek* suggested, what allowed it to be "so successful at sheltering its income" from taxes. And *Business Week*, in an article in January, 1970, entitled "Bernie Cornfeld: King of Europe's Cash," declared it to be the belief of the financial community that, given his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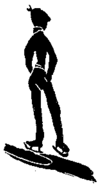
The financial community was apparently wrong, however—as were a number of financial reporters—for by the spring of 1970 I.O.S. was in deep trouble. Cornfeld and his principal executives were being expelled from I.O.S. or were resigning; the price of I.O.S. stock had fallen from a high of $19.75 a share to less than two dollars; redemptions of the mutual-fund shares were exceeding purchases by anywhere from two million to four million dollars a day; and I.O.S. salesmen were quitting in large numbers. In the course of a crisis that was threatening to produce serious repercussions in many European financial markets, it was revealed episodically in the press that I.O.S.'s management had manipulated the price of some essentially worthless oil-and-gas-exploration rights in the Arctic, thus artificially inflating the price of some of its mutual-fund shares; had drained off a large proportion of I.O.S.'s capital in the form of personal loans; and had made a number of highly misleading statements about the company's financial condition.



Even at this point, a relatively attentive reader might have concluded that the troubles of I.O.S. were a result solely of inefficient management rather than of any sort of malfeasance. On May 23, 1970, a feature story in the New York *Post*, devoted mostly to Cornfeld's life style, contained this evaluation of the expulsions and resignations: "The great bear market on Wall St. and the failure of his free-wheeling management to control costs are generally offered as explanations for Cornfeld's fall." Among a number of reports in the *Times* on I.O.S., one that appeared on May 11th and was entitled "How Cornfeld Lost His Empire" attributed I.O.S.'s difficulties not only to "financial razzle dazzle that raised eyebrows of more conservative financiers" but also, in part, to "the inability of management to control expenses" and "its somewhat unorthodox financial practices," which "left the company exposed as the great bear market set in on Wall Street." In the issue of *Newsweek* for July 6, 1970, a "Behind-Scenes Story" asserted that while I.O.S. funds "had encountered prolonged squalls in which clients redeemed more shares than they bought . . . the problem was in large part a crisis in confidence alone," and went on to say that "confidence seems to be slowly rebuilding." What was the cause of the crisis in confidence? According to *Newsweek*, "what made I.O.S. vulnerable was in large part its sheer complexity," for "the bookkeeping was so tangled that its executives had no convenient way to keep track of actual cash flow." In September, 1970, *Fortune* ran an article entitled "Bernie Cornfeld: The Salesman Who Believed Himself," which explained the I.O.S. collapse as follows: "The cause was not the management of I.O.S. fund assets, though errors of judgment were made in this area, nor financial hanky-panky by officers and directors, though insider loans were made that were ethically questionable and wholly inexcusable in the light of the liquidity crisis I.O.S. was entering. The root cause was simply appallingly bad management."

If columns of news space constitute a fair measure, the American press was far more interested in reporting Cornfeld's colorful personal life than in exploring his manipulations. Shortly after he was forced to resign from the chairmanship (but not from the board) of I.O.S., in May, 1970, a *Times* dispatch from Geneva by Bernard Weinraub under the head "Cornfeld, a Tycoon Bereft of His Empire" began, "Bernard Cornfeld, who was ousted last week as head of the problem-ridden mutual-fund empire he had erected, remains locked in the 20-room villa built here by Napoleon for Josephine, in the company of half a dozen security men, four Great Danes, three eye-filling women in their early twenties, two ocelots, a basset hound and his 82-year-old mother." There followed details of his diet ("Hot pastrami and salami are flown in on schedule from New York"), his emotional state ("In the evenings, however, the one-time Coney Island pitchman turned supersalesman tends to become moody and melancholy"), and his favorite personal possessions ("He still has a private Mystère jet, a 13th-century castle in the French Alps, a London townhouse, a Paris apartment, a suite at the Hotel Carlyle in Manhattan, and a series of Rolls-Royces and Cadillacs"). Nothing was said in the article about how some of Cornfeld's possessions were acquired. Raw, Page, and Hodgson report that one of his planes—a BAC-111—was financed by a personal loan of four and a half million dollars from a bank that I.O.S. happened to own, and that the Carlyle suite was paid for by Arthur Lipper III, the head of a New York brokerage firm that, according to an S.E.C. examiner, had split commissions received on trading in I.O.S.'s mutual funds with Investors Planning Corporation, then owned by I.O.S. The

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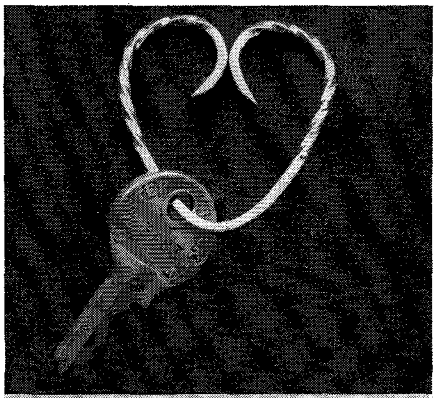

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Times dispatch from Geneva attributed the I.O.S. crisis to "spiraling expenses, declining income, questionable accounting practices and an expected first-quarter loss." Even the *Wall Street Journal*, which reported Cornfeld's manipulations in more detail than any other American newspaper, was explaining to its readers on June 11, 1970, that while a number of I.O.S. transactions raised ethical questions, "mismanagement rather than conscious irregularity brought the company to the edge of disaster," and that its dealings "suggest an operation more muddled than sordid, more the triumph of a salesman's super-optimism over the sober judgment that should have prevailed."

A VERY different explanation of I.O.S.'s troubles is offered by Raw, Page, and Hodgson. The thesis of "Do You Sincerely Want to Be Rich?" is set forth in no uncertain terms right at the beginning: "I.O.S. was not a respectable financial institution. It was an international swindle," and was "steeped in financial and intellectual dishonesty." British libel laws are strict, and charges like that require a considerable amount of documentation. Working very much in the tradition of the early muckrakers, and with the assistance of a full-time researcher and the part-time services of a number of other British correspondents, the authors, financed by the London *Sunday Times*, spent almost a year on their investigation, tracking down former employees of the far-flung I.O.S. empire and analyzing the endless financial statements and press releases that I.O.S. and its subsidiaries had issued.

One of Cornfeld's most recondite manipulations involved the revaluation of oil-and-gas-exploration rights in the Canadian Arctic that had been purchased by one of his mutual funds. On May 11, 1970, the New York *Times*, in its article explaining the collapse of I.O.S., stated that I.O.S.'s "Fund of Funds acquired half ownership of 22 million acres of Canadian Arctic land initially valued at $1 an acre," and went on to say, "Later, one million acres were sold for $14 an acre. The value of the rest of the holdings was then arbitrarily lifted to $8 an acre, which automatically increased the Fund of Funds asset value." The next day, another *Times* article stated that one of I.O.S.'s "most promising ventures" was still the "rights to millions of acres of potentially valuable Canadian Arctic lands near the oil-rich North Slope."

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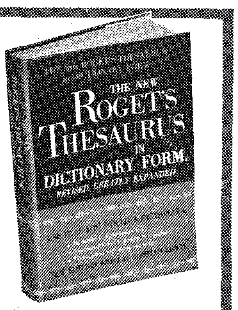

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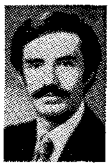

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Neither I.O.S. nor its Fund of Funds ever acquired ownership of or leasehold on any land in the Canadian Arctic. What Cornfeld did acquire for the Fund of Funds, as the authors of "Do You Sincerely Want to Be Rich?" make clear, was an interest in some permits to explore vast stretches of the Arctic for specified mineral resources. The Canadian Government makes such permits available at no cost to any company that promises to explore and develop the area—a requirement that is expressed as a cost per acre. Should the company strike oil and wish to convert its permits into leases, it may do so, subject to the Canadian government's right to keep half the acreage and to its requirement that at least half of the company's capital be owned by Canadians. Moreover, the land referred to in the *Times* article was not exactly in close proximity to the "oil-rich North Slope" of Alaska; the permits covered portions of the Arctic about twelve hundred miles from the parts of the North Slope where oil had been found. Strictly speaking, most of the "potentially valuable Canadian Arctic lands" weren't lands at all, since four-fifths of the area was under either frozen ocean or permanent ice cap. Drilling would have been difficult, to put it mildly.

In a sense, it was correct to describe the rights as "initially valued at $1 an acre." But, as Raw, Page, and Hodgson explain, the deal was far more complicated. The actual purchase, from an American company named King Resources, of a half interest in permits to explore twenty-two million acres of the Arctic, which the Fund of Funds made for eleven million dollars in cash, was handled by John King, a Denver financier whose specialty was syndicating shares in oil wells (and in tax-avoidance ventures) for small investors buying on the installment plan. In the Arctic transaction, King, a close business associate of Cornfeld's, virtually acted for both sides. He was principal adviser to the Fund of Funds' Natural Resources Account and was also the head of King Resources. It was in 1969 that the Fund of Funds bought its half interest in the Arctic permits for eleven million dollars from King's company, which had acquired all the permits in exchange for "work obligations." Then, early in January, 1970, instead of selling a million acres of land for fourteen dollars an acre, as the *Times* and other publications reported, the Fund of Funds actually transferred ten per cent of its interest in the permits back to

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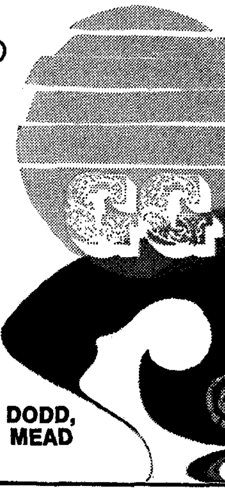

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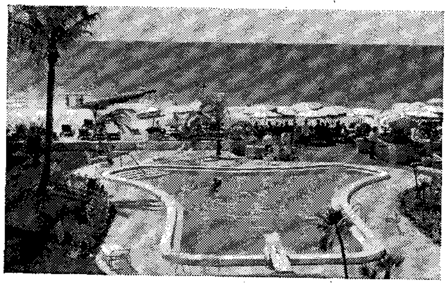

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King Resources. The Fund of Funds received only $606,619 in cash for returning this fraction of its interest in the permits—a fraction for which it had paid $1,100,000—with the promise that it would receive $5,795,727 in six years' time. This obligation is not apt to be met, for King Resources got *into severe financial difficulties shortly* after the crisis in I.O.S. But even if the money were to be paid, the transfer would still be a far cry from the reported fourteen-million-dollar sale.

These bookkeeping transactions—for little cash ever changed hands—did, however, produce an enormous profit for I.O.S. Cornfeld, on the basis of his claim to have sold a portion of his "rights" to an outside interest for fourteen dollars an acre, estimated that the rest of his rights were now worth a hundred and fifty-six million dollars. Thus, though no trace of oil had been found, the Fund of Funds suddenly increased the gross value of what it called its Arctic holdings by a hundred and forty-five million dollars. The increase, *made just in time for a year-end statement,* was of great value to I.O.S. and its management in several ways. To begin with, it allowed I.O.S., which was charging the fund a "performance fee" based on increases in the value of the fund, to take in an additional nine million seven hundred thousand dollars, based solely on the overnight growth of the value of these very frozen assets; thus, investors who had paid eleven million dollars for some rather dubious "rights" now paid a nine-million-seven-hundred-thousand-dollar fee for the paperwork involved in inflating the value of those rights. Furthermore, this fee made it appear *that I.O.S. had realized a sizable profit* in 1969, when in fact it had barely broken even. This illusion was particularly important because a large block of shares in I.O.S. had just been offered to the public. Finally, insiders who were aware that the permits had been overoptimistically evaluated could redeem their shares in the Fund of Funds at an artificially high price, because the fund, like all open-end mutual funds, agreed to redeem shares at their net-asset value. Less well-informed investors, of course, were at this time buying shares in the Fund of Funds at artificially high prices.

Eventually, as redemptions drained the cash and the other liquid assets out of the fund, the Arctic bubble burst. In August, 1970, the Fund of Funds spun off its natural-resources holdings into a newly formed subsidiary, Global Natural Resources; consequently, the price of Fund of Funds shares was reduced, again overnight, from $18.49 a share to $7.44 a share. Fund of Funds shareholders received shares in the new company as compensation, but at the end of 1970 an I.O.S. reassessment declared that most of the Arctic acreage had "little present economic value," since much of it was "at water depths making development under *presently available techniques impracticable.*"

AT the time of the I.O.S. collapse, the *Times* described Cornfeld's career as "one of the great success stories of the postwar period." The explanation generally presented in the American press of how a social worker from Brooklyn managed to achieve control of a two-billion-dollar pool of capital in less than fifteen years was that Cornfeld, after establishing himself in Paris, used, in *Newsweek's* words, "brash American sales techniques," and, in *Time's* terms, flouted tradition, thereby creating what *Business Week* called "*a genuine revolution in finance.*" *Newsweek* noted back in 1964 that Cornfeld's "brilliant young executives (average age: 35) so far at least have kept all his projects on track." *Fortune,* in discussing Cornfeld's "American methods" in March, 1968, published a full-page chart to demonstrate "the extraordinary number of ways in which Cornfeld has succeeded in using one kind of business to help another," explaining that "the administrative headquarters in Geneva, helped by systems-development teams in the Bahamas, coördinates the finances of the entire empire." The *Times* referred to Cornfeld as a "supersalesman."

Raw, Page, and Hodgson point out that Cornfeld began his overseas financial career, in 1955, by selling mutual funds to American servicemen in France and then to other expatriates with legitimate access to dollars and other hard currency. But after he had set up a mutual fund of his own, in 1960, the really substantial inflow of money, which turned into a flood in the mid-sixties, came not in dollars invested by Americans living abroad but in foreign currencies put up by citizens of countries that restricted the export of local capital. A citizen of one of these countries could, *in effect, convert the* local currency into dollars by buying mutual-fund shares that could be cashed in for dollars abroad. Such transactions constituted illegal flights of capital. In tracing the flow of money from "soft-currency" countries into

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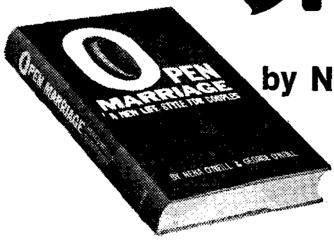
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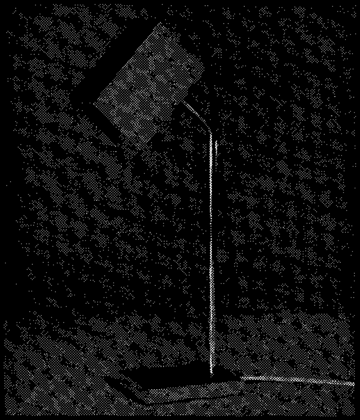

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I.O.S. (a process that, Raw, Page, and Hodgson note, was camouflaged "with all the elaborate secrecy of an espionage service," complete with "secret processing centers," "baffling code names," and numbered accounts), the authors of "Do You Sincerely Want to Be Rich?" estimate that "not less than $250 million of I.O.S.'s first $700 million came from Latin America," where sales of I.O.S. mutual funds for local currencies were in many cases illegal, and where a number of I.O.S. salesmen were eventually arrested. (Their commissions had evidently made the risks seem worthwhile.) In Italy, during the years 1965 through 1969, the authors report, "the lowest estimate any of the managers we talked to gave us for the volume of illegal business was $12 million a month." Remarkably high volumes were also reported from Spain, Portugal, Greece, and Iran, where such sales were largely illegal. A director of I.O.S. told the authors, "You must never forget that the company developed out of the illegal areas." All this suggests that Cornfeld was successful in drawing capital into his funds not primarily because he was some sort of "supersalesman" but simply because he was operating what amounted to a black market in currency.

In scrutinizing the financial statements of I.O.S. at the time it offered its stock to the public, in 1969, Raw, Page, and Hodgson found that it was "a company scarcely profitable, if at all, in terms of its rationally predictable income, which was from the sale and routine management of mutual funds," but, rather, was "a company whose profits were increasingly cobbled together from a series of on-off deals and speculations." Basically, the problem was that for I.O.S. the cost of selling its funds was somewhat greater than its share of the commissions, which were also being split among salesmen and an elaborate hierarchy of sales managers, and that the overhead of maintaining an overseas financial complex absorbed most of the routine fees for managing funds, which, in any case, are relatively low. In order to go on selling shares of I.O.S. funds to the public, the company had to show high earnings, and this necessity led to a number of extraordinary deals and ad-hoc manipulations—such as the Arctic revaluation—which could not be sustained. What happened to the money that I.O.S. received from the sale of its own stock to the public? According to Raw, Page, and Hodgson, of a total of

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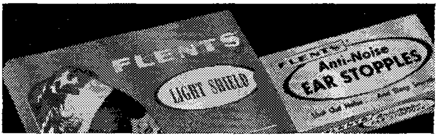

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fifty-two million dollars raised, some eight million was quickly used to buy back I.O.S. stock from Cornfeld and other top executives who wanted to cash in, and the balance was used in price-support operations and the financing of various tax-avoidance schemes. As the liquid assets disappeared, a crisis was inevitable.

TO a large extent, journalism is still essentially "criticism of the moment at the moment," as William James defined it, and perhaps reporters, operating under daily deadlines and within tight news budgets, cannot be expected to do more with a subject as labyrinthine as I.O.S. than present a day-to-day summary of charges and counter-charges. A great many pertinent facts did come out in the press about I.O.S., including the year-end profit made by the revaluation of the Arctic "rights," and the company's difficulties with the S.E.C. The problem was not that information about I.O.S.'s most flagrant manipulations was lacking but that nearly all the information came out piecemeal, and in a context of colorful personal extravagance and technical mismanagement, so that an understanding of the organizing concept of malfeasance was usually obscured. It took a British team of writers working on a long-term project for a London Sunday newspaper—a type of paper that relies much more for circulation on feature exposés than its American counterparts do—to present a comprehensive report on I.O.S. and to suggest some of the serious questions that need to be raised about all financial institutions based "offshore," outside the purview of governmental regulations. These latter-day muckrakers have also raised some serious questions about the effectiveness of business reporting in the American press. —EDWARD JAY EPSTEIN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

TAKEOVER BID, by Sarah Gainham (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). A struggle for power in a large modern corporation. The setting is Brussels, perhaps because Miss Gainham wishes to suggest that the ruthlessness displayed in her story might be inherent in institutions like the Common Market. Her cast is international: a cultivated Irishman who works as the Brussels representative of an American computer firm; a scruffy young Australian woman whom the Irishman hires for his of-

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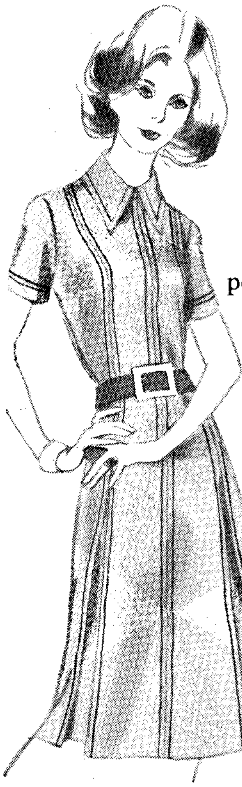

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fice; the American chief of the firm, who comes to Brussels on a business trip and promptly collapses in an alcoholic mess; a few of the chief's spineless staff; and an unpleasant lawyer named Creech, who is sent to Brussels by some of the firm's scandalized shareholders to have the chief put out of the way on medical grounds. The story is briskly told and often entertaining, but it is also quite pessimistic. One notices, almost with relief, a few anachronisms: although the story seems to be set in the late sixties, people dance the Twist and the young woman is called a beatnik.

THE LOVE LIFE OF A CHELTENHAM LADY, by Dinah Brooke (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan). Few things are more dangerously fascinating than the degradation of a naïve woman, and Miss Brooke may have stepped over a danger line in this impressive but discomforting first novel. With a flabbergasting and sometimes humorous honesty, she tells how a young English mother named Miranda Hahn visits Italy with her infant daughter and gets herself sexually awakened by a runty Italian actor named Oreste Mira. If Miranda were more intelligent and Oreste less swinish, their obsessive affair might touch us deeply, but, as it is, Miss Brooke's skill has simply been used to make us wish all through this book that some husky nurse would come along, shake some sense into Mrs. Hahn, give her baby a much-needed bath, and hand Oreste Mira his hat and coat and tie and everything else.

GENERAL

KATHLEEN AND FRANK: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FAMILY, by Christopher Isherwood (Simon & Schuster). The author has used the diary of his mother, Kathleen Isherwood, along with some of her correspondence—mostly with her husband, Frank—to tell the story of two Victorians-turning-into-Edwardians; their difficulties with other people (including each other) and with their own selves; and their happinesses as well. The narrative is entrancing; its art also creates one of those confusions about time that are commoner in real life than in science fiction, for Isherwood's memories of his parents' way of life are so vivid that it is impossible to believe that everything (including Marple, the Isherwood estate, and the ghosts that haunted it) has vanished entirely, and equally impossible to believe that that life—its conventions, its pieties, its private incomes—existed within this century.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF TASTE: OR MEDITATIONS ON TRANSCENDENTAL GASTRONOMY, by Jean Anthelme Brillat-Savarin, translated and annotated by M. F. K. Fisher (Knopf). This book is one of those few that inevitably become classics because they are the summation of their authors' entire lives. Though there is, to be sure, more in it about food and eating than about any other topic, the illustrative anecdotes, the reminiscences and descriptions, turn the work into an informative autobiography and social history. Brillat-Savarin (1755-1826) remembers life before the Revolution, and, for the benefit of people younger than he is, compares the *ancien régime* with modern times—which, of course, have become history to us. As a refugee between 1793 and 1796, he has a fistful of foreign recollections of his own (the fattest man he ever saw was a New Yorker named Edward, who lived on Broadway) and tales of some of his resourceful friends (one became rich in London making French salads for English dinner parties). Whatever his subject, Brillat-Savarin writes about it—in this translation, anyhow—with a bewitching mixture of earnestness and gaiety.

ROBERT BURNS AND HIS WORLD, by David Daiches (Viking). A worthwhile addition to the admirable Studio Book series (printed in Great Britain), whose companion volumes have dealt with D. H. Lawrence, James Joyce, Sir Walter Scott (also with a text by Professor Daiches), and others. The monograph on Burns, which takes a couple of hours to read, is partly biographical and partly critical. The writing is smooth, knowledgeable, and easy to digest, but it is the illustrations that will make you return to the book. There are a hundred and twenty of them—photographs, maps, drawings, woodcuts, silhouettes, paintings, manuscripts, and contemporary advertisements—beautifully arranged and presented.

•

Saxbe saw Indira Gandhi but did not like her statement that India would not be influenced by a little aide from any country.—*Washington Evening Star.*

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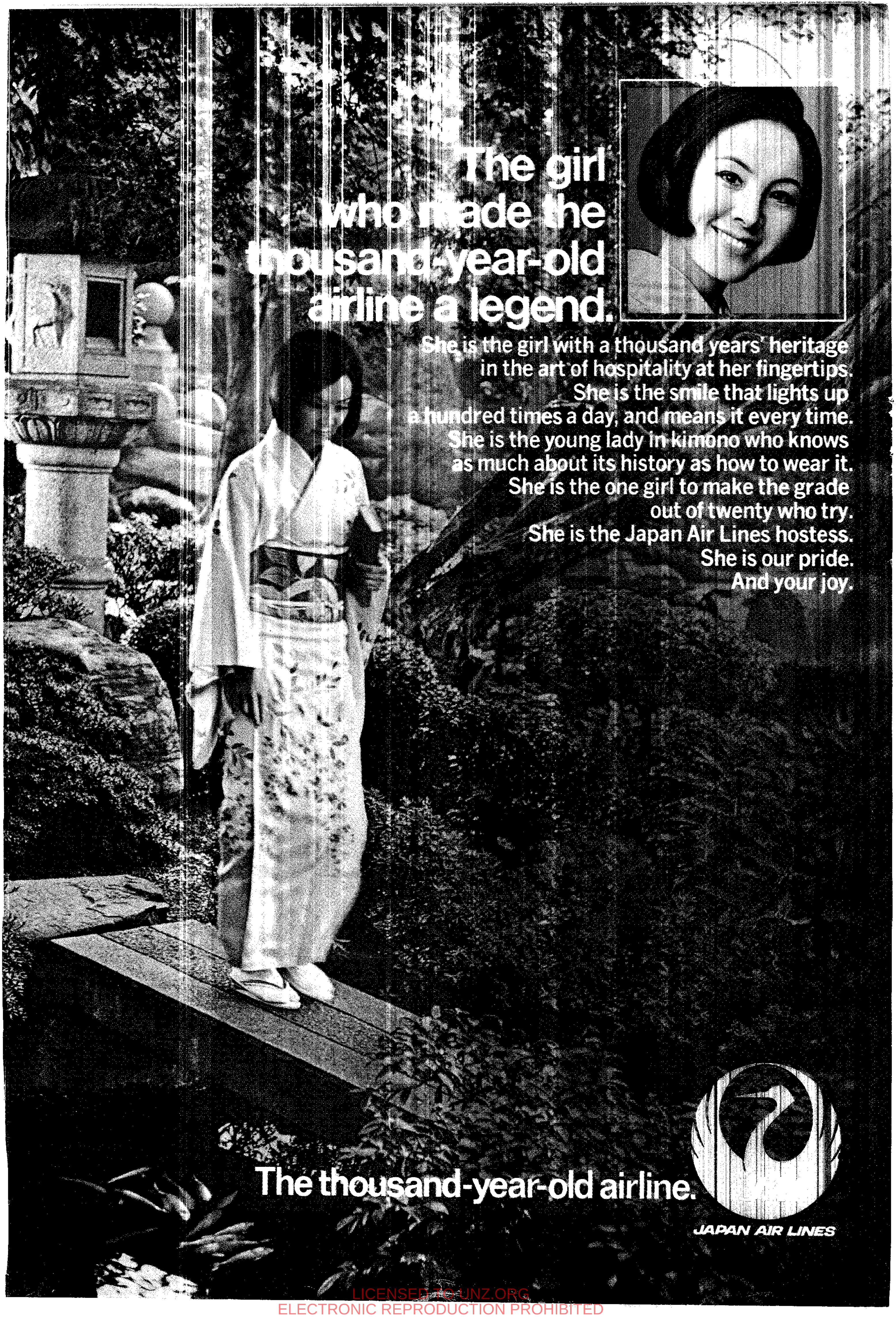

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